

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS



VOL. 4
JULY to DECEMBER
1926

LONDON
THE APOLLO PRESS LIMITED
SIX ROBERT STREET ADELPHI

719.645





By the courtesy of G. C. Fitzwilliam, Esq.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST (1579)

By George Gower

ELIZABETHAN ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

By LIONEL CUST, C.V.O.

THERE is a strong tendency in this otherwise progressive century to pause and look back into the records of the past, especially when considering the history and development of the various fine arts from a national point of view. It is becoming more widely recognized that a great part of our knowledge of that which we call history in the past, as well as what we look upon in the present as likely to be history in the future, has been, and probably always will be, based upon the legacies from the fine arts which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, and which have managed to survive the destructive ravages of time. Hence, a peculiar value has attached itself with ever-increasing interest to any such traces of bygone civilization. This is, indeed, carried so far that it has become very difficult to distinguish between art and archæology, between the study of the beautiful and the study of the merely ancient. Egypt, Crete, China, Mexico, even Tibet, have revealed long-lost treasures of bygone civilizations, which prove that even in the dawn of human civilization the artistic instinct prevailed in the human mind. Each successive age in any given district of the inhabited world will display certain ingredients of production, as seen in the case of such materials as may survive for consideration, which can only be attributed to the artistic impulses in the minds of the creative agents in that particular district as distinguished from any other. Should a country, as we know it, be developed out of such a central nucleus, it will share with others the tendency to absorb artistic influence from outside, and thus produce a higher development of the fine arts in that particular country. Nevertheless, it is upon the indigenous arts and crafts of its own children that the fine arts of a country must be founded, and where nationality is strong enough to resist infusion from outside, as in China or, until recently, Japan, the national characteristics of their arts will continue to hold an upper hand. When the national character grows weak or senile, or corrupted by foreign infusion, the artistic

instincts and productivity will probably show a temporary expansion, to be followed by decay and even by extinction. Egypt is an instance of this, and to a certain extent the Netherlands. When, on another hand, the soil is rich, but untilled, and indigenous inspiration is lacking, or at all events dormant, an infusion of foreign influence may be necessary to break the soil, and enable the seeds of a native art to enjoy fertility.

The object of the interesting and exceedingly valuable exhibitions held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club each year has been to promote, to illustrate, and to investigate the state of the fine arts in all their branches, of any age and any country. The limited space available for such exhibitions causes each collection to be made by careful selection, experts in any branch of the fine arts not being of necessity actual members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, although admission is only granted to members of the Club and their friends by special invitation to the latter. Hence, these exhibitions have a special value for the student, and have contributed a great deal to the wider appreciation of the fine arts abroad as well as at home.

In an age of exhibitions and publicity, of travel and exploration, of unceasing progress in the skill of reproduction, in an age when precise and scientific erudition has to exist alongside of cocksure yet merely conjectural opinions, it may seem strange to assert that there are some tracts of the fine arts which remain either untilled or explored in a very haphazard and unauthoritative manner. In the latter category we would place the fine arts of the Elizabethan era, the accession of Queen Elizabeth being a convenient date from which to reckon. Some of the fine arts in this period have been explored, such as furniture or plate, but usually for commercial purposes. Others, such as sculpture, wood-carving, ivories, gems, still remain almost virgin soil.

In 1912 the Burlington Fine Arts Club arranged an exhibition of Early English portraiture, covering a period down to the end of

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the reign of Henry VIII. This exhibition threw considerable light upon the practice of the fine arts in England, especially in painting, which had hitherto been allowed to concentrate itself too much round the name of Hans Holbein. It was hoped by some members of the Club that this exhibition would be followed in due course by one or more dealing with Tudor art of a later date, and extending up to the period at which the art of the so-called Elizabethan era may be said to give way to the art of the seventeenth century, of Honthorst and Van Dyck, and the influence on the one side of Italy and of the Netherlands on another. For various reasons this hope has not yet been realized, and the circumstances of the great Five Years' War threw all calculations and engagements out of gear. It was through the accident that the present year happens to be the tercentenary anniversary of the death of the famous Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Alban, Lord Chancellor of England, and one of the greatest names in English literature, and that the Burlington Fine Arts Club was asked to assist in commemorating this anniversary, that the idea of an exhibition of Elizabethan art was revived.

So copious is the amount of material for a period of seventy or eighty years from Edward VI to James I, so important the recent pioneer work of discovery among zealous explorers of art-history at this date, that it was at once evident that the space for exhibition at the Club could not contain so long a period with adequate representation. The dates of Francis Bacon's life and career afforded an excuse for confining the present exhibition to the later years of Elizabeth's reign and the early years of James I. Even within this restricted period it was necessary to exclude much that could have been the glory and adornment of such an exhibition on a larger scale, mainly those splendid whole-length costume-portraits, which are connected in the mind of many art-lovers with the name of Elizabeth.

It was decided at once that the object of this exhibition should be art, and not history. If the paintings exhibited are mainly portraits—for little else but portraiture has survived from this period in England—the selection has been made with a view to illustrating artistic impulses in England, and not from the importance of the person portrayed.

There is no question raised as to the Queen herself, or Mary of Scotland, or Sir Walter Raleigh, or the Earl of Leicester, or Shakespeare, or any other great historical personage. The questions asked are: What was being wrought in England at this date? Who were the artists? and How much of the product can be assigned to indigenous English artists, or to artists of foreign extraction, but whose whole artistic career was spent in England?

Portraiture was by no means the sole product of the painter's art at this date. Already at the country fairs, at the mysteries, and at other popular galleries, small paintings of holy subjects, of mythology, or ordinary life, mostly known as drolleries, were sold at popular prices. Few of these have survived, and those which have are not first-rate as works of art, but are still worthy of some attention.

The introductory essays in the catalogue explain the object and the interest of this exhibition. That by Mr. W. G. Constable is an important summary of all that is known up to date about the English, or quasi-English, artists working in England at this date. This list will probably, when researches are further extended, be found to be far from exhaustive.

There are certain main guiding facts for any person investigating the art-history of this period in England. Painting, and indeed any form of art, was ranked as a trade, the artist as a craftsman. All trade was very closely protected by civic authorities against the competition of foreigners. Foreigners, or aliens, were forbidden to practise their trade within the boundaries of civic laws, and if they continued to work outside these barriers their output was subjected to heavy penalties. An alien could apply through some accepted authority for letters of naturalization or denization, on receipt of which he was entitled to the privileges of an Englishman, having discarded his allegiance to any other sovereign but the King (or Queen) of England. The sojourn of aliens in this country was very strictly controlled, especially in or near the City of London. Each member of an alien household was registered, and a special tax imposed on them varying according to their means. In early days the actual number of aliens engaged in trade in London and elsewhere is carefully noted, and as the periodical lists register the actual trade in which an alien was employed, it is a fairly easy task to discover the names of

Elizabethan Art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club



Panel, 19½" x 18"

A POET (1606)

Sir Francis A. Newdegate

Artist unknown

foreign artists who practised their art in this country, but always as aliens. Hans Holbein is an instance, for he never took out letters of denization, it being his intention to return to his native city of Basle in Switzerland, and to his long-deserted home and family. Death intervened unexpectedly to prevent his return. So vigilant were the collectors of the taxes on aliens that it was difficult for anyone to escape the meshes of their nets.

In the early years of Elizabeth's reign the religious wars in the Netherlands and the persecution of the Protestants by the Duke of Alba drove thousands of skilled artisans with their families across the sea from the Netherlands to England. The number of aliens resident in or near London became increased tenfold, and a large influx settled in the eastern counties, especially in Norfolk. Among these refugees were many artists of every description,

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who, in order to obtain the best means of exercising their trade, came to settle in London. As they were forbidden to exercise their trade within the walls of the City, they became part of a community without the walls, many settling in what is still known as Blackfriars. As might be expected from a foreign community of this description, intermarriage of aliens was usual, and the registers of the Dutch Church in Austin Friars record many entries of interest relating to these artists.

At the period, therefore, selected for the starting-point of this exhibition, approximately 1570, there were available for the production of the fine arts in England, not only a number of artists of Italian, or French, or Flemish origin, who had come over to carry on the work left unfinished by Holbein, but a number of artists skilled in the craft, if perhaps lacking in inspiration, who had left their homes in the Netherlands and were anxious for work of any sort on their own lines which could be found for them in England.

The rapidly changing social life in England was favourable to any form of artistic display. The wealth of the nation was being transferred from the nobility and the Church to a new class, whose fortunes depended upon their own personal success. Display was the order of the day, the dignity of medievalism bending before the inroads of indiscriminate, even vulgar, extravagance. With the help of the fine arts this new aristocracy has bequeathed to us a remarkable series of creations in architecture, painting, sculpture, costume, embroidery, and other minor arts, the artistic

significance of which has hardly as yet been appreciated in any critical spirit. It has been the object of the present exhibition to stimulate such a spirit of criticism.

Another object of interest has been to discover the traces of native English art among the profusion of objects attached to the names of foreigners. It is only at this period that a real Englishman begins to make any show as an artist. If anything was required in further proof of the indomitable patriotism of the great Queen Elizabeth, it might be shown by the fact that in each case at present known in

which Elizabeth displayed a personal and a regal interest in the actual art of painting, the Queen gave special exclusive privileges to an Englishman; first, to Nicholas Hilliard for miniature portraits or limnings; next, to George Gower for more widely disseminated and authoritative portraits of Her Majesty. These acts are significant in themselves. In each case a self-portrait of the artist has been preserved, and is included in this exhibition. How are we to account for the number of portraits attributed to a foreign settler, like Marcus Geeraerts the younger, even if, he did become a denizen, if an inferior artist like Gower had an

exclusive privilege from the Queen for her own Royal portraiture? Recent biographical researches have shown that through intermarriage such artists as De Crits, Geeraerts, Isaac Oliver, and others, were closely allied to each other. It is also highly probable that the main work of painting, and maybe sculpture also, was carried out by the united work of artists in one studio, as in an Italian *bottega*, or a Flemish factory at



Canvas, 39½" x 31"

Sir Francis A. Newdegate

LETTICE NEWDIGATE (1606)

By "E. M."

Elizabethan Art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club



Panel, 11" x 9 1/4"

Sir Francis A. Newdegate

[LADY NEWDIGATE (ANN FITTON)]

Artist unknown

Ghent or Bruges. As an example of what is meant by vulgar display, there may be noted among the great portrait output of this period a decided tendency to sacrifice the facial identity and the character of the person to the gorgeous trappings of his or her over-ornate costume. This suggests that a certain number of working artists might be employed on painting costumes and nothing else, while the actual portrait, perhaps only an outline in the Holbein manner, was taken by the more distinguished artist by whom the factory was directed. It is possible that a privilege which could not be granted to an alien like John de Crits or Marcus Geeraerts, might be granted to George Gower as an Englishman, although the work was actually carried out under Gower's supervision by foreign artists. Much remains to be investigated in this direction.

Another pressure of circumstances would lead, as may be surmised, to co-operation in some united workshop, due to the supply of properly seasoned and prepared panels on which to paint. At this date the greater number of easel paintings were done on a

panel prepared with a gesso surface for the purpose, or on some material fixed to a panel background. Painting on canvas was only practised on a large scale, the paintings mainly executed in tempera, being the stained or painted cloths which took the place of tapestry in private houses, and are alluded to by Shakespeare and other writers. An Elizabethan portrait of the usual dimensions which is painted directly on canvas may be assumed to be a copy of a later date, unless, as in a few cases, the painting has been transferred from a decayed panel to a canvas. Oak was the prevalent wood in England, both from its quantity and its durability, and as this wood was used much less frequently on the Continent, an oaken panel may be presumed at first sight to be of English origin. It should also be noted that as the supply of seasoned panels of a requisite size might on an emergency run short, an old panel, even with a painting on it, could be prepared for use as a palimpsest, and a second painting superimposed. In such circumstances it need not be presumed that this practice must of necessity show the



Panel, 24 1/4" x 19 1/4"

Nicholas H. Bacon, Esq.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, 1579

By Sir Nathaniel Bacon

hand of a modern faker. A good instance of this palimpsest work is the so-called Droeshout painting of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon.

It should be noted also that the professional artists who were engaged on portrait painting were usually described as picture-makers, and that the word "picture" covered painted works in sculpture, as well as those on panel or canvas. The three interesting coloured busts of the Bacon family shown in this exhibition would be described in documents of the time as pictures.

It is noteworthy that the artists of indisputable English birth who are known at this period were men in a higher social status of birth than the average craftsman. Hilliard came from a good family in Devonshire, Gower from a family already qualified for armorial bearings, while Sir Nathaniel Bacon was a near relative of the great Lord Chancellor.

Enough has been said to prove the value of such an exhibition as that arranged at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is one more step towards a revaluation of the part played by England in the history of the fine arts. Valuable work has been done in this direction by the Walpole Society in its annuals, and by the organizer of the Early English exhibition held at Burlington House a few years ago.

We are learning by degrees that there were English artists of distinction before Hogarth.

The general and incorrigible ignorance of our nation on a subject in which the credit of our own country is involved is shown by the foolish, almost pathetic, way in which private owners, even cataloguers at the great sales, who ought to know better, cling to the delusion that many, if not all, of the portraits painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth were painted by an Italian painter named Federigo Zuccaro, or Zuccherro. Federigo and Taddeo Zuccaro were two brothers of note as painters in Italy, at Rome, and elsewhere, trained and practising in the late academic

or classical style, and employed mainly on great decorative paintings in the Vatican. Federigo incurred the displeasure of the Pope, and had to flee from the papal dominions for a few years, during which he visited various foreign lands. In 1574 he came to London, but there is no record of his residence there as an alien, so that he could only have been a casual visitor. A note recorded by George Vertue may be accepted as a proof that Zuccaro did make a drawing of Queen Elizabeth at her Royal palace at Hanworth near London. Vertue saw further proof of this in the discovery of two small, whole-length drawings of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, signed in the Italian language, and dated 1575. Horace Walpole condensed these notes of Vertue's into a statement that Zuccaro painted portraits of Elizabeth, and in such language that since his day nearly all portraits covering a period of fifty or even sixty years have been attributed to this wandering Italian painter. Now Zuccaro returned to Rome about 1578 and resumed painting at the Vatican. There is no other actual trace of his presence in England. The fact that the two portrait-drawings now in the print room at the British Museum are signed in Italian is no proof that they were drawn by Zuccaro, even if the date happens to coincide. It was a pose of artists and musicians to use the Italian language. There is nothing Italian about the drawings, which have a

strong affinity to the whole-length portraits of the Geeraerts school. It is possible that Zuccaro may, out of curiosity, have been a spectator at Kenilworth of the festivities there given by Leicester in honour of the Queen's visit in 1575, but had he made drawings of the Queen and her host the drawings would assuredly have been in quite a different style. Is it too much to hope that the name of Zuccaro will disappear from catalogues in the future, or at all events will be confined to a mere trade description of a certain class of portrait?



In the collection of Mr. Laurence Currie
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
By Nicholas Hilliard

RENAISSANCE ROOD-SCREENS IN FRANCE

By BERNARD BEVAN

SIXTEENTH- and seventeenth-century screens are as scarce in France as those of earlier date, there being only six in their original position between nave and choir, and four relegated to other parts of the church.

The reason for this rarity is the existence

of what Pugin very aptly termed "ambonoclasts," who, with equal aptitude, he divided into four classes. First came the Calvinists and Puritans, who, as in England, demolished works of art out of religious fanaticism.* Then, in the eighteenth century, came the cultured pagans, who, on the pretence of cheerfulness, removed what the Protestants had spared. Sometimes they replaced these screens by

appalling creations in the taste of the day, such as the one standing until 1884 in Rouen Cathedral. Occasionally and with far better effect they erected high iron grilles recalling the Spanish "rejas," and of these fine examples remain at Evreux and Auxerre.† Thirdly came the heavy hand of the Revolution, turning the finest churches in the land into stables or Temples of Reason, and annihilating anything suggestive of the old religion. Last on this black list came the nineteenth-century restorer, who, caring nothing for mystery,

* Including the rood-loft in Clermont-Ferrand Cathedral (circa 1440). The doorway survives, built into a house in the rue Fontgève.

† There was another at Sens, but after Viollet-le-Duc's restorations it was placed in the bishop's garden.

ruthlessly cleared away screens of all periods in his passion for a clear vista. The worst offenders in this "ambonoclasm" were the eighteenth-century canons, the very guardians of the Church, who should have known better. The melancholy catalogue of their work includes the destruction of rood-screens at

Notre Dame (1725), Sens (1740), Amiens (1755), Bourges (1757), Mantes (1755), Toul (put up by a canon with money from a gaming debt), and many others.

Rouen Cathedral possessed an exquisite Gothic rood-loft, so rich that, to quote l'abbé Bourassé, "il rapelait le voile qui dans le temple judaïque, cachait le saint des saints aux regards des profanes." In 1777 this was replaced by a "molle création du ciseau grec," which disappeared some forty years ago.* In St. Ouen at Rouen also stood one of the finest Gothic "jubés" in the country. Defaced in 1562, but left in place, it fell into the hands of the *sans-culottes*, who used the

church as a forge and broke up the screen because it interfered with the passage of their wagons through the choir!

Luckily the designs survive of this and a few other lost screens, including those at Fécamp (of about 1500, destroyed 1802), Rheims, Paris, St. Denis, and Le Mans, the last a truly magnificent structure of the late-fourteenth century, destroyed in 1562.

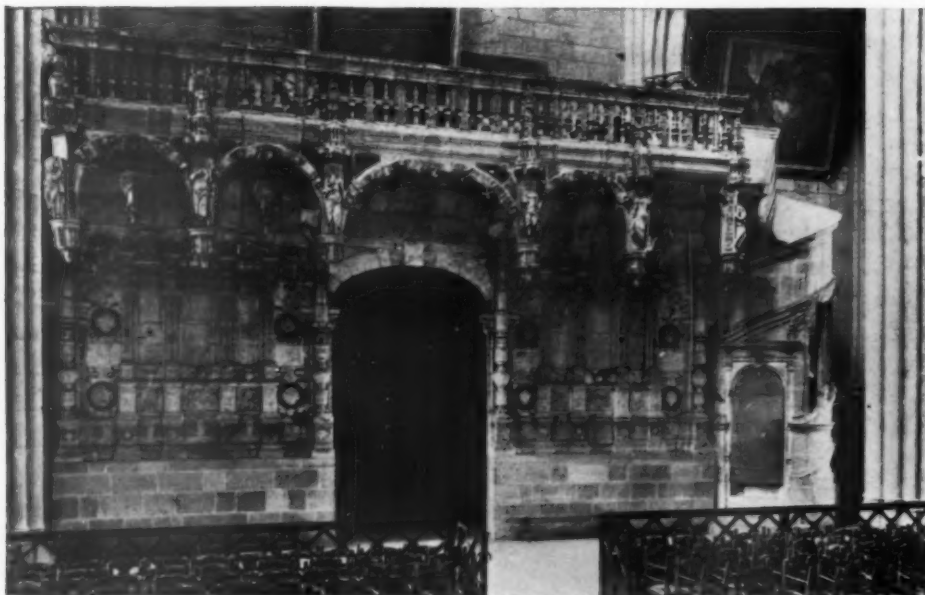
Perhaps the architect of the existing screen

* Until 1855 a similar one stood in Bayeux Cathedral.



QUIMPERLÉ (FINISTÈRE). STE. CROIX

Rood-screen, 1541



LIMOGES (HAUTE-VIENNE). THE CATHEDRAL
The "jubé" of 1534-36

at Quimperlé (Finistère) was acquainted with this example, for there is a superficial resemblance between the two, despite the fact that the Breton screen dates only from 1541 and is a Renaissance production. It is, however, exotic, having no Breton characteristics, and being worked in stone from Taillebourg (Charente Inférieure) it may have been executed in the Saintonge. Although mutilated to fit its present position, it still merits attention, and the sculpture is of a high order. The Four Evangelists (two only are visible in the illustration) are seated in picturesque, but thoroughly pagan attitudes beneath the richest of Renaissance canopies, decorated with figures of the cardinal virtues. Below are little niches *en coquille* with busts of prophets and kings. David wears a turban, but the others from their dress might easily be taken for Roman emperors. Over the doorway Christ is seated in glory, surrounded by angels.

The church of Ste. Croix, in which this "jubé" stands, is a rotunda with three apses dating from 1083, but in 1862 the tower collapsed into the church, and it was nothing short of a miracle that the screen escaped injury.

Two earlier Renaissance screens exist, one in Limoges Cathedral, and the other at Arques-la-Bataille, near Dieppe.

That at Limoges, moved in 1789 and again

in 1888 when the nave was lengthened, was completed in 1536 when Bishop de Langeac ordered Jean Arnaud, "ymagier de la ville de Tours," to "fere et tailher six ymages des six vertus, aux six cledz pendentes du popistre qui se faict en lad. esglise."*

These overwrought pendants

* For the full account see the "Bulletin de la Société archéologique du Limousin, 1912."



Photo: J. Bienaimé, Rheims

NOTRE DAME-DE-LIESSE (AISNE)
"Jubé," given in 1632

Renaissance Rood-Screens in France

are among the most curious productions of the school of Touraine, but the screen is even more remarkable for its arabesques, which faithfully reflect the spirit of their age. Executed in a free Italian manner, and in low relief, vases with garlands of leaves, little cupids, and undraped women decorate the pilasters. In tune with these *motifs* are the bas-reliefs below, representing not scenes from the



PARIS. ST. ETIENNE-DU-MONT
Roof loft, 1601-9



ARQUES-LA-BATAILLE
Corinthian screen, c. 1540

Bible but the Labours of Hercules (after Moderno), while nearby stand (a mixed company) David, Lucretia, St. Peter, and Bacchus! Even the angels, bearing the Instruments of the Passion, are laughing cupids, wearing nothing but the clothes God gave them! There is a cast of the screen in the Trocadero Museum, Paris, but the staircases are omitted.

There could be no greater contrast with the Limoges "jubé" than that of Arques, which is conceived in a totally different spirit—a spirit of devotion. A glistening mass of stone, white as marble and admirably shown off by the gorgeous windows in the choir, this is one of the most exquisite creations of the Corinthian style in France—simple and graceful in its proportions, whilst the decoration without obtruding itself forms part and parcel of the whole. How different this is to Limoges, where countless artisans, each trying to bring his work into the limelight, produced a medley of featureless ornament. The slender, fluted columns lead the eye naturally upwards to the delicate frieze and entablature. The latter,

however, with its little groups of twin columns, some Ionic, some Doric, is not entirely satisfactory.

There is an interval of sixty years between Arques and the building of the next truly French "jubé" still existing. This, in St. Etienne-du-Mont, Paris, is the work of Pierre Biard, who began it in 1601. With the possible exception of St. Florentin this is the only screen built at the same time as the church in which it stands, and forming an integral part of it—in this case so integral a part that the rood-loft connects with a gallery taking the place of a triforium and running round the choir on pointed arches.

The twin staircases, curling round the pillars like some huge parasite strangling an old tree, are too well known to need description. The balustrades of both *rampes* and rood-loft are pierced with interlacing ornament (incorporating the fleur-de-lis), and the screen, despite its classical details, is wonderfully light. Gothic tradition has not been entirely forgotten.

Work was not finished till 1609, when Biard died, but in 1605 the handsome doorways to the aisles were ready. On the broken pediments are seated statues, reflecting very strongly the influence of Andrea del Sarto, whose style and mannerisms, with those of Rosso and the Italians engaged at Fontainebleau, were much in vogue at this time, both in painting and sculpture. The figures are evidently listening enchanted by the singing of the Gospel, and according to the inscriptions are saying: "Ascende qui evangelizas Sion"; "Audiam quid loquatur Dominus Deus"; "Quam dulcia faucibus meis eloquia tua"; and "Levavi manus meas ad mandata tua."

Coeval with the "jubé" in St. Etienne-du-Mont is one at St. Florentin (Yonne).

The church, begun in a desultory manner at the end of the fifteenth century, was not consecrated till 1617. To the original Gothic plan belong the massive buttresses and canopied niches on either side of the "jubé," but the screen itself was not finished till 1601.

The middle portion is the work of Jean Boulon (or Boullon) the younger, a native of Tonnerre, who, on June 5, 1600, undertook the building of this screen for 1,100 *livres tournois*.

Having three arches divided by fluted pilasters with composite capitals, it is built

according to the usual French plan, and the loft is reached by two staircases, one contained in a semi-circular projection on the east side.

For Whit-Sunday, 1601, Boulon fixed in place on a corbel over the central arch his *chef d'œuvre* the splendid pietà. It is surprising to find a country sculptor of little more than local reputation* so saturated with Italian tradition, and though certain details remind us that Troyes with its school of sculpture is not far distant, this Notre Dame de Pitié is obviously influenced to a large extent by Michelangelo.

Mary, a noble figure with refined and gentle features, gazes down with tender sorrow at her son. Christ lies back in his Mother's arms, utterly limp and dead, while the terrible agony he has just endured is plainly visible on his face. He is not the emaciated figure a Northern artist or even a Troyen would have given us, but a truly noble specimen of youthful manhood.

The group, backed by an open-work balustrade and band of arabesques below, is inspired by the deepest emotion, and the pietà is undoubtedly the finest example of sculpture to be found on these Renaissance screens. It may well be contrasted with the work at Appoigny. There, all is fussy and laboured. With its ponderous mass it overwhelms the little thirteenth-century church in which it stands. Appoigny, near Auxerre, lies about fifteen miles from St. Florentin, and the "jubé," an early-seventeenth-century erection with Baroque tendencies, is chiefly interesting on account of three bas-reliefs of slightly earlier date adorning the entablature. These, when compared with the pietà of St. Florentin, are crude and primitive, but are full of movement and vigour.

On the left St. Peter is delivered from prison by the Angel. There has been quite a commendable attempt at perspective, which is most noticeable in the "Annunciation" to the right, and the grand "Crucifixion" in the centre. In this middle panel is also represented the Deposition and Entombment with many of the figures in the costumes of the day. The rest of the decoration is heavy, but has a charm entirely its own.

There is one rood-screen later than this, in Auch Cathedral, but it is now of little

* His work is not to be met with outside St. Florentin and Tonnerre.

Renaissance Rood-Screens in France



CAMBRAI (NORD). ST. GÉRY
Flemish screen of red, white, and black marble, c. 1550



ST. FLORENTIN (YONNE)

Screen, late fifteenth century and c. 1600

archæological value. The eastern face is hidden by the choir stalls, and the western face by modern panelling applied in the last century, when the "jubé" became a reredos. When this transformation was effected an ugly Corinthian portico* (*circa 1660*), with coupled columns of Languedoc marble, was removed. I have not seen this screen lately, but believe it was much damaged by the great fire which, a short time ago, consumed the organ in the loft and many of the choir stalls, the finest in Gascony.

Lastly come three classical "jubés" of Flemish origin in North-Eastern France. They are distinguished by their liberal use of

coloured marble from Belgium, and the earliest is at Cambrai.

Originally in the collegiate church of St. Aubert, it was moved to St. Gery when the latter was built on the site in the eighteenth century. Since the war very little remains of the church except three bays of the nave, boarded off from the ruins of the choir, dome, and transepts, reminding us of our own St. Paul's. The "jubé" standing under the organ would have been shelled to pieces but for the vast quantities of sandbags with which it was surrounded.

Definitely on French soil only since 1677, this screen is a purely Flemish work, raised in 1550 for Michel de Franqueville, whose arms it bears. With its black, red, and white colour-

* Erected by Archbishop Henri de Lamothe-Houdancourt, who also built the west towers.

Renaissance Rood-Screens in France



APPOIGNY (YONNE)
Early-seventeenth-century "jubé"

scheme it has some affinity with the rood-loft at Soignies, and still more with the splendid one in Tournai Cathedral, designed twenty years later by the Antwerp master, Corneille de Vriendt. Though not presenting so imposing an ensemble, the details of the Cambrai "jubé," in particular the six white marble panels (carved in high relief) of the Miracles of Christ, are masterpieces in conception, technique, and execution. They fully deserve the high praise that has been bestowed on them. Unfortunately this high standard is not maintained, and in the fleshy little cherubs in the spandrels we look in vain for the flowing grace of de Vriendt's work.

A later and less important production of the same school may be seen at Valenciennes,

in St. Nicholas, the one-time chapel of the Jesuit college.

Divided into five bays by black marble columns, this is the largest of the Renaissance screens. Neither the arabesques (in white stone) nor the four large statues of the Evangelists possess the strength of the Cambrai sculpture, but two mermaid-like angels at the feet of Christ (whose figure was removed when the organ was put up) have a certain *naïveté*.

In the pilgrimage church of Notre Dame-de-Liesse, ten miles from Laon, is the latest of these Flemish screens. The donor (in 1632) was Henriette-Catherine de Joyeuse, wife of Charles de Lorraine, Duke of Guise.*

More quaint than beautiful, more clumsy

* Son of Henry, Duke of Guise, murdered at Blois.

than graceful, with the rood crowning the summit of a great arch, flanked by rows of black marble columns (some oval), the "jubé" projects into the nave, as at Lierre near Antwerp. Above the massive side-altars are modern statues of Henri, Jehan, Hector, and Ismérie. According to the legend, these three brothers, knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, were imprisoned at Cairo, where the Sultan sent his daughter, Ismérie, to convert them to Mohammedanism. She, however, became a Christian herself, and with the protection of a sacred image, was miraculously transported, with the three brothers, from the borders of the Nile to Liesse. This was on July 2, 1134.

The image* is still highly venerated, and

* Or rather, its successor, for the original was destroyed in 1793.

among the ex-votos is a picture of Louis XIII, with Anne of Austria, rejoicing at the birth of Louis XIV.*

The iron grille in the screen was given in 1822 by a Carmelite monk, last of the family of Soyecourt, who had given the original gates.

Though the Germans took the organ-pipes and committed other *dégâts*, the "jubé" (not classed as a "Monument Historique") was effectively restored in 1916 during the enemy occupation, and with St. Etienne-du-Mont shares the distinction of being still used for its original purpose—the singing of the Gospel.

* As a thank-offering Louis XIII built the sacristy, and it is interesting to note that it was at his birth that his mother, Marie de Medici, had given the high altar.

ITALIAN MAIOLICA IN THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HON. F. LEVERTON HARRIS—III

By TANCRED BORENIUS

IN a previous volume of this journal,* I treated of a number of outstanding examples of Early Italian maiolica in the remarkable collection illustrating that province of ceramics which has been brought together by Mr. F. Leverton Harris. In the space of time which has elapsed since the writing of those articles, several very important acquisitions have been made by Mr. Harris; and some of these I am now privileged, by the owner's kind permission, to illustrate and discuss in the pages of APOLLO.

As my readers may recollect, that extraordinarily rare and noble type of Early Italian maiolica, the Tuscan impasto blue family, commonly referred to as the "Oak-Leaf Jars," was already represented in Mr. Harris's collection by a superb piece, of which a colour reproduction was given in our May number for last year. Considering the extreme scarcity of the specimens of this ware, Mr. Harris has indeed performed a collector's feat of no mean distinction by since installing three further pieces of it in his vitrines. They are all jars with plain necks, and moulded strap handles

on the shoulders; but in the decoration the pieces now under review exhibit considerable variations. A most magnificently effective design is that of the jar which we reproduce in colour; it displays on two sides a large figure of a bird, drawn in the bold, simplified style which is so characteristic of this ware,* and surrounded by "oak" foliage in a field enclosed by scalloped borders. The height of this piece is 7 in.; of considerably larger dimensions (height 11 in.) is another of the new acquisitions (Fig. VI), which is very fine in colour—of a deep steel-blue tint, differing somewhat from the colour of the piece just mentioned—and painted with somewhat less precision of touch. A grotesque figure of a hare is in this case the principal motive of the decoration. Very attractive also is the third specimen (Fig. VII), the smallest of all (height 6 in.), and decorated solely with vegetal motives in a free, sketchy style in a sober, blue-black scheme of colour. Examples of a similar type may be found at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum (No. 1130-1904).

* APOLLO, vol. i, May 1925, pp. 266-279; June 1925, pp. 320-323.

* Cf. the kindred, but by no means identical example reproduced by Henry Wallis, "Oak-Leaf Jars," 1903, fig. 26 (M. de Marcuard).

Italian Maiolica in the Collection of the Rt. Hon. F. Leverton Harris



FIG. I. PLATE
Caffaggiolo, 1514



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. II. PLATE
Caffaggiolo, 1514



FIG. III. PLATE
Castel Durante, c. 1500



FIG. IV. PLATE
Gubbio (Maestro Giorgia), c. 1520

The oak-leaf jars are doubtless the work of both Sienese and Florentine potters, and a definite localization of individual specimens is generally wellnigh impossible. The next piece in Mr. Harris's collection to which we

may turn our attention is also Tuscan, but in this case no doubt is possible as regards the centre from which it issued. It is an example of the ware of Caffaggiolo (Fig. I), and bears at the back the date 1514 and a potter's mark,

which we also reproduce (Fig. V). This large and important dish (diameter 16 in.) is familiar to students, having previously been in the Montferrand and Cook collections; and it has also long been known that it belongs to the same series as a dish (Fig. II) in the Victoria and Albert Museum (No. 6664-1860), which, indeed, being lettered "I" must have been next in the sequence to Mr. Harris's dish, which bears the letter "H."

How many items the set originally contained, and for whom it was executed, are questions which still await their solution. The triumphal processions depicted on the two surviving dishes have been described as adapted from Mantegna's "Triumph of Caesar"; but their relation to that famous series of compositions is really but of the vaguest kind. Certainly, for simple, effective design and grand sweep of movement Mr. Harris's plate is greatly superior to that of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Harris has kindly pointed out to me the probability that the somewhat haphazard lettering on the border of the unicorn's saddle-cloth bears some relation to the marks and signatures of the Caffaggiolo potters. The "IPO,"

1514
24

FIG. V.



FIG. VI.

OAK-LEAF JAR



FIG. VII.

OAK-LEAF JAR

which can be made out very clearly, thus immediately suggests the "Japo" (Jacopo?) of the famous "Judith" dish of the Salting collection; and the "SP" also calls to mind a well-known Caffaggiolo mark.* The "XIII" in all probability should be read in conjunction with the date inscribed on the back of the plate; and so on. In the plate at the Victoria and Albert Museum there is similar, but more fragmentary lettering on the footgear of the figures. The background in each instance is the superbly brushed-in, deep Caffaggiolo blue.

Leaving Tuscany, and reverting to a somewhat earlier period, we note the superb drug jar or *albarello* (Figs. VIII and IX; height 13½ in.). This piece belongs to a very interesting group of drug jars, well known to all students of Italian maiolica, and often displaying the scheme of decoration which we see in the present example; one side being painted with a profile portrait, and the other with an ornamental design of leaves into which the "peacock-feather motive" is introduced. The largest set of these *albarelli* came—so Mr. Harris informs me—from a chemist's shop at Caltagirone in Sicily, and eventually was acquired by M. Canessa, who sold the series in America.

* See the facsimile in L. de Mauri, *L'Amatore di Maioliche*, p. 868.



By the courtesy of the Rt. Hon. F. Leverton Harris

OAK-LEAF JAR

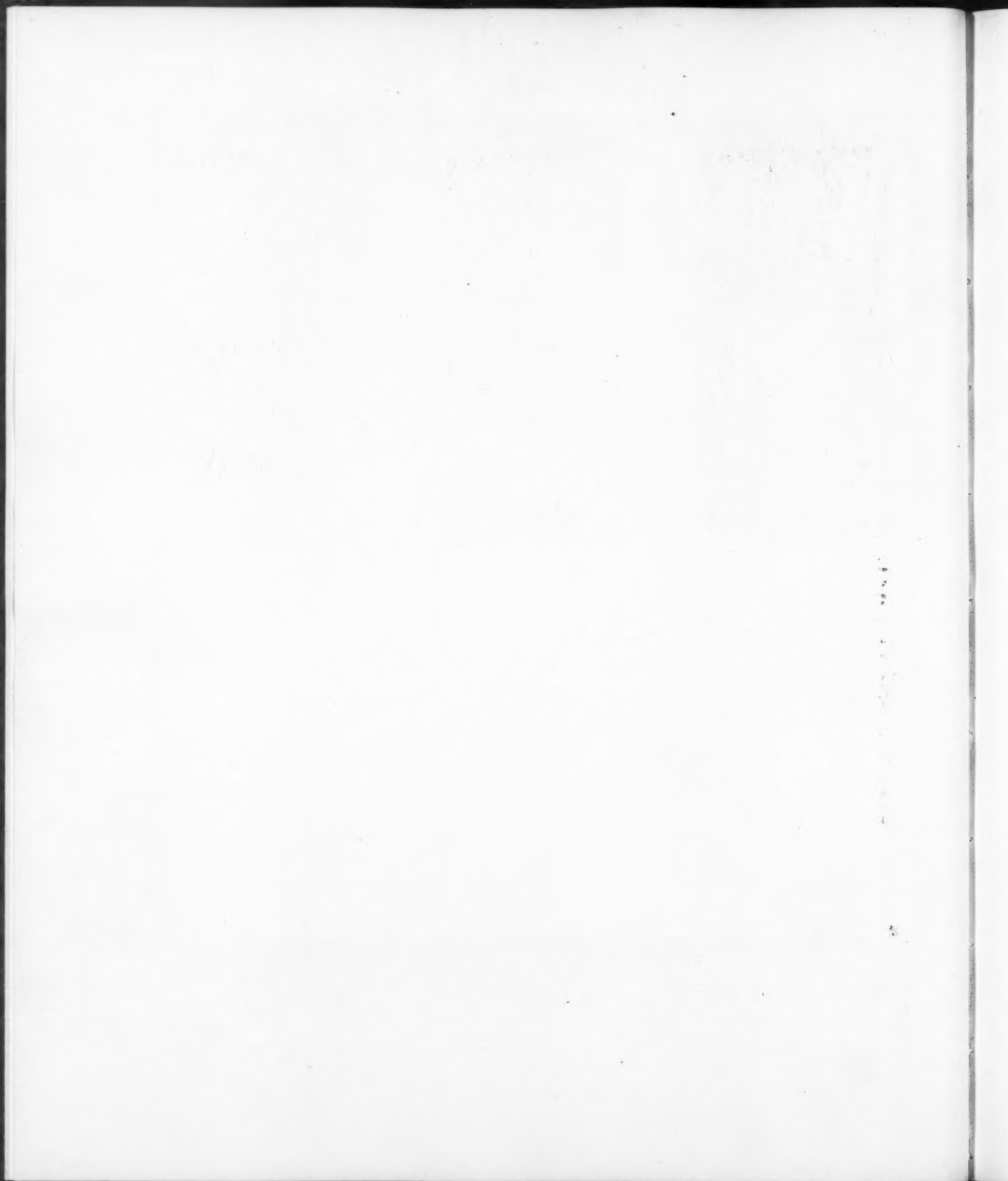




FIG. VIII. DRUG JAR (FRONT)
Faenza, c. 1480



FIG. IX. DRUG JAR (BACK)
Faenza, c. 1480



FIG. X. DRUG JAR
Sicilian, sixteenth century

The profile portraits occurring on these *albarelli* can be associated with the family of the Aragonese Kings of Naples; their date is the second half of the fifteenth century, one example in the Louvre being, on the evidence of its heraldic decoration, datable between 1465 and 1488.* Though connected with South Italian patrons of art, the style of these *albarelli* points very definitely to Faenza; and it is interesting to compare the genuine Faentine article—so strong and sensitive in drawing and so effective in its colouring—with the much less expressive and decorative Sicilian imitations of which Mr. Harris's collection also offers a characteristic example (Fig. X; height 11½ in.). The inscription in capitals in this latter case is of the cryptically abbreviated kind, which occurs in the *albarelli* of this type. "S" probably stands for "Sicilia," "IO" for "Ierosolyma," "P" for "Principes," "N" for "Neapolis," and the inverted "A" for "Aragonia."

An attractive dish with the head of a woman—"Dianora," as the inscription tells

us—illustrates well a familiar category of Castel Durante ware (Fig. III; diameter 9½ in.). And as a very important accession we further note the Gubbio plate (Fig. IV), with a sunk centre, containing a coat-of-arms, and a flat rim painted with sphinxes, a cherub, vases, and cornucopias, in grisaille, blue, brown, and green on a yellow background, the whole superbly lusted in gold and ruby. Though unsigned, this plate (diam. 9½ in.) may be unhesitatingly assigned to Maestro Giorgio himself, about the year 1520. It was formerly in the Cook collection, and another plate from the same service belonged at one time to the Spitzer collection (No. 1998). In a collection which already possessed such exceptional pieces as the "Madalena Bella" dish,* and the Nicola Pellipario dish of 1524, lusted at Gubbio,† the acquisition of this magnificent example of armorial plate design may be said to round off very happily the representation of one of the most important centres of the Italian potters' art.

* See Henry Wallis, "The Albarello," 1904, p. xxi.

* See APOLLO, vol. i, May 1925, p. 270

† Ibid. June 1921, p. 322.

MUSIC IN A LIFE

XII.—METHODS OF A MASTER

By FILSON YOUNG

I HAVE been asked by some readers of these random reflections on musical matters to give some account of the methods of the school of organ playing which was founded

in this country by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, and of which undoubtedly the most distinguished and perhaps the last great exponent is my master, Dr. James Kendrick Pyne. Although he still gives regular performances in public, he has long retired from cathedral work and takes no more pupils. As a soloist on his instrument he is a virtuoso of the highest order, for he combines the manual dexterity which is essential (but which is more commonly encountered now than it was when Dr. Pyne first began to give performances) with a breadth of treatment and massive splendour of interpretation which, when it is applied to the organ works of Bach, gives an almost architectural quality to the music.

But it is not as a soloist that I would write of him, but as a cathedral organist; chiefly because that is the side of his work which most interested me, and from which as a pupil I derived most benefit. I never aspired to be a solo player. A very little of the organ as a

solo instrument goes, with me, a long way. It is as a chamber instrument, and above all as the voice of a great building and accompaniment to religious ceremonies, that the

organ in my opinion is capable of its highest artistic achievement. Now there is no question that the present school of organ playing is entirely different from that founded by Wesley and taught by Pyne. The modern organist is far more thoroughly drilled and trained as an executant than his predecessors of fifty years ago. The standard of manual dexterity is extremely high; but what I chiefly notice in the playing of the modern school of organists as being different from that of the old school is, first of all, a difference in touch. This is partly due to

the fact that the old mechanical connection between the key and the pipe has been broken. Organ keys now are merely electric or pneumatic switches. They are no longer levers applied to the opening of pallets under pipes of varying sizes. They have no work to do except mechanical contact; the result is that the touch becomes very much lighter—much lighter, in most cases, than that



DR. JAMES KENDRICK PYNE

Music in a Life

of a pianoforte. Nor is it any heavier when every stop in the organ is sounding than when only a single, delicate toned pipe is speaking. In the old days of tracker and lever actions the touch grew heavier as the number of stops increased; and the playing of a massive chord always required more exertion on the part of the player than the sounding of a soft one. There can be no doubt that this change has had a psychological, as well as a mechanical, effect upon the new generation of players. Wind pressures have been increased and, to put it simply and vulgarly, it is possible to make much more noise to-day on an organ than it was thirty years ago, and with far less effort. In addition, there is increased agility of performance and a much more delicate dexterity of the fingers.

The one characteristic merit of touch in the old kind of organ playing seems to have disappeared as this dexterity has been attained. I refer to the true *legato* touch, in which the fingers glided from one key to another with a slipping, overlapping motion which made successive tones merge into one another, and, in a building where there was much echo, produced that mysterious melting and merging of sound which is one of the most beautiful effects that can be produced on an organ in a great building. The modern organist leaves a gap between his notes, and tends to take up rather a rigid precision which is a little reminiscent of the mechanical player. Of course, the old-fashioned *legato* manner of the organist as a rule rather ruined his touch for the piano; but to-day organists are often equally brilliant and accomplished as pianists, and this was hardly ever the case under the old system.

Pyne has the modern touch at his command, and trained his pupils in it; but he also retained the true *legato* method, which may be learned, but cannot be taught. His manner of playing the services in the cathedral was extremely characteristic. The most remarkable element about it was that year in, year out, four times a day, he would begin and end the morning and afternoon services with improvised passages that it was a constant delight and education to listen to. He would thus prelude the services with about forty or fifty bars of the most beautiful polyphonic music that it is possible to imagine. His hands would drop on to the keys with a crisp chord, squarely put down, and he generally used a single stop of 8 ft.—a small open diapason, or a dulciana, and stopped

diapason on the choir organ. From the first movement of his fingers he would evoke some little theme that would serve as a thread or motive on which the improvisation would be built. It would grow and develop, each part moving like a singing voice. It was no case of a melody with accompaniment; every moving part was a melody, and the inner parts were at least as important as the outer. These little preludes would as a rule develop to a climax on a long pedal point from which the harmonies, ever growing more elaborate, would weave and unweave themselves until they sank to a quiet close on a long resolution of the tonic chord. I have never heard, and never shall hear—except perhaps in a passage of Delius—harmonies like those which used sometimes to be evolved in these improvisations.

They had a quality quite unearthly. Often I tried to record and analyse or rediscover them, but I never could. You must remember that this was not my experience alone; it was the experience of every pupil who sat in that organ loft and listened to those lovely, fugitive compositions which sounded and trembled away into silence. Pyne himself never could write those harmonies; he never could reproduce them at will; if you asked him to write them down he could not do it. It was impossible to record them as heard in musical notation, because of the very elaborate and complex nature of the moving counterpoint out of which they were evolved. I often wished for some kind of recording gramophone to take them down; the result would have been a collection of music such as exists nowhere in the world; but they never were, and never will be, recorded.

For "playing out" there was a quite different style, much more formal and elaborate; sometimes it would take the form of improvised fugue, and would gradually work up till the full organ was employed; and often very brilliant virtuoso-like passages were evolved. At other times the movement would take a more sonata-like form, and, again, might begin and continue in the quiet manner of lyrical Schumanesque passages; but the point was that he never repeated himself, and the form was hardly ever the same. I have heard Dr. Macpherson in St. Paul's Cathedral approach the beauty of Pyne's improvisation in some of his strange, wandering preludes; but I have not heard anyone else who can be compared with him.

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His method of accompanying the services was also quite different from that which prevails to-day, and I think it was on the whole better. The Psalms were always treated in the same way. The first verse sung by the full choir would be accompanied on the great organ, and then, as *decani* and *cantoris* took up the alternate verses, the accompaniment would be reduced in tone. Generally it would be played on the swell or choir organ, with wandering *obbligati* on some orchestral-toned stop such as horn or flute. Such an *obbligato* would never be superimposed on the tonal mass, but was always well within it, generally in the tenor region. The pedals would often not be used when the accompaniment was on the choir organ in chords, and the full swell and thirty-two foot pedal tones were often used with very great effect to produce a sweet and melodious thunder which was one of the glories of the old Hill organ. On the last half verse before the Gloria the great-to-pedal coupler was invariably drawn, and the bass tones emphasized. This is a very old-fashioned custom, and a very curious one, and I am not sure what the meaning of it was. It might have been to attract the attention of the choir to the fact that the Gloria was about to be sung, though why that should have been necessary I do not know. At any rate it was a very interesting and very effective custom, which we always observed. The Gloria was, of course, accompanied on the great organ.

In accompanying services and anthems there was a variety of treatment according to the nature of the music. The old-fashioned services of Attwood and Tallis and Boyce were accompanied sometimes from the figured bass and open score; and always were played very strictly and severely in four-part harmony, with a sudden outburst at the Glorias when they were elaborate in construction. The anthems also varied in treatment. I have known Pyne, when he was in a happy mood, transform a commonplace anthem into something magnificent by putting life and invention into the accompaniment. He had a habit sometimes of preluding anthems with an improvised introduction, and I have known this to be extended for as much as ten minutes as some happy theme seized upon him and lent itself to ingenious development and elaboration. Here, again, there was variety: you never knew what to expect, except perfection.

One thing which was characteristic of all Pyne's organ playing was a solid and rock-like breadth and firmness which held the whole thing together. I have gone into cathedrals lately and heard the most dexterous and delicate effects produced in accompanying the Psalms; they were treated almost like chamber music, and to give a background to the voices a delicate kind of tonal etching was employed by the organist using, perhaps, a single stop at a time. Now that is very interesting up at the keyboard; but to anyone situated in the body of the cathedral the effect is apt to be extremely thin and unsatisfactory. Pyne's method—and a method of Wesley's—was always to envelop whatever he was accompanying in a sufficient volume of organ tone to weld the two together. You never heard the voices suddenly left unsupported as you so often do in the case of organists who go in for extremes of tones and make sudden and violent changes in tone volume. In the case of a congregation singing a hymn the effect of this sudden withdrawal is like that of a betrayal. No large body of persons will sing if they get the feeling that they are liable to be left suddenly in the lurch, and the tonal support withdrawn leaving them, so to speak, in mid-air. The same applies in a lesser degree to the accompanying of a trained choir. A cathedral is a large building; there is nearly always a certain amount of echo in it; and except in the case of unaccompanied singing very fine and delicate effects are apt to be lost. A certain degree of breadth is necessary, and certainly was a part of the tradition in which we were brought up.

It was a strange part of one's life that was lived in the cathedral at Manchester. The whole external life of the town, with its busy commerce, its harsh materialism, its darkness and smoke and unloveliness of atmosphere, passed us by as though we were in a dream; we had nothing to do with it; it did not touch us. Twice a day the cathedral bell would ring out through the clash of tramcars and roar of muddy streets, and summon the handful whose business it was to carry on in its daily services the routine of centuries. The boys would come from the cathedral school, the choirmen, the clergy, and the strange little assortment that formed the congregation would gather together and pursue the solemn old ritual in the gorgeous choir of oak and stone. Up in the organ loft on the rood screen would be two or

Music in a Life

three pupils, of whom I in my time was almost always one; and we would either sit and listen to our master or ourselves take part in the playing of the service. He seldom could bear to hear anybody else playing. That was a slight fault of vanity and sensitiveness, but it was more apparent than real; for when he did take the trouble really to listen to anyone else's playing he was critical and appreciative at the same time.

On the whole I count him among the great masters that I have met in my musical life. His character is apparent in the specimen of his beautiful writing that I append. I have no doubt it is as careful and mannered as was his style in playing; but it has become part of him, and a letter from him is a beautiful thing

the younger let it -
their Touch & clearness.
It's the laying of the
Keel after all that
marks for Success.
It was so nice seeing
you again.
Love to the little Boy
yours always
Herbert Tyne

in itself. It looks like a fragment of a fourteenth-century manuscript. As a master he did not so much teach his pupils as allow them to learn; and that, I think, is almost the only education possible in art. He was a continual inspiration to us, not only in music, but in everything else. He taught his pupils that music was only part of a general kind of culture in which the artist should be supreme; and he expected them to be gentlemen and men of the world as well as artists. My own days of pupilage I would not willingly have been without. It was a period of rhythmic, monastic, and beautiful routine; and in the retrospect of a life that is already crowded with variety and adventure it lies like a calm patch of mellow sunshine.

A MASTERPIECE BY GOYA FOR MELBOURNE

THERE can be little doubt that, among artists of genius, Goya is exceptionally unequal. Envisaging for the moment only his work as a painter, this applies both to his subject pictures and to his portraits. In the former Goya will sometimes be so crude and childishly macabre that one has great difficulty in recognizing the author of some of the most powerful and haunting conceptions in the whole domain of pictorial art; and as for his portraits, there are far too many which show the painter attending to his task mainly as a matter of routine, and getting as near to the commonplace as is possible for one who never could put his brush on to a canvas

without achieving an artistic result of some sort. The old saying about Tintoretto, "If he was sometimes the equal of Titian, he was often much inferior to Tintoretto," is one which can be transferred with particular appropriateness to Goya.

That a picture is an indubitable Goya implies hence by no means a hall-mark of artistic excellence; on the contrary, to find an example which is unassailable both on the score of genuineness and of æsthetic quality has by now—with so many of the world's great Goyas gone to permanent repositories—become a very far from easy task. All the keener is, therefore, the satisfaction when a public



National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Francisco de Goya

32 1/2" x 27"

A Masterpiece by Goya for Melbourne

museum becomes the owner of a work which does triumphantly pass the double test just referred to. And that is what has recently happened in the case of the Melbourne Gallery, which, under the terms of the Felton bequest, has acquired the "Portrait of a Lady" reproduced on the opposite page.

Before going on to considering the picture critically, a few words may be said on the question of the identity of the subject here portrayed. This is a point of some interest, for the Prado authorities have recently decided that this is the portrait of a lady closely connected with the Goya family. Her name was Doña Juana Galarza de Goicoechea, and she was the mother-in-law of the artist's son, Francisco Javier de Goya y Bayeu, the dashing young man portrayed by his father, together with his wife, Doña Gumarsinda, in the superb pair of full-lengths, belonging to M. Bischoffsheim, of Paris, and reproduced in Dr. Mayer's recent book on Goya, plates 151 and 152. Two portraits of Doña Juana have hitherto been known and are noted by Dr. Mayer. One is a miniature, of uncertain authenticity, belonging to Don Alejandro Pidal, of Madrid (No. 286 in Dr. Mayer's list), and the other is a three-quarter-length on canvas, 82 by 59 centimetres, signed and dated 1810, and mentioned by Dr. Mayer as belonging to the Marques de Casa Torres, of Madrid. The picture (which is reproduced in Mr. Calvert's book on Goya, plate 125) also represents the subject seated holding a fan, but shows such

a difference in the cut of the features that the identification of the sitter either in the case of the Madrid or the Melbourne pictures must be incorrect. The latter bears neither a signature nor a date, but on the evidence of style can hardly be much later than *c.* 1800.

The character of the sitter is conveyed with an almost uncanny power, an amazing strength of expression being concentrated in the unrelenting fixity of her eyes, looking straight at the spectator. Both in its psychological vein and in its pictorial treatment the picture offers close analogies to one of Goya's greatest portraits, the full-length of Queen Maria Luisa in the Prado (1799). The idea of concentrating the light on the face and neck and making them tell as one big mass of light against the dark of the hair is exactly the same in both pictures and points the way to a device which was to become a favourite one with Manet. As regards technique there are here none of the fireworks with which Goya will sometimes startle us: he is handling his brush in a quieter manner, but with no sacrifice of delicacy and subtlety, and for exquisite lightness and deftness of touch nothing could surpass the painting of the silk and the filmy lace in this picture. Most happy, too, is the general design and the placing of the figure on the canvas. This work should well be able to hold its own in the series of noble examples of painting, covering many centuries, which Mr. Rinder's taste and discernment has already secured for Melbourne.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XIV

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

OLD slippers, I often think, are rather attractive things to collect. I bought a pair at Bath the other day, but I firmly believe that the assassin who sold them to me must have had definite ideas of retiring from the antique business on his profits! However.



A SLIPPER
covered in Yellow Taffeta covered with
Venetian Embroidery

Really attractive slippers are scarce. A friend of mine, I discovered, had a delightful pair of old French eighteenth-century slippers which had been carefully wrapped up and put away in a chest for years. I made her take them out and we put them on the mantelpiece of her boudoir and grouped



Paris, Musée de Cluny

FIG. II. A HIGH-BACKED CHAIR OR THRONE

them with some Chelsea china and one or two interestingly bound old books, miniatures and things, and the effect was quite decorative.

I am frequently asked what I consider to be the best types of ornaments to put on a mantelpiece, and I find that in collecting and arranging just the right pieces for this very important position one can spend considerable time. Of course, I am not

referring to a reception room, which demands a correct balance and "steadiness" in the selection and placing of bronzes or porcelain.

The example illustrated is perfectly charming. Think of it in colour. The ground is in faded yellow taffeta mounted on white skin; upon this is embroidered old Venetian point lace; nothing could be more dainty, but then the French display every bit as much artistry in the creation of the small domestic article of apparel as they do in things of greater importance; in fact in any question relating to feminine attire they seem in a class by themselves.

I am never tired of studying the fine collection of old shoes at Cluny—there is a domestic sentiment about them, as the link with the past which they establish seems more human than other things in the museum which are not quite so personal to the people of other ages. I feel sure that the owner of this pair must, once upon a time, have been a very delightful creature.

Having commenced with a digression, I will now pass to more serious business and describe some sixteenth-century French furniture contemporary with the slipper.

It must be remembered that the change of style in furniture and objects of art in general during the first and second periods of the Renaissance was brought about first in detail of ornament and in adaptations of design when these were essential or unavoidable, while a gradual appreciation and development of the new spirit came at length to complete the work. One occasionally finds examples in which the old spirit is evident though the body enshrining it belongs to the new order in its entirety. Such is the chair or throne in the Cluny Museum (Fig. II).

One's first impression of this most beautiful object is that it was a throne for some high ecclesiastic. It has been said of it that it was born by labour out of love. In the accentuation of its vertical lines by the proportion of height and width, it is entirely Gothic, yet every inch of ornament (if we except a few sections of mouldings and the small features in the lozenge panels of the front, and they show influence of the Early Renaissance) belongs to the art brought from

Domestic Architecture and Decoration

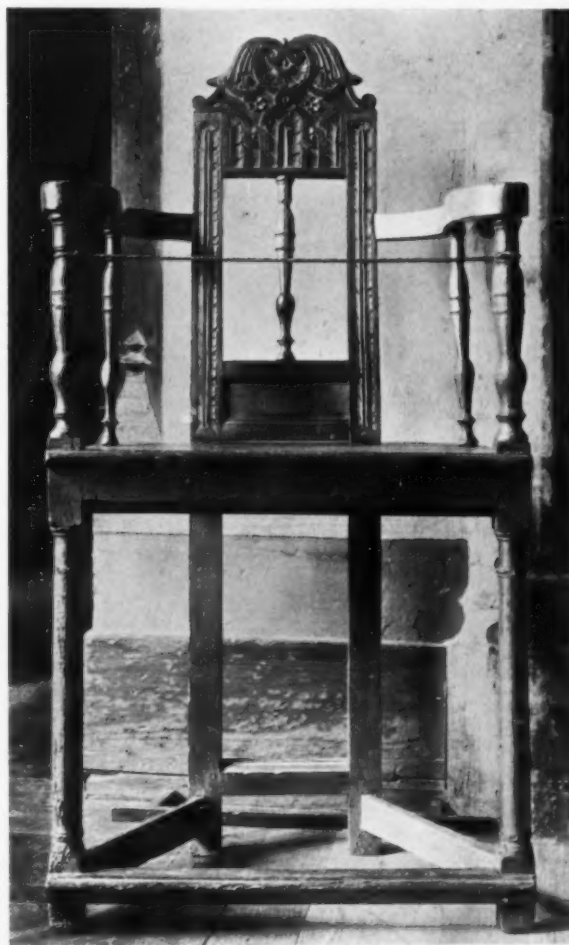
Italy. The result is to invest it with a stately aspect. The faces of its upper and lower vertical frameworks are carved with pilasters. Those of the lower part are plain with medallion in the middle. On the back of the chair they have Ionic capitals with masks, and show medallions with heads, swords, daggers, and batons crossed. The capitals of the top series are human heads. The panel of the chair back is designed with the lightness and delicacy of the early style, though perhaps a little more formal in drawing; but there is more freedom in the panel above, with the jovial grotesque masks and ornaments flanking the medallion enclosing the inevitable head. The horizontal series of mouldings are crisply and lightly recessed and in keeping with the flat arms with rounded edges. The chair has been attributed to an Auvergne workshop, which possibly may explain its late retention of the Gothic conception.

Between this example and a "caquetoire" in the Cluny (Fig. III) there appears to be a very great difference in age, though really there may be very little. There is nothing of ecclesiastical atmosphere about it. It is more suggestive of gossips exchanging bits of "bibble babble." The lower frame is composed of two vertical cylindrical pillars with simple mouldings above and below, a wide front and narrow back with connecting footrails. In effect the shaped arms and back suggest a semi-circle, but the narrow back is flat. Its upright posts are carved with the long strip of leafage ornament common in Henri II's time and with a lower panel helps to frame a rectangular opening containing a graceful baluster, above which is a shaped cresting carved with arcading, bands, foliage, scrolls and rosettes. Four balusters support the arms. In the general plan of its chair there is a trace of that of the old triangular chair, but this vague suggestion is all that is left of the Gothic style. It was presented to the museum by M. Dupont-Auberville.

There is one piece of our domestic furniture, more than any other, about which our friends from across the Channel express violent criticism. Our bedsteads! How well I know the sensation of unsuspectingly getting into a French bed of the "feather" variety and completely dis-

appearing out of sight! I have often very nearly lost my life in this way. With those who live in provincial France, the hard and resisting qualities, combined with draughty surroundings, of our English beds constitute a serious grievance, an inhospitable discomfort. They are hard and resisting, while our armchairs are soft and yielding, but the feather bed (thank God!) is a thing of the past, almost as dead as dear old Queen Anne, to whose memory magnificent bedsteads, the cost of which nearly brought financial ruin upon her noble hosts, remain with us.

The French bedsteads in the style of Henri II, which we must remember practically lasted nearly a century, were of very ornate



Paris, Musée de Cluny

FIG. III. "CAQUETOIRE"



FIG. IV. A HENRI II "FOURPOSTER" AT CLUNY

character. It is difficult, in regarding a bed like that illustrated in Fig. IV, to realize its appearance when the curtains and other hangings were in place and drawn. It is, in fact, but a skeleton, though a very beautiful one, in the Cluny Museum.

The visible headboard shows posts carved with caryatid figures supporting classic warriors bearing sword and shield, of large, perhaps regrettably large, proportions to the rest of the structure. Branches of foliage and fruit, starting from a crowned cartouche and flanked by bearded masks, decorate the frieze. Equally vigorous carving, in a way characteristic of the style, is shown in the upper portion, where a wreathed central cartouche with female mask and broken semi-circular shape above, heavy acanthus foliations, and dolphin cresting are the chief features. With all due respect to the artistic achievements of French carvers in wood, this headboard must have felt decidedly hard when the occupant awakened and suddenly established contact with any of its carved members.

The bedrails and foot posts, however, are

both things of decided beauty, and from the utilitarian point, unobjectionable. The former is very rich yet in good taste, the upper part carved in geometrical patterns, under which are series of gadroons alternating with rosettes which introduces pleasant variety in the fall of light, while lower still the light is caught by a pattern of pendant oval drops. The mouldings are cut back as the rail approaches the corners, to show a swag of fruit resting on voluted scrolls which touch the posts. These are decorated with bold lion masks, drapery, fruit and foliage and rest on feet of vase shape carved with gadroons and acanthus. The posts show very fine carving indeed, and the lower parts are well designed, especially the figures of *termes* in low relief with pendants of fruit and foliage between and the lower collars of leaf and ornamental *motifs*. Several beautiful vase shapes (how infinitely more beautiful are they than the crude



Paris, Musée de Cluny

FIG. V. CABINET IN WALNUT



Paris, Musée des Arts Decoratifs

FIG. VI. STONE CARVING ON THE LINTEL OF A CHIMNEYPiece

"bulbousities" of our Elizabethan treatments of the same idea!) and a fluted column with foliage capital supporting the "ciel" constitute the upper part of the posts. The "ceil," of course, is of later date than the other parts of the bed.

As an example of the later Renaissance style, the cabinet in the Cluny (Fig. V) is excellent. The under part, resting on two spherical feet, contains a cupboard of two doors carved in low relief with Bacchus beneath fruitful vines with a wine jar; and Ceres bearing a reaping hook and a cornucopia with a sheaf of corn at her feet, respectively. The frame between is richly carved with a mask, drapery, ribbons, bunch of fruit and a tassel, flanked by narrow upright leaf panels, repeated on the outer frameworks of the cabinet. Fluted columns support an entablature, the frieze of which contains two drawers decorated with vigorous lion masks, rings, foliated ornament and drapery, separated by a female mask wreath and ring, flanked by brackets. At the ends are rams' heads. The bold carving reappears in the terminal figure on the middle framework of the upper half, while bas-relief is used for the figures of Jupiter and Juno in the door panels and Venus in a shaped panel above, the side supports being twisted Ionic columns wreathed with foliage supporting cherubims. Figures reminiscent of Goujon recline on the ogee arches of the broken pediment which crowns the structure

between them, surmounted by an eagle and a wreath.

In Fig. VI, which is the carved stone lintel to a chimneypiece, and dates from the reign of Henri II, there is certain nobility in portions and beautiful carving of detail, though a good deal of what we admire is due to the softening effect of time and wear. The central mask with its acanthus superstructure, pendant drapery and swags of fruit, is well-placed against the lunette and the horizontal mouldings above. The foliage and vases, placed where recessions of the surface planes occur, are irritating in a work of good proportions, and appropriate *motifs*, such as the sphinx medallion, ought to have been maintained throughout. But then we should not have had such a correct example of the style under review! Some of the mouldings are decorated with minute ornament, much of it has perished, and some is of poor design, but it is nevertheless a rare example of considerable interest, and very beautifully carved.

The incomplete knowledge of antique art possessed by French designers in the reign of Henri II and immediate successors, occasionally led to strange results, particularly when they had sufficient originality and native artistry to express their ideas freely. Their modifications of the antique orders are of special interest as being of different character from those of the Italian designers of the Renaissance. Fig. VII, the capital of an Ionic pilaster from the palace of the

Tuileries, for example, shows the volutes threaded with laurel, oak and other foliage, ending in pendant fruit. The ovolo bears a foliated egg from which a stem and leaves arise, while the dart is also foliated. The flutes are incised and recessed. Still, the whole effect is very



FIG. VII.
A STONE CAPITAL FROM THE TUILERIES

pleasing, and it is a very beautiful capital. Compare it with some of the neo-Greek examples which one sees to-day, which suggest having been designed with the sole aid of the T-square and the set square by those who are unable to draw freehand ornament, and shudder!

WILSON STEER

By J. B. MANSON

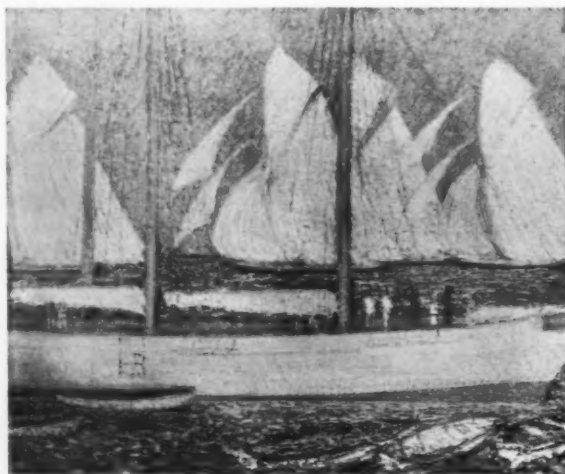
WILSON STEER is a culmination. His work marks the end of a period that is passing away, rather than the beginning of a new one.

In these kaleidoscopic days of shifting "isms": cubisms, vorticisms, futurisms—strange patterns which pass almost before they can be interpreted—and other things which have wasted so much of this generation; in this chaos of modern art stirred up, albeit unconsciously, by Gallic experimenters who enjoy the pastime of inventing new styles, and who marvel that our clumsy imitations of them should be considered matters of life and death, the romantic impressionism of which Mr. Steer is the last and best exponent may seem somewhat remote. But, as Mr. Lytton Strachey says somewhere, "The soul of man is not subject to the rumour of periods," and those landscapes, sea-pieces, occasional portraits—romantic and lyrical—which Mr. Steer

has given us have, it may well be, a perennial power to charm. For beauty endures even in an insatiable world continually clamouring for new sensations.

In his art are united the tendencies of two great English landscape painters, Constable and Turner.

Their influence, which has not been very apparent on English painters of the later nineteenth century, has trickled in thin streams through the valley that lies between their eminence and that of Mr. Steer. On the nearer side of this culminating point—this hill with its gentle green slopes, its hidden pools reflecting the iridescence of the sky—lies the broken rocky country intersected with sticky streams and muddy meres, brightened by occasional fertile oases, which make up the English interpretation of modern French art which is called "Post-Impressionism."



YACHTS (1893)

In the freshness, vigour, and extensive

Wilson Steer

grasp of his landscape work, Mr. Steer is akin to Constable; in his power of suggesting sun-suffused atmosphere and limpid water, to Turner. In his work, however, there is much that is not Constable, much that is not Turner. There is his own engaging personality. There is a quiet reflectiveness, from which he is aroused only at rare dramatic moments, when, for example, the storm breaks over Richmond Castle; there is a pensive delight in the ever-changing panorama of Nature which stretches before his appreciative eyes.

At moments, too, it is tinged with a flavour—an aroma—distilled from eighteenth-century France which gives a subtle charm, a new delight to his work when it occurs, as it mostly does in his rare portraits of women, and at still rarer moments in those occasional essays in decoration, one of which, a *Boucher de nos jours*, was seen not so very long ago at the Goupil Gallery, but it is strongest in those little lyrical landscapes, those *jeux d'esprit* which appear at benign moments in Steer's later work.

French art, in a form later than that which charmed the elegance of Versailles, made another impression, not perhaps a very deep or lasting one, on Mr. Steer's work in his experimental days. Impressionism—the real French official Impressionism—particularly as exemplified in the work of Claude Monet, held him momentarily by its spell, of which experience that intangible vision, the picture of "Yachts," painted in 1893, is evidence enough. That influence was limited to the nineties. It gave a certain fair complexion and a delicacy to his work for some years—it coloured "Chepstow Castle" of 1905 and "The Music Room" of 1906—before it faded and changed, gradually expanding into a sturdy robustness—the robustness of the rarer type, the traditional type, of English landscape-painting.



CHEPSTOW CASTLE (1905)

The vivacious Impressionism of Monet concerned as it sometimes was with the minutiae of colour variation, struck a note not strictly in tune with Mr. Steer's personality, as through the years of his steady progress he has revealed it to us. And the technique—the smaller broken touch—necessitated by the divided tones of French Impressionism, was not the method which most completely expressed the quality of his vision. It was not his *métier*. The breadth of his perception, his comprehensive grasp of the subject before him as a whole, demanded for their realization the broad, quick, almost impatient touch, reminiscent of Constable, which characterizes much of his work, and is not the least of its attractions.

The school of Monet also imposed a strain on his sense of colour which is limited though infallibly refined, and which produced its best results through concentration rather than diffusion. His work, in its most characteristic aspects, is painted within a scale restricted to a few tones of colour, and he has never tried

to stretch the octave. But given those means, to which he obviously limited himself, it was wonderful what lyrical quality, what atmosphere and suggestiveness he could achieve.

In all his work there is art, there is quality—fresh air, movement, and, at times, the thrill of drama—the mystery of the unseen. Save "to the moles and to the bats" it has its beauty.

Although Mr. Steer is now no novelty his work has lost nothing of its power to charm and even to surprise.

His admirers have elevated him to the rank of those artists who can do no wrong, and he occupies a substantial niche in the National Gallery. There, in the Modern Gallery at Millbank, he is represented by landscapes which show phases of his work between

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1893 and 1906, by a few water-colours of later date, and by a remarkably realistic portrait of 1922.

The picture of "Yachts," of the year 1893, seems a strange one to find among Mr. Steer's *œuvre*; it has, however, a special interest—one likes to know what a man might do under certain circumstances. It satisfies our curiosity. It shows us what the influence of Monet did to one of the most English of painters. This is said advisedly. Although there may pass in mental vision a tedious procession of academy pictures for years past—all "Custom's idiot sway"—with nothing among them resembling Mr. Steer's work; they do not count either as art or as English, and one has but to think of the great English landscape-painters to realize that Mr. Steer's work is traditional—and English. Moreover, one cannot imagine it being produced by any foreign painter.

The "Yachts," then, although it is an exercise more or less in the Monet manner, and is Impressionism after a fashion, is not good Monet or real Impressionism in the special sense. It is an attempt at verse in a foreign language. Charming and mysterious, it is not complete expression, the touch is divided, but the tones are not, and there is hardly a hint of complementary colours. And the sense of values is suspended for the moment so that the yachts in the middle distance are nearer than the boats in the foreground. But it has quality and a personality struggling for expression with the wrong idiom.

But Steer was soon moving. In the "Richmond Castle" of 1903 he is emancipated from all foreign influence—it is Romantic Impressionism and the touch of Constable. But there is a confusion of which Constable

was never guilty. There is a multiplicity of accents, which, especially on the left of the picture, confuse the planes—innumerable highlights on wet leaves. But the big dramatic effect is achieved. The sudden light on the foreground as the sun breaks through, the heavy shadows moving swiftly over the land; the black storm-clouds passing away; the drama in the sky; the distant rainbow, are all felt. And it is an effect that is momentary and defies capture.

The interest in light, which may have been stimulated by his French excursion, gave birth to the picture of "The Music Room" in

1905-6. It is happily expressed in this painting, which also is an exceptional one in Mr. Steer's work. The whole picture is a quivering effect of light; rich in suggestion. The figures make an interesting composition—two pyramids, a tall one on the left, a short one on the right—they are slight, indeed, as portraits. Although they are close up against the wall,



THE MUSIC ROOM (1906)

and the whole thing is near, the picture gives a curious sensation of space—a feeling of the room in front of the picture—the pale sunlight falling on the wall even suggests the garden outside on a late summer day. The effect of light is remarkable because it is not obtained in the manner of the French Impressionists. The colour is not really analysed—actually the darker half-tones are rather black—although the wall with the three water-colours on it is broken in colour and very attractively painted. The glamour of the play of light on things is the essence of its poetic expression.

Light, too, is the impulse behind the "Chepstow Castle" of 1905—broadly painted, and with a delightful luminosity in the shadows.

In "Painswick Beacon," 1915 (facing page 40), there is just a hint of the lighter feathery touch, which has been developed still further and more beautifully in some recent lyrical pictures.

These, though they are few among many, sufficiently indicate the various ways in which Mr. Steer has made his acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe.

A NEW PIECE OF INFORMATION ABOUT NICHOLAS HILLIARD

By G. C. WILLIAMSON

WE know so little about the Elizabethan miniature painters that any new fact discovered concerning either of them has unusual importance. One such new fact concerning Nicholas Hilliard has recently come to light.

About that eminent artist we have only scanty information, and as he was the first Englishman, so far as we know, to practise in this fascinating art, every scrap of history about him is worth chronicling.

We do not really know when he was born. On three of his portraits he gives us certain important information. On one at Welbeck Abbey, dated 1550, and on one similar in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch, he tells us his age was thirteen, which gives us his birth date as 1537 or 1538. Another in the Buccleuch collection, dated 1574, *ætatis suæ* 37, gives the same date, but on a self-portrait of the artist in the Salting collection there is an inscription which reads "1577. *ÆTATIS SUÆ* 30," and that would imply that he was born in 1547 or 1548, a date surely impossible, because he painted a portrait of the Duke of Somerset which is dated 1560, and that could hardly have been done when he was a boy, clever as he appears to have been even in his early youth, as attested by his portraits when so young. Perhaps the Salting portrait was not by Hilliard at all; it is not like his usual work, and the features of the portrait are not just the same as those usually accepted as representing the painter, but the inscription and the figures on the portrait are quite "clear and untouched."

Then again, if he was born in 1537, one of his portraits, that of Lord Hunsdon, must have been painted when he was sixty-eight, and it is not often that a miniature painter is able to

produce such fine work at such an advanced age, although Cosway painted a miniature when he was seventy-six. Perhaps, however, this portrait may have been painted by Hilliard's son.

Also, there is another puzzle respecting his age, because there are two portraits of his father in existence, and one of them represents him at the age of fifty-eight, in 1577, implying that Richard Hilliard was born in 1519, and if that is correct his father was only eighteen when Nicholas was born, which is extremely unlikely. It seems, however, most probable that 1537 is the right date, and his death we do know took place on the 7th of January, 1618-19.

His mother was Lawrence, daughter of John Wall, a goldsmith of London, and it has been suggested that he was trained in the mysteries of the goldsmith's craft by his grandfather. We have a little information about his domestic life, because we know that he married twice, and that his first wife was Alicia Brandon, daughter of John Brandon, Chamberlain of the City of London, and that he painted her portrait when she was twenty-two, but who his second wife was we do not know.

We know about his will, and we know that it contains bequests to the poor, to his two sisters, and to his servant, and that the rest of his estate was left to his son Lawrence. We also know a little about his skill as a miniature painter, because of his appointment as Limner to Queen Elizabeth, and of the special charter that was granted to him by James I, in which he is referred to as "our principal Drawer for the small portraits and Imbosser of our Medallies of Gold." We also know that he was ill in 1610, we believe that he went to

France for a while and worked at the French Court, and we know about his adventure with regard to gold mines in Scotland from some information that has been recently discovered in certain Scottish papers.

All this information does not, however, bring us actually into touch with the man himself, but a miniature has recently come to light, one of the finest portraits that he ever painted, exquisitely produced, and representing a lady of high importance, belonging to a very noted family, who died in 1633, and whose portrait Hilliard has painted on a three-of-diamonds playing card.

The portrait was at one time in Horace Walpole's collection; it bears an inscription on the reverse of the frame in the handwriting of that famous virtuoso, in which he gives the name of the nobleman to whom he presented the portrait, a man who was in direct descent from the lady represented upon it, and in the possession of the descendants of this nobleman it has remained until quite recently.

The lady is depicted in a magnificent brocade gown, wearing a splendid necklace and ear-rings, and crowned with a jewelled tiara. On one side of her head is depicted the sun in full glory; on the other, a heart transfixed by an arrow, and round about the portrait, in Hilliard's well-known caligraphy, is a long Latin motto, speaking of the permanence of love, even though the object on which the love is centred may pass away.

On the reverse, however, of the playing

card, in handwriting which I believe must certainly be that of Hilliard himself, is a Latin sentence: "*Dimitte mihi Deus parce Deus.*" Imagination at once begins to play about this sentence. Why, on this miniature, should Hilliard have added this petition: "Forgive me, God, spare me, O Lord"? Had he fallen in love with the lady, and did he consider that his feelings towards her bordered on sin, and was the petition for pardon for sin in thought?

On the other hand, did he consider that he had been unduly proud of the accomplishment of this perfect portrait, the finest example of his skill that I have ever seen, and was the petition a plea for pardon for vanity?

It is evident the petition was not an address to the lady; it is probable that she never saw it, it is almost certain that the miniature was put into some kind of frame before it was handed over to her, or to her noble husband, who may perhaps have commissioned it. It was a little secret between the miniature painter and his God, a fervent prayer asking for forgiveness for some unknown fault, and as such a little scrap of self-revelation which, so far as I know, is unique and in consequence of great importance. Probably we shall never know the reason for this inscription; we can only conjecture. We may suggest various explanations, none of them may be correct, but I know of no other inscription in Hilliard's handwriting that tells us anything of the man himself. This one is unique to the best of my knowledge.

THE JOUBERT COLLECTION OF ARMS AND ARMOUR

By SELWYN BRINTON

THIS collection, the fruit of some thirty years' research by an expert in this field of connoisseurship, and containing some very notable pieces, is now leaving this country to find a home elsewhere; and a few notes on its contents cannot fail to be of interest to many readers of *APOLLO*. I have known the collection and collector, and been privileged to watch its formation; its commercial value must have been a very high one, but apart from this, with

the present limited market, it would take many years before such a private arms collection could be again formed. Mr. Joubert was the intimate friend of the late Sir Guy Laking, was in touch with sales and collectors on both sides of the Atlantic, and has been entrusted by Messrs. Christie with the formation of some of their most important recent sale catalogues of arms and armour.

In describing his collection to me Mr. Joubert placed among its most notable



The Joubert Collection of Arms and Armour



HEAD-PIECE ("ESCOFFIA") OF CHARLES V

pieces the head-piece, called "Escoffia," which adorned the helmet of the Emperor Charles V. The "Escoffia" was an added piece, purely ornamental, set over the helmet for occasions of state pageantry by princes or great nobles; and this particular piece was made for the Emperor by that fine craftsman in armour, Koloman Colman of Augsburg, and is identified by the inventory made at that period of this monarch's armour. During political troubles in Spain it would seem that certain pieces of armour disappeared from the famous Madrid collection; the piece in question appeared in Christie's sale of 1835, and with four other pieces fetched the sum of £4 10s.; its present value alone has been estimated at not far short of £4,000. I understand from Mr. Felix Joubert that the inventory just mentioned of the Charles V armour exists to this day in the library of the Kaiserhof Museum at Vienna; and I come next to a piece of very choice character, and even beauty of form, which belonged to his son, Philip II of Spain, and which I propose to illustrate here. This is the helmet made for that monarch by Wolf of

Landshuts, and seems to belong to the suit now in the Royal Armoury at Madrid, from which, as mentioned above, several pieces had been taken; it is a masterpiece of fine armoury and delicately graven ornament.

I come now to a more difficult but most interesting subject in the sword or falchion (early fifteenth century), which was illustrated by Sir Guy Laking in his "European Arms and Armour," Vol. II. Mr. Joubert in his own catalogue described it as "*Belle Epée-travail français du commencement du XV^{me} siècle*," and added (I translate here from the French) the following information: "This fine weapon, unique in its form and the decoration of its hilt, was found some years ago in an old Château of Lorraine, near Domremy. This circumstance might lead us to suppose (*donne à supposer*) that this sword, of the epoch of Charles VII, is that of Jeanne d'Arc; while in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris is to be found a medal representing Saint Jeanne holding in her right hand a sword whose form is the same as the one here. The 'monture'



HELMET OF PHILIP II



SWORD OR FALCHION
Early fifteenth century

in bronze gilt and engraved is of marvellous execution, and on the hilt on the one side is represented the Virgin with the Child Jesus; on the other the Christ crucified." The figures of St. Agnes, St. Barbara, and St. Catherine appear also on the hilt; and the sword or falchion, in view of its character as well as its period and "provenance," has great claims on our interest, and was, I understand, actually the property of a descendant of one of those who had been in attendance upon Jeanne d'Arc. Mr. Joubert is himself a master of the foil and *épée de combat*, and, speaking to me of the weapon just mentioned, once said, "I think you know me long enough to be convinced that my knowledge of a sword and its use is what it should be"; and, in fact, one of the features of his own collection is the series of swords, ranging from the twelfth-century war-sword to the present-day duelling sword or *épée de combat*. There are some 500 of these, and, here again, it has been remarked that the collection could not be duplicated.

One of the choicest pieces, however, from its extreme rarity, is the fine seventh-century (B.C.) Gallic helmet, of which I wish also to give a reproduction, with its beautiful embossed decoration on the lower part and crest; and with this I shall mention the no less choice Nuremberg suit of armour, dating *circa* 1460. This suit was in the well-known Rigg collection, and was thrown out by its possessor when that collection was presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York; it came up later at Christie's, and though the collar (added in 1868) is not genuine, in the opinion of experts such as Baron de Cosson, the suit itself is right.

I shall not detail here such features as the two interesting wheel-lock arquebuses (one of these, by Daniel Sadeler, *circa* 1560, adorned with mythological subjects upon ivory), nor the Brescian flint-lock pistols by Cominazzo; nor yet the Flemish and German fifteenth- and sixteenth-century wood carvings, nor the thirteenth-century enamel chasse, probably of the Cologne school. I prefer to give in conclusion a few words of the collector himself.



GALLIC HELMET
Seventh century B.C.

The Joubert Collection of Arms and Armour

"No doubt," said Mr. Joubert to me, "my knowledge of armour, technical and otherwise, served me to good purpose when I arranged the Wallace collection with Guy Laking—on the first occasion when it was opened to the public, and again when it was rearranged some years after, and a new catalogue was made. It was on this last occasion that I modelled the horse (exhibited at the New Gallery) which carries to-day the fine Gothic suit at Hertford House." For every side of fine craftsmanship—modelling, painting, glass-work—was at this artist's disposal, and his talents were known and made use of, even in the official



NUREMBERG SUIT OF ARMOUR

c. 1460

world of art. One cannot help sometimes wondering whether, had the proper influences been at work, the right strings been pulled, this wonderful collection need ever have left our shores to find a home in the Musée Masséna of Nice. I am old enough to have known Mr. Stibbert at Florence, and to have seen another fine collection slip away from us, to find a home abroad. But in this case England seems to be losing not only the collection, but the expert collector, with the money to place and the judgment behind it—the great craftsman, whom a generous patron of art once described, not without reason, as the Cellini of his century.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE annual official salons have not lost all their old prestige which was once so great. True, the artistic attraction is just about *nil*, both in the galleries of the "Artistes Français" and in the twin galleries of the "Société Nationale des Beaux Arts." "La Nationale," as it is called for short, has preserved little to remind the visitor that it arose through a violent separation, through a strong movement towards the Left. Still, a private view at the one or the other salon always attracts a considerable crowd, which is dominated by that select and scarcely internationalized society which constitutes the famous "Tout-Paris." It even offers a choice entertainment to an observer who is well informed. Because this private view was once unique, because it preserves a brilliant tradition of the days when everyone formed in line to admire the dress of Sarah Bernhardt, with Carolus Duran in lace cuffs offering his arm to the great tragédienne—the feminine élite of our salons still think it necessary to

shine at the salon. One sees here the great ladies who have become the patronesses of the most modern art, from the Marquise de Ganay to the Princess Lucien Murat, smiling with a touch of charitable condescension at other marquises and other princesses of Royal and Imperial nobility for whom the end of art is very smooth, well-varnished painting, *bien lée* as the art students say; in other words, official painting, the secrets of which are imparted to students of the "Ecole des Beaux Arts" by members of the "Institut." If they are laughed at, let these fair ladies console themselves. They will have the smile of approbation from the heavens on high, of him who is called the Old Angel Douanier. I mean Henri Rousseau, who died in 1910, was employed by the toll-house at the gates of Paris, painted ingenuously, and is now hailed by the youth of the twentieth century as a precursor of modern art. Well, the Douanier, when he didn't go to the Louvre—where he discovered Paolo

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Uccello without the help of a guide, and remembered his lesson—often frequented the Salon des Artistes Français. The great man for him was Courtois, the painter most completely deprived of imagination, the most adept at choosing the vulgarest themes, who bent over his canvas like an ox over its furrow. When asked what pleased him particularly about Courtois, Rousseau made the following answer which for candour is worthy of an old angel: "He finishes so well."

It is still possible to do homage to the late Courtois, for, though a mediocre artist, he could at least give this lesson of loyalty. To-day the "Artistes Français" mixed with those of the "Nationale," though full of the reactionary spirit, are yet inclined to play tricks with their sentiments. The fact is they are suffering from not being able to reap any sort of triumphs—not even official ones. The State is too poor to accord them at the request of the Institut the decoration of republican walls. They sell practically nothing, and the principal art journals are devoted to the praise of their enemies, the modernist painters. Therefore they try, very timidly, to mix some revolutionary spices with the academic cuisine. The results are pitiful. Moreover, they have reserved for themselves a broad way of escape to the official regions, knowing that those who do not die of hunger exist only—thanks to the salons into which "living art" has not yet penetrated. These salons are still occasionally decorated with portraits, bought at a high price, but for which no amateur will ever again offer a sou, if anyone has the imprudence of sending them to a public auction at the Hôtel de la Rue Drouot.

Some strange remarks can be heard on private view day in front of a canvas like M. Pougheon's "Les Amazones," one of the *clous* of the salon. This work represents three ladies, one of whom is nude, another half-nude, but wearing a London hood, and the third decently clothed, among various accessories, including an old horse which must have posed as Pegasus for M. Pougheon's old master, deriving at once from the Venetians, from John Lewis-Brown, from Bouguereau, and from M. Jean Gabriel Domergue, who has commercialized the perverse image of the actress Spinelly for our large stores. It has also something of the flavour of Van Dongen. But—Courtois and the Douanier, united at last in the paradise of honest painters, would have shared this opinion—it is not well finished!

What is one to think of such a work? All eyes turn towards the Marquise de Ganay, who had the wisdom not to accept modern art too quickly. The queen of charity, she recently organized beautiful exhibitions of the eighteenth century. Silently one implores Princess Lucien Murat, who fears no audacity. With a word perhaps affected but generally well chosen, the Princess reminds the hesitating beauties that one should go faster than M. Pougheon's Pegasus is able to—that one can, and must, when one is dressed like the smart ladies at the private view. Indeed, are not the fashions of 1926 tyrannically prescribed by the discovery of the artists who least respect convention? The Princess suggests that one should go farther than Van Dongen, who represents the rebellious spirit at the "Nationale," and towards whom the Marquise de Ganay draws the little band of waverers.

Meanwhile the Princess Lucien Murat has distributed packets of pretty little cards as elegant as the most fashionable invitations. However, they are only prospectuses.

The Princess is opening a shop—to be up-to-date. Are the times indeed so hard, or has not the Princess yielded to the snobbery of imitating the Russian refugees? Her shop is a tea-room, not *dansant*, but pictorial. One can be instructed, one can educate one's eye, while tasting the hot infusion. The shop has the sign "Fermé la Nuit," borrowed from the title of the famous volume by Paul Morand. Strangely housed in the old Place Dauphine, at the corner of the Pont Neuf, far from the aristocratic centre, but in the house of Mme Pauline Roland, the heroine of revolutionary days, the Princess Murat has made her debut with an exhibition of Daumier. That was well chosen. The influence of Daumier has been very considerable for the last ten years. It might be maintained that, apart from the work of the great leaders of the modern movement, all that does not depend directly on Picasso, Matisse, or Derain, is under the influence of Daumier, and this influence is not radically opposed to a certain influence of Courbet.

I have been led to speak of our old Louvre. I must add something more which is a matter of the moment.

The new Director of the National Museums, that is of the Louvre, M. Henri Verne, has just made a great declaration—that the Museum is too small. Which means that he can neither acquire nor accept anything more.

The portrait of Whistler's mother, that masterpiece which used to be one of the glories of the old Luxembourg, is now exhibited in the "Jeu de Paume," in the gardens of the Tuileries. When it returns to the Louvre, where equitable glory assigns it a final resting-place, it will have to be placed on a screen in the middle of a room for lack of a corner of wall space where it might be hung.

This case is not unique. The traveller may have found in the Musée du Luxembourg, so happily rejuvenated, many a canvas of capital importance but out of keeping with this rejuvenation, which one would wish to see still more complete. These canvases show on their frames the notices "belonging to the Musée du Louvre." The Director of the Louvre is in despair, putting all the blame on to the Ministry of Finance and the Naval Museum, which are housed in the old Royal Palace.

The bitter complaints of M. Henri Verne have had an unexpected echo. An erudite critic of modern art, M. René-Jean, critic of "Comœdia," and Keeper of the War Museum in that delicious Pavillon de la Reine at the Château de Vincennes, too little frequented, was the first to launch the idea. He at once found adherents.

He demands that the Louvre should be given once again its character of a Royal collection. It should be above all the instrument for cultivating national taste. All second-rate works should be pitilessly removed from exhibition, and the Louvre will be sufficiently vast to present the artistic synthesis required. Is there, indeed, much use in placing on its walls mediocre works of a painter, or in accepting a canvas because it is the only known work of an artist mentioned in the books? Unless the only purpose is to make a bed for the scholiasts of the future, who, like the library rats, gnaw at the museum.

Moreover, it is surprising that, apart from the Government plan, the idea of centralization has still so many adherents when mechanism has triumphed over distance. The art lover, coming from London or Birmingham, is not in the least shocked that the French have not thought it necessary to place the châteaux of the Loire on the banks of the Seine for his convenience. He would probably

Letter from Paris

gladly make the journey to Limoges, in order to find the richest collection of Renoir; or to Besançon in order to understand Courbet thoroughly, after having passed through Ornans at high speed. Marseille could receive Daumier, Ricard, and Monticelli who sold his glittering marvels on the terraces of the cafés of the Cannebière. Aix-en-Provence would have Cézanne, or perhaps this honour would be reserved for Jas de Bouffant, which, thanks to the piety of the poet, Marcel Provence, grandson of the great Mistral, has preserved intact the house that belonged to the father of modern art. The Millets could go to Greville in the Manche, or to Marlotte near Fontainebleau (each possessing a house of the painter), and, without exiling anything to Tahiti, one could unite in the Breton cove of Pont-Aven the symbolist work of Paul Ganguin with that of the Post-Impressionists, Maurice Denis, Sérusier, Ranson, Chamaillard, and all the school of Pont-Aven. The list could easily be added to. Would not heretical Albi, with its dream-like cathedral of pink brick, and the episcopal tower of Verberie, jealously preserve the best of Henri Toulouse-Lautrec's work, that ironic genius triumphing over provincial timidity? Has not Montauban, thanks to the intelligent efforts of the late Henri Lapauze, already assembled important examples of Ingres? The excellent example was set earlier still—Saint Quentin managed to retain the pastels of La Tour.

But what of the Louvre? The Louvre, besides keeping all the wealth of the foreign schools, would gain a new significance in presenting only the principal works of the French masters.

All this would be splendid. All this is quite feasible. Is it for this very reason that the fine project will remain for a long time classed among the Utopias?

It is a curious coincidence that so many good folk have taken the trouble of seriously discussing this matter, while the defenders of the theatre, those who are working for its improvement, have presented a similar project. At least they have voiced identical complaints. M. Denis Amiel, one of the authors of "Carcasse," which was withdrawn from the Comédie Française after a scandal that is still remembered, exclaimed the other day: "Ah! if only we had other capitals! If only powerful Occitanie which is awakening, if only Gascony, the Marches of the East, and Brittany had their fief for decentralization."

It may well be that disinterested efforts will become numerous at a time when so many stages that have once known glory are giving place to the opérette or to the cinema.

But who knows if a new art, foreshadowed in the Russian ballets before the war and in the performances at the "Cigale," given in 1924 by the Comte Elie de Beaumont, may not arise victoriously to a new reign of the genuine Muses, having borrowed from the music-hall, which in turn borrowed from mechanism and from pure physique?

M. Jean Cocteau, the youngest poet of the group called "Cubists" or the "Ecole de la Rue Ravignan," of which Guillaume Apollinaire is the *chef*, has never doubted this.

Music itself is experiencing something similar to-day. For the last ten years the directors of music-halls, always anxious to present all sorts of phenomena to their public, have recognized that virtuosity is something of a phenomenon too, and that it was quite worth their while to present a great pianist on the boards that exhibited the Siamese twins, the strongest man in the world, and the fakir who dominates will-power. The virtuosos demurred at first.

They yielded to the fat emoluments. And they did well, if their usual audience was not scandalized, and if the ordinary amateurs of acrobats were able to discern something more than acrobatics on the piano, penetrating with delight into an unsuspected world of harmony. It was at that time that, aided by the cinema, popular music made more progress than in a whole century before. At the same time the negroes, with their syncopated orchestras, introduced American music which to-day has its classic form with us. M. Jean Wiener, whose resemblance to Schubert one cannot help recognizing, does not appear on the stage of the Olympia or between two parts of the revue "Folies Bergères" to purify the atmosphere with a symphony of Debussy, Ravel, or Faure. But he introduces into the very classic concert halls, from the Salle Gaveau to the Salle Pleyel, the starry graces of the "blues" on the plane of the highest music. Better still, a society of amateurs and collectors giving their annual fête allowed themselves the luxury of engaging M. Jean Wiener—to play dance music! Let us at least admire that this did not constitute a scandal!

Let us admire that M. Jean Wiener was able to accept this without losing caste.

Let us admire that these things take place in this dear old Paris, so long the most obstinately conservative town in the world.

As for novelty, we have not found it this season with M. Serge Diaghileff. The Russian ballets continue to be brilliant—that is about all that can be said. A surrealist ballet by the painters Joan Miro and Max Ernst would not have attracted attention had it not been for the row made on the night of the dress rehearsal by the surrealist poets, who were excited by the byzantinisms of the school.

Truth to tell, we are indebted to a comic author, M. Alfred Savoir, for what appears to be the greatest novelty on the Parisian stage. This writer, whose name is a translation from the Polish, has come from the banks of the Vistula with the definite purpose of making the reputation of a very Parisian author. I have already had occasion to mention him when speaking of "Le Dompteur ou l'Anglais tel qu'on le mange."

With the rapidity of the modern dramatists who build up a play in a fortnight, M. Savoir has just enlarged his manner and his reputation. But he will no longer surprise us. We have discovered the secret of his construction.

M. Alfred Savoir is a parodist. Breaking with all the secrets of the profession, having no profound culture, but a brilliant power of assimilation, this author has had the good idea of introducing into the sphere of the vaudeville and the farce all the peculiarities of Pirandello's work, and all that can give relish to drollery in the theories of Doctor Freud. Pirandello does not forbid laughter when he presents a drama, but Savoir encourages it!

We need not despair of seeing M. Savoir, intoxicated with success, and remembering perhaps ancient Polish rancours, transform Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" into an hilarious, philosophic vaudeville. Living in dread of this evil day, and not ignoring the forerunner, Ludovic Halévy, who makes the gods dance with his "Belle Hélène," let us enjoy the unquestionable charm of a comedy like "Le Martyre de l'Obèse." It might be taken for a true Pirandello, if we did not know that it was to Alfred Savoir that Henri Béraud gave permission to transform his novel out of all recognition.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE hoardings have already been set up round the Opera House. On the second of May the work of rebuilding the entire stage began. It is interesting to consider at this point how much building is affecting the centre of Berlin at this time. Either something is being altered owing to the technical requirements of the present day, and thus a piece of old Berlin is lost, or, on the contrary, a piece of old Berlin, which was inaccessible in the Imperial days, is newly opened out. Or else something new is being erected for the future of Berlin that will give the city a new artistic centre, or something old is withdrawn from its original purpose and made a public show-place for international art.

Not far from one square rise the new museum buildings which have been under construction from time immemorial, and the end is still not in view. Quarrels are still raging about the preliminary arrangements—naturally there are quarrels in Germany. Messel made the plans, Hoffmann continued, and now, with our limited means, it is difficult to decide how best to arrange the galleries. Two points of view are opposed to each other. The older one represented by Bode, and also by the Director of Archaeology, Wiegand, is in favour of reproducing the characteristic setting—Gothic halls for the medieval objects, the re-erection of the altar of Pergamon, the reconstruction of the gate of Milo, as it may once have stood. In other words, to set the remains of antiquity in an illusion of reality. The other point of view is that the mere presentation of the works of art in a good light and position is more important and more suited to the times than a theatre, however well meant. What has been preserved for us, even in Berlin, where such good things have been collected, is, after all, only a fragment of an old civilization, which should be left as it is, not restored, as was the way a hundred years ago. I cannot say that the Ministry holds this latter point of view, for its motives are mainly economic. But, anyway, this dispute adds considerably to the already existing differences. How the battle will end is still uncertain. Much is done for and against each view. On the whole, I am inclined to favour the purely practical presentation, but as soon as the buildings are sufficiently advanced to allow of a definite judgment I will return to this subject.

In the meantime I will take a walk in the old Palace, where the portions overlooking the Spree and the Schlossplatz have now been opened. They have nothing to do with the collection of applied arts in the rest of the Palace, but arouse a very lively interest as monuments of older architecture. Of the building erected in 1510 under Joachim there remains the old chapel of St. Erasmus by Kaspar Theiss, a remarkable piece of late Gothic architecture, with slight beginnings of the Early Renaissance. Eleven portraits of the Electors hang on the piers below the highly rhythmical stone ribs. A circular workroom of Frederick the Great adjoins. It is a delightful piece of rococo, with mirrors and lustres, a masterpiece by Nahl, and here hangs Pesne's famous "Barberina." Then follow four rooms by Schinkel, of which the last, the "Sternen-

saal," is the most original. Pictures by Kaspar David Friedrich and Blechen have been very appropriately placed here. From this we enter the former audience chamber of Frederick the Great, altered by William II into a reception room, but now again restored with its old portraits, while the adjoining workroom of the Kaiser suddenly dissipates all artistic illusion. Here stands the writing-table made of the wood of Nelson's flagship, on which he signed the Order of Mobilization in 1914.

Besides Schinkel's beautiful rooms, the "Sternsaal," the sitting-room, and the tearoom, the most interesting are Langhans's two rooms, the large marble hall with an ellipse of columns and a painted ceiling, and the small pink marble hall in which Schadow's reliefs are still to be seen. That used to be the Empress's room. Her sitting-room, with a ceiling by Rode, is hung with the famous picture by Watteau which Berlin possesses, "The Embarkation for the Island of Cythera," and the "Signboard" for the art dealer Gersaint, one of the most epoch-making pictures in the whole of art history. Thus, painting has been tastefully combined with architecture to make these portions of the Palace a worthy memorial to Prussian art and art patronage in the past. These examples of the different periods of palatial architecture have now been added to the apartments of Frederick, the first King of Prussia, which had been open to the public before, and they are more instructive than any museums, because they need not create the old atmosphere which they possess.

Again, let us step into the "Kronprinzenpalais," arranged as a branch of the Nationalgalerie, and offering on its first and second floors almost constantly temporary exhibitions of modern international art. Now the Swedes are here, and besides that they have an exhibition of graphic art at the Salon Matthiessen. They were received with honour, and it is pleasant to see that they offer us such good examples of their art. But everyone knows they are not fundamentally a nation of painters. They follow European, especially Parisian, tendencies without making many essentially new contributions to the art of to-day. Their old masters—Zorn, Larsson with his light chatter, the animal-lover Liljefors, and the great naturalist Josephson—are well known. These are all represented by long familiar and characteristic works. The portraits of Bergh and Prince Eugen's landscapes, so full of mood, were also known before. The younger generation, on the other hand, is as problematic as anywhere else. There are the flat, stylized studies by Engström, and the strong and able impressions by Isaac Grünewald, both deriving from Matisse. Then there are others who, like Dardel, cultivate a more illustrative, poster-like talent. Georg Pauli is decorative on a larger scale. Sandels and Sjöberg are under the influence of Munch. Percy lays stress on the new objectivity, Linnquist breaks up and isolates reality somewhat like Utrillo. Oscar Bergman is fond of ink, Fongstedt prefers the fast, brown, gallery tone; Hallström stands entirely for the old fashion; Isakson approaches again the lighter Impressionists; Jolin stylizes after the manner of wallpapers; Kreuger stands out owing

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to his original gift for composition, especially in his picture of young horses; Nilsson returns to the studio tone; Sköld belongs to the "Precisionists"; Wilhelmsson is again a nice Impressionist. So they go this way and that in the style of our decade, no longer with the certainty of the old masters, but, perhaps, with a little more repose than in the rest of Europe. Impressionism is not yet dead, while the new naturalism is rising again.

The spring exhibition of the Academy is an exhibition of embarrassment. At one time these rooms were filled with modern, if not exactly academic, art of all tendencies, which Liebermann had freely selected. This time the same principle was followed, but without much success, and it fails chiefly because, instead of presenting the élite of the moderns, a gallery has been devoted to the élite of the old masters, which kills the whole of present-day art. It is a sign of poverty, though a splendid one. The excuse offered is that it forms a memorial exhibition of the late great collector Arnhold, many of whose splendid possessions are to be seen here: Courbet's powerful "Woodland Pond," Degas's spirited "Jockeys," Leibl's world-famous "Village Politicians," Manet's well-known picture of the "Monet Family in a Garden," Renoir's sweet "Boy with a Cat," a South German landscape by Thoma. What peace lies in these old masterpieces—that is the first impression. And how this atmosphere is repeated in the other fine pictures: the "Lady with a Blue Hat" by Trübner, Raysky's "Child," Leibl's "Head," all from the Dresden Gallery. Both museums and private collectors have contributed to this exhibition. One cannot too fully enjoy the characteristic Daumiers, Goya's "Red Woman," the nice old Krügers, Leibl's two unforgettable "Countesses Trenberg" from Vienna and Hamburg, Manet's exuberant portrait of "Rubini," the incomparable portrait of "Frau Koppel-Ellfeld" by Marées, a collection of noble Menzels, a "Café Scene" by Toulouse-Lautrec. Yes! That was a great period, or rather many great periods, for some go back a long way. But is that a spring exhibition?

Why are we so restless to-day? Why do we bring in all sorts of things? We go as far as the South Seas in search of sculpture. Nierendorf and the Sturm have already had these exotic exhibitions, and Flechtheim now shows a collection of hundreds of sculptures from our former colonies, interesting enough ethnologically as illustrating an unknown cult, but, to tell the truth, of very slight artistic significance. Some grotesque masks and stylized birds are delightful, but still, our imagination is affected here by a spongy, misformed epoch of artistic culture, and musty regions of plastic longing. I feel myself in shuddering darkness, intensified by the respect of the museums. I cannot help it; I admire the science (Einstein made the catalogue), but I fear this insidious art, and want to be out in the open where there is light, fresh air, and spring.

To return to the Academy: there is little of spring to be seen there; one is confronted only with the autumnal. Liebermann's set repose makes the least disturbing approach to the great masters. This grandmother with

her grandchildren, these grey-green gardens and yellowish-brown portraits, have become a tradition to-day, after long, naturalistic battles. Slevogt's portrait of the Chancellor has exactly the same qualities. And, being in this mood, one can recognize even among the young the autumn of art, the preference for a measured and harmonious bearing. Karl Hofer's pictures, a couple at an early hour, and a cabaret with the negro dancer Baker, stand at the summit of this new art, so restrained in form, which has reached the climax of its development. The inner repose does one good. It speaks in Crodels' bare attic landscapes, in Degner's broad East-Prussian stroke, in Meseck's grey "Thüringen," in the new precision of rendering houses and figures in the manner of Ernst Fritsch, in the pictorial symphony of Max Neumann. Certain artists, like Gert Heinz Wollheim, known for his imaginative extravagances, with his giant study of the nude called the "Deification of the Swimming Festival," are already returning to the old German tradition where they will soon meet with Plontke's museum style of painting.

The standard is not altered by the fact that Philipp Franck, the mobile, is again a little brighter, Heckendorf a little more jerky, Jaekel a little redder, Krauskopf a little more lashing, Pechstein a little more illuminated in the night-scenes on the lake of Geneva. Schuster-Woldau has painted Orska in the gallery style, Max Oppenheimer in a more lively manner; Orlick paints Jurjewskaya and Claire Waldoff with the same delicacy of drawing. Waske has grown more decorative in a cycle of the Passion. Schmidt Rottluff always remains a temperamental apostle of pure colour; his "Kresse" glows through the whole exhibition. But all the quietness of to-day's art is outshone by Corinth's remains—a large portrait before a mirror, and some autumn flowers, which remain more spring-like than anything else in this autumnal exhibition.

One would have thought that the longing for repose would have been most noticeable in the sculpture section at the exhibition. It is a little more abundant than usual, but it neither gives a good picture of the splendid past, nor of the living present-day, sticking somewhere half-way between. The exhibition of Klimsch's work gives the usual impression that all the good, formal principles have been made use of with elegance and candour, and combined with ability in the customary portraiture—a little gallery of celebrities. Milly Steger with a study of a seated woman; Alexander Oppler with a marble bust and a bronze barbarian; Edwin Scharff with a relief of the boxer and two women; Renee Sintenis with three terra-cotta busts—she herself, so narrow and boyish, Ernst Toller, and Paul Graetz; de Fiori with his bust of Bergner—these are some of the restful points.

De Fiori went for Einstein while the latter was working at the catalogue of the South Sea sculpture at Flechtheim's. There was no need to do so. Who loves the one cannot understand the other. Altogether, there is no reason to become excited. Everything is quiet, frightened, anxious for salvation, a-waiting I don't know for what.

BOOK REVIEWS

DIE KUNST DES 20 JAHRHUNDERTS, by CARL EINSTEIN. (Propyläen-verlag.) 1926.

This book consists of over 500 illustrations (painting and sculpture), with an introductory text of some 170 pages. It begins with Matisse, and includes several artists who may be regarded almost as beginners; for example, Georg Grosz, who is only thirty-three.

The French section is excellent, and fortunately occupies considerably more than half the book. There seems, however, to be little case for omitting Segonzac and Bounard while including such very minor artists as Léger and Delaunay. The total exclusion of England is quite unjustifiable. A book on contemporary painting which does not mention Sickert is obviously defective; and there are several other English painters who have at least as good a claim as August Macke or Erich Heckel.

It would be interesting to discover, as with the aid of over 200 illustrations and the penetrating comments of Herr Einstein one might hope to do, why it is that German art makes so little appeal to non-Germans. One reason at any rate is clear: German art is like a greedy man with a poor digestion; it combines the maximum acquisitiveness with the minimum power of assimilation. In the second half of this book Negro art, Matisse, Ganguin, Van Gogh, float crudely upon the surface. The second obvious reason is that the German artist can never resist the temptation to pass judgment in some way upon the subject-matter with which he deals: he must satirize, sentimentalize, horrify, or reprove. Probably to most non-German readers by far the most important figure in the Teutonic section of the book will be the short-lived sculptor Wilhelm Lehmbruck (1881-1919). His is a purely native, northern art, inherited from the Gothic woodcarvers of the Middle Ages.

Another attractive figure is Paula Modersohn-Becker, who died, aged thirty-one, in 1907, still immensely under influences of all kinds, particularly that of Van Gogh. Herr Einstein is rather hard upon her. But he deals none too tenderly with any of his compatriots. One of them, Kirchner, is discussed at full length; but no reproductions of his works are included, the artist having refused to supply photographs unless he could censor what was said about them in the text!

One has, indeed, the impression that Herr Einstein would not have been sorry to omit his countrymen altogether, had the arrangements of the Propyläen-Kunstgeschichte, of which this is part, permitted him to do so. Certainly, nowhere outside Germany would the exclusion of the German school have been seriously resented. As it is, the numerous and well-chosen reproductions of Matisse, Derain, Rousseau, and Picasso suffice alone to make the book a valuable possession. The text, as was to be expected from the author of "Negerkunst," is shrewd and lively throughout.

ARTHUR WALEY.

CHATS ON JAPANESE PRINTS, by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.) Price 7s. 6d.

This is the brightest book of all the many that have been written around this subject. It is conceived in a happy, chatty style, free from most of the controversial points with which the subject bristles, and clearly conveys to the

uninitiated a good general outline of most of the artists of the Ukiyo-ye School, and of their work. The author's selection of the thirty-two principal artists, with double stars to the more outstanding ten figures, while open to possible amendment, as some important names are missing, must, nevertheless, be taken as a well-reasoned choice, but beyond this there are biographical notices of about one hundred colour-print designers, with facsimiles of many of the artists' signatures for the benefit of the collector in his novitiate.

A few mistakes may be here corrected in order that they may not be repeated by others: Shigemasa's collaboration with Shunshō in a set representing sericulture, consisted in six out of the twelve, not ten (p. 182). Toyoharu's designs for a set of "The Months," in which Shunshō and Shigemasa collaborated, consisted of but four out of the set, not twelve (p. 199). On p. 103 Masanobu's print of the storyteller, Fukai Shidōken, is given as "the storyteller Koshi Shikoden," the spelling is wrong, and Koshi means storyteller. On p. 173 the print by Masanobu is not of a girl "jumping from a balcony to meet a waiting lover," but a girl risking death by jumping from the balcony of a temple to secure the fulfilment of her desire. On p. 198 Yumisho should be read Yumiaki. On p. 298 "Tamagawa Shucho was a rare pupil of Utamaro"; this should be not Utamaro, but Yeishi.

On pp. 324-325 Mr. Ficke ventures for once into the realm of debate upon "a matter on which most writers have inexplicably gone astray," and goes astray himself in his conclusion that for reasons unknown to us, Chōki, late in his activity, changed his signature to Shikō, and quotes Mr. Arthur Morrison as pointing this out correctly. Now there is no doubt that Shikō was the pupil of Sekiyen, and assisted his master in the production of several books between the years 1772 and 1784 under that name, whereas the earliest use of the name Chōki does not appear in any dated work until 1789. That Shikō did change his name to Chōki is proven by the direct statement of Shikitei Samba in his realistic sketches of everyday life of the contemporary period. The later style of some prints bearing the signature Shikō is accounted for by the existence of a second Shikō, to whom Shikō the first gave his name after he had changed his own to Chōki, a very common practice of masters to their pupils. The full proof of this was delivered in a paper read to the Japan Society by Major J. J. O'B. Sexton in 1924.

Despite these errors Mr. Ficke's book is a delightfully readable work, for he has brought into it not merely the enthusiasm of the collector, but the passion of a lover, and lays at the feet of his adored artists his praises in verses which he had previously published as a separate booklet in 1913, the prologue to which forms the dedication of the work under review.

NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK ART, by Professor PERCY GARDNER, D. Litt., F.B.A. xvi + 368 pp., 16 plates. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.) 21s. net.

We cannot help feeling that the title of this book is misleading, for its general tendency is archaeological rather than artistic, and as the majority of the chapters are essays reprinted from various archaeological journals they can hardly be called new. The author is a Hellenist of the



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stricter sort and has little sympathy with anything but the art of what is vulgarly called the best period. His interest in Greek art is not so much æsthetic as academic, and this is clearly shown by the treatment of the sculptures he discusses, for instance the "Delphic Charioteer." Greek art was governed by canons, and indeed few schools of art, even the most modern, can escape the inconvenient tendency which ideal principles display of degenerating into conventions. Still, whatever our individual opinions, Greek art remains for all time an astonishing achievement and a demonstration of artistic truth, provided we do not confine ourselves to one phase only, but regard it as a continuous evolution, as the author maintains. Athens in its prime was the child of Knossos, Pergamum handed the legacy of Athens to Rome, and after Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic, the Renaissance under the inspiration of classical art carried on this long artistic tradition. Further, we should not allow the acknowledged virtues and beauties of Greek art to blind us to the equal æsthetic value of the art of other countries. It seems to us narrow-minded to say with the author: "The succession of Greek artists has fixed for all time a standard of health and of beauty of the human form, which may be approached but cannot be surpassed. We have only to compare the Greek ideal of the human body with the works of sculpture, often beautiful enough, of our Gothic cathedrals, or with the best art of China and Japan, to see how incomparably the Greeks excelled all peoples in the rendering of human beauty and charm. I mean that Greece is the fountain head whence all through history a love of moderation, of good sense, and of beauty has flowed. At the Renaissance Greece was re-discovered, and ever since the choice spirits of all the countries of Europe have thence derived much of their inspiration." At the Renaissance Græco-Roman and Roman art was re-discovered, for Greece herself has only been revealed in the last hundred years since she won her freedom. The archaic female statues from the Acropolis, the pediments of Olympia, the Mausoleum and Pergamum give us a more intimate knowledge of Greek art than the lifeless copies that crowd so many museums. Who now would take the Medici Venus or the Apollo Belvedere as typifying the best of Greek art? Is it consistent with "love of moderation" to claim that artistically the Greeks excelled all peoples? It would seem that the author is not sufficiently open-minded towards art in general, for we cannot depreciate the artistic value of early Chinese bronzes and statuettes, as illustrated for instance in the Eumorfopoulos Collection, or of Italian Renaissance sculpture. The author's strict Hellenism would also discourage the study of Crete and Mycenæ. Surely if Greek art occupies so high a place, a true appreciation of it would naturally lead to a more correct assessment of the importance of Egyptian, Persian, Chinese, and Italian, as its peers.

The author's first two chapters on Fifty Years of Progress in Classical Archæology and on Originals, Ancient Copies, and Modern Restorations might have been very useful, but owing to the archæological treatment fail to be interesting. Of the other chapters, that on the Head of Apollo from the Mausoleum shows what unregarded masterpieces we have in our museums, for the author says "the whole question of the Mausoleum has to be gone into afresh." It is disheartening to learn from him that we have never done justice to one of our greatest treasures, but we hope his observations will produce the desired

effect and inspire some ambitious archæologist. Two chapters deal with comparatively recent acquisitions of the Ashmolean Museum, a female figure which Dr. Gardner says is a statue of Aspasia after Phidias, and a fine fragment of a Polycletan bronze. Most of the other chapters, especially that on the Greek stage, are more archæological, except one on Greek art under Roman rule. Here his dislike for everything un-Hellenic comes to the front, and he makes his case against Roman art more a matter of opinion than of argument which is throughout the essay weak. He concludes with a panegyric on the "St. Martin's summer of real Greek or Hellenistic art," under Hadrian, which he calls "the death-bed struggle of Hellenic art." He would "almost regard the Italian Renaissance as a continuation of it under new conditions amid a society which was at least superficially Christian." To us the Hadrianic Age was an eclectic and artificial reaction which had little or no effect on the evolution of art. In some ways it resembled the Victorian Gothic revival. The book concludes with appendices containing two addresses delivered to archæological bodies; the second, his valedictory speech to the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, is interesting as illustrating the classical attitude, which is largely responsible for the modern tendency to depreciate Greek art. The undistinguished style, which fails to grip the reader and belies the author's reputation, increases this impression and, though they contain material useful to the classical archæologist, these chapters will hardly help the true study of Greek art. There are sixteen plates illustrating some of the principal monuments discussed, a useful index, and a list of the author's archæological papers which range from "Amphora Handles from Antiparos" to a "Presidential Address, Society of Historical Theology."

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART, by FRANK RUTTER.
(George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

"Each must find art for himself, each must work out his own rules; each has complete liberty within himself; and without he is also free to do as he thinks fit, provided only that he does not interfere with the equal liberty of others. That is the message of art to the twentieth century."

"Whither we are all going it is very difficult to see, but the journey is exciting, and the road full of interest."

These are the concluding words of Mr. Rutter's book, and so far as his journey goes it is certainly exciting and full of interest. Mr. Rutter discusses "Tradition and Reaction," "Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Matisse," "Futurism and Expressionism," "Post-impressionism in England," and ends with a chapter on "the Triumph of Design."

But Mr. Rutter is desperately afraid of being regarded as a twentieth-century Mr. Ruskin. He has no message of his own; he does not pretend to know "whither" we are all going. He seems to visualize at the journey's end a destiny which would condemn mankind to be split up into an endless number of squirrel's cages in which each ego, poor squirrel, revolves unceasingly round the wall of its mental limitations. He, it is evident, has not found evolution in modern art at all, only a series of revolutions. Moreover, in his desire to be fair and impartial all round he damns with faint praise and praises with faint damns, having written upon the title-page to this volume these words of Zarathustra: "In that day I vowed that I would renounce every aversion." He is not enthusiastic in his

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love, nor passionate in his hatred, and yet believes that "the state of European painting appears to be closely analogous to that of Christian art in the fourth century." But he doesn't really, he only believes that he believes, seeing that at the end of the book he arrives at the conclusion that "each must work out his own rules," a dictum which would surprise the fourth-century Christian out of existence.

THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY. (Peter Davies.)
4 guineas net.

"Lady Vane's Memoirs, first published A.D. MDCCLII in Tobias Smollett's novel of Peregrine Pickle, now faithfully reprinted with illustrations by Véra Willoughby."

This book is sheer delight from cover to cover. Lady Vane was a very naughty person, and by that token this memoir of her "failings and misconduct" should be a very naughty book. As a matter of fact it is not. "Interest and ambitions have no share in my composition—love which is pleasure, or pleasure which is love, makes up the whole. A heart so disposed cannot be devoid of other good qualities."

Véra Willoughby has found them all. The delicate, butterfly wings of Lady Vane's indiscretion escape unscathed from the net of her illustrator, who perhaps makes her "painted lady" even more seductive. One knows how daintily a French artist would have handled the subject; one knows also how solidly and competently several of our own illustrators might have accomplished the task. Véra Willoughby is different. She has no rivals. She possesses the rare gift of combining literary insight with pictorial imagination. She can draw better than other women and than most men. She can design with taste and a delightful sense of colour; and she knows how to invent a technique suited to the subject. In asserting that her illustrations for this book are beyond praise one is making a mere statement of fact.

But if the combined charm of these two ladies, Lady Vane and Mrs. Willoughby, makes one covet the possession of this delightful book, the reproducer of the illustrations in colour, exquisitely done and printed in the text by Mr. A. S. Huth, the printers and the publishers, all deserve their share of recognition.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Opera at Covent Garden.—When I sit down in tranquillity to write a few notes about the opera season, I seem unable to let the pen flow, the thoughts develop and I sit fascinated by the recollection that Mme. Jeritza loves our London lager and that Chaliapine added twelve new suits to his wardrobe between the times of his three appearances at Covent Garden. The dear naïve creatures! And there was Dame Nellie Melba's "farewell" too, with *addio* its motif, as a critic remarked. The queue at the box-office on the morning when the booking for it was opened stretched half-way down Bow Street, and every seat, so I read, was sold out (at vastly augmented prices) two hours after the *guichet* was opened. Loyalty is a wonderful thing. So too the glamour of personality—and the skilful publicity campaign. This last is a little vulgar, you say? Well, opera belongs to the world. The flesh (and maybe the devil) sit in its stalls. You would not expect all that elegance, which flows into Bow Street between seven and eight of an evening, to display its beauty for any austerer musical delights.

"A Successful Season."—From a worldly point of view, then, the season has been a success. If it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, it has been wellnigh impossible for a poor one to get into Covent Garden. "All seats sold for this performance" has been displayed permanently in Floral Street, where the "all-night queue" has afforded copy for the evening papers. And if that will-o'-the-wisp, the perfect performance, has never been achieved, the "Ring" attained a Richter standard and Bruno Walter has given distinction to any opera he has conducted. Let me throw the conventional bouquet before observing that in many ways one cannot help being disappointed,

both with the London Opera Syndicate and with the public. Operatic "stars" may, or may not, be essential to a successful Covent Garden season. It depends perhaps on how one defines success. But if we have them, let us not lose our heads about them, as almost everyone did over Chaliapine. His interpretation of "Mefistofele" was received with an exuberance which was entirely unjustified on its merits. The general attitude (apart from hard-headed galleryites) appeared to be that "Mefistofele" was a poor opera which could only be rescued from the commonplace by such an overwhelming personality as the Russian bass is supposed to have. In this case the "star" system was pushed to such a length that even the poor composer hardly escaped contempt, for thus was the greater glory reflected on the singer whose large fee required that the prices of seats should be raised to heights comparable with his sublimity. The result of not getting our money's worth perhaps engendered the *malaise* which blinded us to the truth that "Mefistofele" is a masterpiece and Chaliapine's singing and acting in the title rôle unworthy of his own and Boito's genius.

The Merits of "Mefistofele."—It is so easy to despise a thing because it is not something else. "Mefistofele" is grand opera, not music drama. In spite of its Wagnerian influences it is Italian in feeling and tradition. The great arias and scenas, such as Mefistofele's "Son lo Spirito," or the meeting of Faust with Margherita in prison, burn with a purely Italian flame. Like all Italians Boito finds no other music comparable to song, no magic to liken to the human voice. True, he lays out his orchestration with very considerable skill, even if he resembles Gluck in being no great

Music of the Month

contrapuntist, and there are pages, nay whole scenes such as the Night of the Classical Sabbath, which are masterly in their economy and suggestiveness. But important as is the rôle which he gives to the orchestra, it is subsidiary. "Mefistofele," both in its conception of the art of opera and in its direct treatment of emotion, is, I repeat, Italian. It has nothing in common, either with the frenzied deliberation of Wagner or with the honeyed passion of "Faust," which from the identity of its subject naturally excites comparison. And as a grand opera of the Italian school it is in its own country held to be a masterpiece. It has its place in the repertory of every operatic company which rises above the third-rate and, in spite of the disadvantage of its chief part not being for a tenor, it has during the past half century visited most of the opera houses of the world. In short, if worldly success, as in the case of the operatic "star," is a criterion there is nothing to justify our regarding this opera with condescension or disrespect.

Chaliapine's Astral Methods.—This is what Chaliapine did. He started with one or two disadvantages. His voice is not what it was. Its splendid amplitude and richness are yielding to the assault of the years, and like an old carpet it is frayed at both ends. There were moments when one became actually nervous, nervous that he would crack on his high E, an intolerable fear for Mefistofele to inspire. And the poor fellow spoke such wretched Italian! Starting with these defects, he proceeded to accentuate them by giving a "star" interpretation of the rôle, unsupported by tradition and often running counter to the composer's directions or the dramatic exigencies of the situation. Why did he come on at the end of the Prologue and whistle his defiance at the Almighty? It was a stupid anticipation of an effect which Boito has reserved for the study scene. If his second entry in the Prologue was without authority, he ignored the composer's stage direction that as the grey friar he should mingle with the crowd. A Chaliapine presumably must have a more emphatic entry and so he waited till the stage was empty, thus sacrificing a valuable piece of "business." Nor have I ever seen a Mefistofele so far forget his satanic dignity as to ride on a broomstick in the Witches' Sabbath. These and many other points made up, in their sum, an interpretation without subtlety or reticence. Superlative singing might have caused one to overlook them. But Chaliapine is no longer a superlative singer.

Wanted—A New Policy.—I have picked out "Mefistofele" because it shows that the London Opera Syndicate, for all its zeal and enthusiasm, lacks a policy. "Mefistofele" is a troublesome and doubtless an expensive opera to produce. It has not been given in London for many years. At length it is put on with obvious care—and then we have only a couple of performances at special prices. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." There are Italian banes who would have made it economically possible to give it more often without raising the prices of seats. Mefistofele, indeed, is a rôle that would suit the Norman Allin admirably. Under less strenuous circumstances the public and we poor critics, freed from the tyranny of the "star" artist, might enjoy one of the most original and spontaneous of operas. As things are we are overwhelmed in a whirlwind of temperament and rushed into false judgments. There is, in short, only one way to avoid the uneasy domination

of the "star" singer, and that is by evoking a "star" conductor, a thing impossible in sporadic opera.

A word more and this ungracious fault-finding is done. I say no word against grand opera or music drama. But on the whole the most enduring laurels have been won by opera *buffa*. At any rate time writes no wrinkles on the pages of "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and I must add "Il Barbiere." And the most characteristic contemporary operas, even when they have high-brow leanings, affect a lightness of texture which is crushed under the resources of Covent Garden. The Opéra Comique has exercised a far stronger influence over French music than its more august sister. A season at a theatre of moderate size like His Majesty's, in which Mozart and Rossini, Bizet and Debussy, Ravel and de Falla—aye and Handel and Purcell—all rubbed shoulders together delightfully, might not produce all-night queues and the selling of stalls at three guineas, but it would be an exciting venture and might cause its promoters to suffer much financial loss. There—I too am falling into the same old critical pitfall, of finding fault with a thing because it is not something else.

Some Modern Music.—A musical event of the month—time will show whether it was *the* musical event—was the first performance of Dr. Vaughan Williams's "Sancta Civitas" at the Bach Choir Festival. The scene of this oratorio is laid in heaven, a heaven where fourths and sevenths and fifths are the basis of harmony. The music is inspired by the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Revelation, which foretell in highly-coloured and somewhat vindictive imagery the end of Rome, "the great whore," and the triumph of the saints. There is a chorus, an angelic choir of boys who sing "off," and a narrator, whilst in the orchestra a violin solo is used very skilfully to create a mystic atmosphere. Dr. Vaughan Williams's mind, with its Celtic affinities, moves easily amidst the half-lights of religious emotion, and his music weaves a subtle commentary upon the vision of the triumph of righteousness, making its contours less hard, and its content possibly more real. One felt that in "Sancta Civitas" Dr. Vaughan Williams was giving us his finest work. He lacks certain qualities for the want of which he will never write a first-rate opera. But the brooding spirit of "The Sea Symphony" and "Toward the Unknown Region" here find even freer utterance, and in the blending of vocal and orchestral colour he stands by himself amongst contemporary composers. "Sancta Civitas," though cast in no small mould, either technically or imaginatively, only lasts half an hour.

A passing mention, too, must be made of the London Contemporary Music Centre's concert of modern chamber music at Seaford House. Mr. Ernest Bloch was represented by his Piano Quintet, Mr. Holst by his Terzetto for Flute, Oboe and Viola, and Mr. Arnold Bax by his Oboe Quintet. This came last, and in poetry, in the logic of its musical thought, and in the beauty of its part-writing easily bore the palm. Mr. Bloch is a restless individual, who buttonholes one with self-consciously rhythmical figures, and draws the soul of harmony from a succession of discords. Mr. Holst's Terzetto is an agreeable trifle, the three instruments going their own way without any sense of the underlying impropriety suggested by Mr. Bloch.

And the welcome return of M. Diaghileff's Ballet Troupe to a London theatre—but this is not a thing to be passed over lightly, and deserves more serious consideration than it can be given at the end of these notes.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The London Group at the Gallery of the R.W.S., Pall Mall.

After this year's Royal Academy and New English exhibitions, the London Group's show at the R.W.S. Gallery in Pall Mall could only be anticipated with misgivings. Gloomy forebodings were dispelled immediately on entrance. The room is a blaze of colour: a blare of pigments, fanfares and trumpets, steam organs, big drums and penny whistles, loud speakers, some vulgarity, "all the fun of the fair"—in short, Life! Here it seemed as if the artists thought it were good to be alive; at the Academy as if it were good only to be respectable; whilst the New English seemed to doubt both pleasures. Of course, most of the things in Pall Mall are hateful; but one rather likes hating them, much as one dislikes loving, as one does, maugre himself, blatant melodrama—only for opposite reasons. In other words, at the New English one's intellect is attracted, puzzled, fascinated by things which one's feelings and emotions reject. There are, it is true, works here quite respectable enough for Piccadilly, such as Frederick Porter's "Self Portrait," Alfred Thornton's "A Lane, Appledore," and "Black Boats in Port," and E. M. O'R. Dickey's "Eastbourne," and Randolph Schwabe's "Battersea." It would be surprising if the picture which hangs here in the place of honour, Mr. Ginner's "The Winged Fawn," could not hang on the line in the Academy, so sober and bourgeois is its saddlebag respectability; but perhaps the excellence of its design would disqualify it in the eyes of the older Academicians. However, there even seems to be a repentant return to mid-Victorian sentimentality of Sant's "Soul's Awakening" order. It is indicated by a picture called "Regrets": this seems to represent a "Soul's repentance," and was painted by—William Roberts of all people. *Mens sana in corpore—Santi*—may be the new slogan yet. On the other hand there are still-lives by René Paresce, and S. Fedorovitch and Duncan Grant, which are hateful of the likeable kind. Duncan Grant's "Kitchen Table" is distinguished in colour and more or less realistic, but the others are "Braque"-ish and annoying because they attract against one's better sense. Paul Nash's two landscapes, which flank Ginner's picture, are quite exquisite in colour: just a few steps farther and I prophesy that Paul Nash will have arrived at a stage of recognition which will widen his circle of admirers into a sphere. Paul Nash, too, sets an example by treating his own work with respect; he gives it decent and considered frames. Most of the other exhibitors seem to despise their labours, judging by the frames they bestow upon them. Ethelbert White is another artist who will soon have established himself in the hearts of a wider public. He is getting better and better every day in every way. "Into the Wood" is a charming thing, only spoilt by the bad colour and moulding of the frame. Cedric Morris is another of the likeably hateful kind. His "Jays," done in a strange and personal technique, has the dislikeable quality more strongly pronounced than the very interesting landscape, "Djerba," spoilt by the meagreness of the frame and of the dark accent furnished by the palm trunk in the foreground. Amongst other pictures that are likeable

without qualification may be mentioned K. M. Morrison's "The Mill, Fettleworth," L. S. Edmonds's "The Faun," Ian Campbell Gray's "Still Life," Adrian Allinson's "Cacti in Capri," and S. Popovitch's quite lovely little "A.T.C. Dredger Hut, Clevedon Reach," which atones for the comic "Ferretting Party" and the inconsistent "Spotting the Winner." Miss Chantal Quenneville's "Woman and Dog," inspired by Marie Laurencin's colour, but much more forceful in drawing, is one of the best things in the show. Horace Brodzky's "Pietà," good in colour but weak in drawing, because the artist either cannot or will not make preliminary studies from life, nevertheless deserves special mention; it is, unless I am much mistaken, the only picture here that is the result of imagination. All the rest are done "from Nature," she being convenient, long-suffering and, after all, helpless.

Of the sculpture, Rupert Lee's "Garden Ornament Cat" is a fine piece of modelling, but rather spoilt by the colour of the material. His little, lumbering "Bear" is delightful. Betty Munt's Dobsoneque "Torso" has its good points destroyed by ridiculous truncations. There remains Abrasha Lozoff's wooden sculpture group, intended to represent "Lot and his Two Daughters." It does. A detestable subject, forgivable only on account of the irony which runs through its treatment and the good quality of design and execution.

Orovida at the Redfern Gallery.

There are, it seems, two distinct species of artists, so different from one another that they seem scarcely to have anything in common. The one, to which by far the greater number belong, is concerned with the imitation and even the transmutation of the appearance of objects they see before them in actual life; the other, a much rarer species, are not the slaves of actuality at all; they are *in* the workaday world but not *of* it. Orovida, Lucien Pissarro's daughter, belongs to this kind. She paints, she draws, she etches—men, women, children, deer, pigs, tigers, plants and flowers—but none of these has her physical eye beheld in the flesh or in the physical body. The nearest approach to a drawing from the life is a head of King Louis XI of France, but the original of this was a moving picture. It is a strange world into which Orovida lets us peep, a world that belongs to the East, present and past, but, seen through the medium of the painted picture, digested and transmuted by her in the queer alembic of her mind. All her work is derivative, in the sense that it comes from art, from Crete, from Altamira, from China and Japan, not from the life around her. It comes, too, from something vividly visualized, so vividly that there is no sign of hesitation, of correction. The sureness, the precision with which she obtains exactly the right effect, sometimes with exceedingly few, at other times by elaborate and complex means, is almost uncanny. As a member of the Pissarro family, it is only natural that she should be endowed with both talent and a fine sense of craftsmanship, but her vision remains an entrancing mystery.

Art News and Notes

Gwen and Augustus John at the Chenil Galleries.

Gwen John might be still living in the days of Philippe de Champaigne at Port Royal, so serious, so reserved, so austere is her vision compared with that of her brother Augustus, who surely was once a "King of Babylon." Nevertheless, there are distinct signs of their close relationship. Both artists paint what they have before their physical eyes, and both paint with penetrating vision. Both excel in portraiture, because both are born psychologists. The difference is entirely due to sex. Gwen lives a retired life in France amongst nuns and orphan girls, so it is said.

Her earlier work is warm, mellow, "brown" as old masters' pictures were expected to be, and she can draw and paint with old masterly refinement. Her present work is cool, *blanchâtre*, tinged with pale pinks and yellows. Through all her work, however, runs a note of resignation, of repressed vitality. This latter is plainly seen in the extraordinarily able portraits of "Mère Poussepin" (surely *Pousse-épine* would be the better spelling), with her cruel, thorny smile. Resignation lies also upon the earlier mellow portrait of "Mrs. Atkinson," whose eyes are red with the memory of tears. Even the attractive still-life pictures of tea-tables, in which the brown of the humble earthenware teapot is the only assertive note, have an air of relentless asceticism. Her kinship with her more assertive brother shows itself in the superb craftsmanship of "Dorelia"—note particularly the hands—and of "Reading," a lamplight study of a girl turning over the leaves of some French books, beautifully painted.

It must, nevertheless, be stated that, as in her brother's case, there are too many works of but slight interest on show. Where the quality is so good in the best, quantity is not needed as a makeweight.

To step from Gwen John's into Augustus John's Gallery is to leave Port Royal for Montparnasse, Paris, or the "Seacoast of Bohemia." Yet brother and sister are alike in their disregard of the public: Gwen does not see it, Augustus treads on its corns.

Augustus John's lordly and magnificent air is born of a penetrating and, at times, disturbing insight into the worlds that hide behind the eyes. He looks at his sitters and models and says things about them in paint which no one would dare to say in words. The "Study of a Coloured Girl" is a case in point. Women, in fact, suffer more from his scrutiny and frankness than men; or is it that hereditary gallantry to the fair sex makes us resent his attitude towards them more?

To the physiognomist and psychologist, John's show is, at all events, a very banquet of divers courses, from the calm and kindly portrait of "A Canadian Soldier," and the paternally sympathetic "Head of Romilly," and the humorous "Percy," who wears his red hair as if it were a cap, to the "Roy Campbell" and the wonderful "Gitano"—as keen in characterization and as good in craftsmanship as any old master, and far more powerful.

But John is a man of moods and uncertain. Both his "Gonoské Komai" and his "Sean O'Casey" are good likenesses, but hardly more. In the old pictures such as "Princess Bibesco" and the "Lady with the Violin" second consideration makes one feel that there is too much obvious paint about their "arrangement." After his brilliant debut as a flower painter at the first exhibition in the Chenil Galleries, the examples now on view are as disappointing as his landscapes. It may be doubted whether

a born portrait painter and psychologist, whose interest is centred in the human spirit behind the human form, can ever make a good painter of still-life or landscape. These things present no spirit to the view, they only evoke the seer's own spirit, and this evocation requires a still, contemplative, almost a passive mind—the very antithesis of Augustus John's. For similar reasons his "compositions" are, or at least seem to me, immeasurably below his drawings and paintings done under the direct appeal of the human form and spirit; the exhibition of his drawings here—many beautiful studies of face and figure amongst them—bears this out.

The Senefelder Club at the XXI Gallery.

The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Senefelder Club seems, one is sorry to have to say it, moribund. We know that for some reason neither the public nor the dealers care for the lithograph; but it appears that even the artists themselves have lost faith in it. The fact is that it is not enough of a "process" for minds who like "processes"—like etching and aquatint, and colour-wood-block printing. It is a medium that finds you out more quickly than any other, for its whole beauty depends on sheer draughtsmanship. If you are not a good draughtsman, and have nothing to say that will bear repetition—lithography is a means of multiplication—then you are a hopeless lithographer.

Some of the most interesting lithographs here on view were done in the earlier part of last century when Senefelder's invention was still new: Parkes Bonnington's "Fontaine de la Crosse," Raffet's "Tambour Battant," gems of tender draughtsmanship, and Gavarni's "La Croix de Jésus," Boucher-like in elegance and highly finished. The two landscapes by Isabey likewise deserve the respect due to sound draughtsmanship and sympathy with the medium. One must know what the medium can do, and that is mainly the rendering of tones from the faintest and most delicate grey to the deepest and strongest black. One wants to get colour out of black and white. Brangwyn and Pryse can do this, but they do not exhibit, at least no new work; John Copley and Ethel Gabain are equally gifted, but they, too, show some old work, unless I am much mistaken. However, "Le don de la Mariée" by Ethel Gabain, and John Copley's "Jesus and John," are new to me, but not as interesting as some of their older prints. Kerr Lawson's "Portrait of Pennell" is a good likeness and a distinguished piece of drawing; Hartrick's portrait of the same artist, though not as good a likeness, makes a fine pattern. Both are old works exhibited "in memoriam," as are Pennell's own works done in his usual, at first sight impressive, manner.

Hartrick has another good lithograph here: a "Portrait of a Sculptress," beautifully drawn, but the lady seems a little too phlegmatic. Some of the best work is by newcomers, e.g. James Fitton's "Portrait of a Man," done in two colours, and C. O. Woodbury's "Street Scene, Innsbruck" and "The Lady," perhaps the best lithographs by the younger generation here. Other prints worth mentioning are Fitton's "Yellow Carpet," James Grant's "Mother and Baby" and "Maternity," Patience Hallward's "Rain Cloud," Joan Bloxom's "George Court, Adelphi," and "Waterloo Bridge," the promising work of a very young exhibitor, V. H. Lines.

There is also a lithograph called "Summer," by Lily Blatherwick, though what it is and why it came to be is

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impossible to guess. Things like this surely deter the public, and the kindest thing one can say about them is what was said of Tree's Hamlet: "Funny without being vulgar."

Paintings and Pastels by Odilon Rédon at the Lefèvre Galleries, King Street.

Odilon Rédon was an artist. He was, that is to say, a man who never learnt his craft as a thing apart from the thing he wanted to express. He was a mystic, and this beautiful little exhibition impresses one with the mystic powers of his colour. There is only one picture here, the "Profil Mystique," which contains forms one cannot understand, as is so often the case with his lithographs. Here it is something that looks like the bare elbow of a woman, but in a position which shows that it could not belong to the body of the Moreau-like "profil." All the other oil and pastel paintings are "plane-sailing." Most of these are flowers, distinguished not only by the truly indescribable beauty of their colour, but also by their arrangement and their placing. Comparison with Fantin Latour's flower-painting invites itself, and results in the proof that Fantin painted fine prose where Rédon produces exquisite poetry. It would be hopeless to attempt a description of these things in words. "Les Papillons," a group of floating butterflies, butterflies that would drive a butterfly collector to despair, is a mere nothing considered as a statement of facts; as a vision it is an enchantment. These pictures, if any fulfil Pater's definition of art, they all approach the condition of music. That is, perhaps, why his portraits and figure compositions, such as the "Portrait de Mlle. Violette H.," or the "Saint Georges" and "Le Char d'Apollon," and particularly the larger sized "Andromède," suffer a little abatement in the force of their appeal. The "Andromède" composition especially is overwhelmed by the dominant red flower which occupies a position under the centre of a bejewelled Moorish arch. Colour as such is akin to the musical note as such: but pictorial form and musical form are akin only as antitheses.

Most of the pictures have come here direct from this year's "Exposition Rétrospective de l'Œuvre d'Odilon Rédon" in Paris, and Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre are to be thanked for their enterprise in bringing this most important and enjoyable collection to London.

Mr. Jacob Epstein's New Sculpture at the Leicester Galleries.

Mr. Epstein does not go out of his way to offend the greater section of the public; on the contrary, it is his way, that is to say, his mentality rather than his art that causes controversy. To begin with, the majority of the public are quite incapable of being offended by art, because they know nothing about it; nor is it their business to know. What offends—or pleases for that matter—is not the art, but that which it produces. Mr. Epstein is an artist, and his consummate skill is beyond question, though his "studies" in bronze are a contradiction in terms, or so it seems to me. As a matter of fact, Mr. Epstein's method of giving the thumb-marked spontaneity of clay to rigid metal laboriously molten and cast is an idiosyncrasy for which posterity will surely give him a bad mark. It is, however, when we come to the consideration of his message, of that which he tells us through his art, that the question arises. It is morose. We find him ploughing the seas of trouble rather than sounding the depths of tragedy, like

Michelangelo. We find him on the surface, dealing with facts rather than with ideas. For that reason he offends or depresses us less in his portraits, such as the impressive "Professor S. Alexander," the strenuous "C. P. Scott, Esq.," the humorous "Edward Good, Esq.," the almost serene "Oriël," and the curiously unlike "Self portrait," than in his freer inventions. His life-size bronze "study" in pregnancy is less a study in biological fact, or in poetical fancy, than in biographical misfortune.

After seeing this exhibition one comes away with the conviction that the artist is at his best when stone imposes economy on his form, and architecture pattern on his composition.

The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory at the "Morning Post" Exhibition of Decorative Art.

At the Royal Copenhagen's stand Gerhard Hennings and A. Malinowski's figures modelled and painted over glaze, and the vases and bowls in grey crackled porcelain, decorated with gold, by Thorkold Olsen and Tideman, were delightful not only in themselves, but also as examples of consummate craftsmanship.

HERBERT FURST.

Forthcoming Sales.

The month of July will, as usual, see the virtual conclusion of the season of art sales, and a number of interesting events are announced for the next few weeks. On July 7 Messrs. Christie will be selling some fine old English and French silver, being part of the Bateman-Hanbury heirlooms; and on the next day Old English furniture and porcelain will come up for auction, partly from the same source and partly the property of Lord Burgh, and at one time belonging to General Sir James Willoughby-Gordon, private secretary to the Duke of Kent. A notable sale of pictures and drawings is fixed for July 9, and will comprise a number of works by eminent artists of the French school of the eighteenth century, the property of Mr. C. Morland Agnew, as well as examples of Raeburn, Romney, Gilbert Stuart, etc. On July 16, a series of portraits, painted by Sir William Orpen in connection with the Peace Conference in 1919, comes up for auction.

Of Messrs. Sotheby's sales we note that of Old English silver on July 8, which includes some excellent pieces, the property of Lt.-Col. Raymond F. Boileau, of Ketteringham Park, Wymondham, Norfolk; a sale of Old Master drawings, comprising examples of Rembrandt, Claude, etc., from the collection of Lord Brownlow and other sources (July 14); and a sale of works of art on July 23 which will include among other things some fine pieces of Limoges enamel, the property of the Duke of Atholl.

Foundling Estate Protection Association.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to the above Association (Hon. Sec., Mrs. Cecil Chesterton; temporary address, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2), which has just been found and intends holding a public protest meeting at the Kingsway Hall about the middle of this month.

The indices for Vol. III (January to June, 1926) are now ready, and will be distributed to annual subscribers together with the present number.





FLOWER PIECE
By Paul Gauguin

National Gallery, Millbank

REMBRANDT'S ALLEGORICAL SUBJECTS—I

By WERNER WEISBACH

ALLEGORY lies quite on the outskirts of Rembrandt's inventive art, and has no roots in the depths of his nature. To transform a conception into a picture, or to discover a form for what was originally an abstract idea, accorded but little with the tendency of his own imagination. He has, therefore, produced only a very small number of allegorical designs, and they are chiefly occasional works, that owe their origin to extraneous circumstances. They certainly do not belong to his greatest creations, although one of them, the sketch for the "Union of the Land," takes high artistic rank; still, as works by Rembrandt they are worthy of attention, especially if one considers them in a connected fashion, as owing to the materials with which he came in contact, and his manner of employing them, it is possible to arrive at certain conclusions.

In the period of the Baroque, allegory was offered a wide field, and was closely connected with its tendencies and artistic expression. It was chiefly used in art for official purposes, either in the domain of the Church in Roman Catholic countries, or for secular requirements of a Court or State nature. Dutch painting, which was characteristically of a popular civic nature, found scarcely any place for it, and it did not play the same part in Holland as it did in Flanders, which was under an absolute and anti-Reformation rule. But even in the Northern Netherlands recourse was had to it for the decoration of public buildings and for didactic purposes. However, there was nobody in Holland who could be even faintly compared with Rubens in the grandiose personification of allegorical figures and ideas. Where the Flemish master shows himself gifted and experienced, originating ideas, clothing them with flesh and blood, setting them in action and bestowing on them forms which are throbbing with life, Holland's greatest artist is not at home; he has little experience in the personification of the intellectually

thoughtful and abstract, and he is only quite in his element when he has to approach concrete matter offered by myth or history, and when he gives an account of his own experiences of what he has seen in Nature and reality. The little that he created in the domain of allegory is found almost exclusively in etched work, partly destined as illustrations for books. There is only one painted allegory by him, and that one is a monochrome colour sketch that perhaps was intended as a design for an etching which was never executed. That this kind of work had no attractions for him is plainly proved by the absence of a single allegorical invention in the whole rich treasure of his drawings that has been preserved.

The earliest of these works is the well-known etching of the year 1633 that goes under the title of the "Ship of Fortune," and served, together with seventeen etchings by W. Basse, as illustrations to E. Herckmann's book, "Der Zee-Vaert Lof" (Amsterdam, 1634). According to the text it represents the departure, after the battle of Actium, of Octavius the victor, who is seated at the rudder of a ship guided by Fortune, while defeated Mark Antony, who is on a horse that has fallen to the ground, and whose reins have slipped from his hand, looks out to sea in despair, watching his departure.* In the background is shown the closing of the temple of Janus before which a double-headed Herm of the god is standing. A crowd of people and priests advancing towards the temple in animated conversation fills the space behind the fallen commander. While the poet places the chief emphasis on the closing of the temple, that served as a symbol of peace, a revival of trade and commerce bringing with it an improvement of shipping, Rembrandt has taken as an example the occurrence at Actium, contrasting the fates of the two commanders whom he places in the foreground. He interprets the humanist subject

* This interpretation is justly maintained by J. Six, "Onze Kunst," vol. 33 (1918), against Veth, "Onze Kunst," vol. 9 (1910).

in a composition that is dry and not very clear in its context, and evidently does not greatly arouse his sympathy.

Of quite another nature, unweighted by any learned ballast, is the small etching representing a young couple and Death (1639), in which the allegorical meaning is comprehensible and quite clear even if a full explanation had not yet been given of it. An elegantly clad pair of lovers are wandering about hand in hand towards the background where a skeleton rises out of a kind of grave-like cave to meet them. Above the cave there stands raised on legs something in a Baroque frame that can only be meant for a mirror. The

young woman, whose back is turned towards us and who carries a flower in her right hand, is admiring the reflection of her smartly dressed figure, while the youth, who is seen in profile with a raised left hand standing a little behind, is also feasting his eyes on the sight of his beautiful companion. Death is holding

an hour-glass in his outstretched hand towards the young couple, symbolizing the *Memento mori*. Here we have to do with one of the oft-repeated and popular allegories of the transience of human life, a representation of vanity which the artist has expressed in his own manner. He, who loved and enjoyed of earthly treasures and splendour, has portrayed here the fate of vanity *sub specie æternitatis*, but he has not put much seriousness or weight in its application: the spectre of Death is not capable of arousing feelings of terror or awe. This was for him only a sort of supplement, in order to make what he wanted to represent into a kind of story. The important part for him was the young couple, and especially the back of the young

woman, which occupies the chief part of the picture, and was evidently taken from the study of a model—probably Saskia. One can suppose that the first suggestion of this drawing was something he had seen—the observation of his wife before a mirror on some occasion—and that the rest had then crystallized around it, and is only sketched and suggested in the execution. The artistic effect tends to show that the principal thing is taken from Nature, and the symbolic meaning is really added to a realistic occurrence. This charming picture is like a clever graceful improvisation transferred to the plate with the lightness of

a breath. It was produced at the beginning of the period when the light, supple dry-point came into use.

To the class of political-patriotic allegories belongs the most important and artistic of Rembrandt's works in this domain: the monochrome colour sketch in the Rotterdam Museum, which in the inventory

of the auction of his property is entitled "Eendracht van het land." According to Schmidt-Degener's recent discovery, the date of this sketch is not to be read 1648 but 1641. With this discovery all possibility of connecting this allegory with the Peace of Westphalia, as was formerly supposed without sufficient proofs, falls to the ground. It is still not known what it means, and there are various contradictory opinions expressed on the subject.

First, let us try to explain the chief motives which are represented here. In the background is seen a battle. From the left there is an attack by undefined and confused masses of an impressionistically indicated army which is being shot at with firearms from an occupied bastion. A



THE SHIP OF FORTUNE
Etching by Rembrandt (1633)

Rembrandt's Allegorical Subjects

sally is made from the fortress, led by a commander on horseback, against this army. An allegorical zone in the foreground is separated from this battle scene. In the middle there is an elevation resembling a pedestal from which a carpet-like cloth is hanging that covers most of the ground on the left side of the picture. On the top of this pedestal can be seen an undefined round object (Professor J. Six, without sufficient grounds, considers it to be a seat), a withered tree, and a young sapling. Lying on that part of the ground which is covered by the cloth is the Netherlands lion, chained with two chains and having his left paw on a bundle of arrows, symbolizing Concord. One of the chains from the ring round the lion's neck is attached to the pedestal, the other goes in the opposite direction to a Baroque throne, behind which is standing Justice, towards whom the animal has turned its head. She has her hands clasped over the hilt of her sword, the point of which is sunk on to the coronet that is lying on the throne, and at the same time she is holding scales on which various deeds are lying. Other parchments with seals are attached to the column that rises behind her; next to the throne there is a heavy box, which perhaps is intended to represent a strong-box containing gold and treasures. Behind the lion, where the cloth has been gathered together and is raised, forming a sort of enclosure, the armorial bearings of the Dutch towns are fixed and stretch out as far as the pedestal, and between them are clasped hands: the symbol of Concord

of the League of the Gueux. In front of the pedestal, on a prominent place, hangs a shield with the arms of Amsterdam of surpassing size, surmounted by the Imperial crown and the motto: *Soli Deo gloria*. To the right of it there is a crowd of horsemen of knightly appearance, in fantastic costumes, among whom the chief figure is represented full-faced, with a tilting lance in his hand; another waves a banner; a third has aimed his pistol at the commander over the device: *Soli Deo gloria*. Two figures have separated themselves from the group of knights that are crowded together in the middle distance and have advanced to the front and are just in the act of mounting their horses; one of them is assisted by a servant who is holding the stirrup for him.

After the rejection of the title of this work as an "Allegory of the Westphalian Peace," two interpretations have been suggested by noted Dutch scholars, both of which have reference to the conditions of the country at that time,

but with different results. Schmidt-Degener sees in it a glorification of the Dutch municipal militia, especially that of Amsterdam, in the form of a synchronistic allegory, and thinks he has found a connection between it and the "Night Watch," for which it was a sort of first conception that was not carried out. He endeavours to make out that it was the sketch for a wall painting which was to go over a fireplace in one of the rooms of the same Kluveniersdoelen for which the "Night Watch" was



YOUNG COUPLE AND DEATH
Etching by Rembrandt (1639)

painted.* In opposition to this not very convincing hypothesis J. Six has offered another explanation which appears to me to be made in the right direction.† I agree with him that we are here concerned with a patriotic-political prophecy. He says, very correctly, that it is impossible to suppose that the fantastically dressed-up warriors could be meant to represent the Amsterdam militia, but that they belong to an army quite independent of any fixed time or place. Yet I cannot follow him in his explanation of the political significance of the scene. Starting with the thought which is evidently suggested by the picture, that when the vacant throne would be occupied by the coming Prince the concord of the land would be realized, he brings it into direct connection with the House of Orange and its political position in the Dutch Free States in the year 1641, and takes it as a prophecy in favour of its dynastic ambitions for the throne. He considers it a suggestion that the successor of the present Stadtholder, Prince Frederick Henry—who, without possessing the title of sovereign, had really united all the power in himself—should also place the count's coronet on his head in order to render the power constant and hereditary. In accordance with this theory he supposes that the order for this picture had been given to Rembrandt by the Stadtholder himself and again through Constantin Huygens, who had already previously arranged a contact with the artist. What appears to me acceptable in this is the prophecy about a future ruler, under whom the land, being protected by Justice, would enjoy complete concord. But I think it very questionable that it was to support the dynastic interests of the House of Orange. It also is very unlikely that it would have been Rembrandt to whom this commission should have been confided, as the Flemish painters who were chiefly employed at the court of the Hague would certainly have been more suitable.

By retaining the fundamental idea, one can, however, give the allegory a wider significance when one looks upon it from the point of view

of political and chiliastic (or millenarian) prophecies, which during the terrible time of the Thirty Years War were very numerous, and appeared in various parts of Europe, leaving many traces in literature. A well-known example of the introduction of a Utopian prophecy into a literary work of art is the fourth chapter of the third book of Grimmelshausen's "Adventurous Simplicissimus," which is entitled: "Of the German hero that shall conquer the whole world and bring peace to all nations," in which the prophecy of a general, universal peace is put into the mouth of a madman who is dressed up to represent Jupiter.*

While the prophecy often hints at a certain personality, anonymity is maintained here. "The German hero bears no name, and every dynastic connection is far removed from this prediction." It belongs to the same category as the old myth inspired by the Messianic hope of a return of the emperor. I think that Rembrandt's allegory arose from the sphere of thought of such chiliastic prophecies, and applies, in the same way as Grimmelshausen's, quite indefinitely to the coming "hero."

It was Holland that became in the seventeenth century the centre for all sorts of prophets and prophecies. In Amsterdam, the intellectual free city of the world, quite a number of half-secular, half-religious predictions, made by members of the most diverse nations, were printed and published. The Winter King, Friedrich von der Pfalz, who during the early part of the Thirty Years War was the object of quite special Protestant hopes, and round whom in consequence many predictions centred, lived in Holland after his expulsion. It was there that Comenius, who was very receptive to such things, delivered to him in the year 1626 the manuscript of the predictions about him, written by the prophet Christoph Kotter of Sprottau.† Well-known enthusiasts like Antoinette Bourignon, Philip Ziegler, and Quirin Kuhlman, who occupied themselves with chiliastic prognostications, stayed for a longer or shorter time in Holland; and Holland also

* Compare Petersen: "Grimmelshausen's Teutscher Held," Euphron 17th Supplement, 1924.

† Heinrich Corrodi, "Kritische Geschichte des Chiliasmus," iii, 3 Abtheilung (1783), S. 82.

* "L'Art Flamand et Hollandais," xvii (1912).

† "Onze Kunst," xxxiii (1918).

Rembrandt's Allegorical Subjects



Rotterdam, Boymans Museum

ALLEGORY: THE HERO AS PEACEMAKER

By Rembrandt (1641)

produced a man of this class in the person of the merchant Johan Rothe, who lived towards the end of the century and endeavoured to establish Christ's Kingdom on earth.* All this shows that Rembrandt lived in a world that was much preoccupied with Messianic thoughts. This supports our interpretation of his allegory, as representing the prophecy of a God-sent hero and bringer of concord; hence it is not realistic but must be looked at as belonging to a fantastic indefinite time and sphere. The words *Soli Deo gloria*, that are placed in a prominent place on the pedestal, indicate a God-sent mission. In the juxtaposition of the old withered tree and the young sapling

* Compare Gottfried Arnold, "Unparteiische Kirchen- und Ketzergeschichte," iii, Kap. 25.

I see an allegorical allusion to the new which will appear in the form of the "hero" that will take the place of the old and the decrepit. Close to this symbol of regeneration we see the hero as commander of the army. That universal peace can only be established after hard fighting is the general opinion of many chiliastic prophecies. By the fantastic get up the whole is relegated to an indefinite sphere.

The meaning of the allegory seems to me, then, to be the following: Through God's help a hero is expected who will come to settle all earthly troubles as peacemaker. As the "German hero" in *Simplicissimus* he is not meant for any particular person, but must be understood

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

as in general a Messianic emissary. When this hero accedes to the throne that is protected by Justice, the Dutch lion that is gazing at the throne will be unchained and the land that is united in concord will enjoy complete freedom. In a like manner Vondel has expressed the same idea in two poems of two lines each in which the chained and the unchained Dutch lion are symbols of Servitude and Freedom. (Works, ed. van Lennep, v, 73.) The idea that lies at the bottom of this allegorical prophecy is that the fate of Holland is closely allied by the will of God to the general fate of Europe and mankind. How general such ideas were at the time one can see in Vondel's poem on the oppression of Candia, which he wrote during the siege of Crete by the Turks, in which he calls to Charles Martel, Godfrey de Bouillon and Saint Louis to appear and fight against the Turks.

From earliest times, the idea of the advent of a harbinger of eternal peace on earth was bound up with locally patriotic hopes. It first took form in the Messianic ideas of the ancient East. Such thoughts of redemption have accompanied man through the whole course of his history.* The cosmopolitan and pacifistic ideal was already to be found in the stoic philosophy in those parts of the world which were steeped in Hellenic culture, and the same stoic ideas existed in the humanist circles of Holland in Rembrandt's day. The Christian longing for the Kingdom of God upon earth was brought into harmony with them. To this was added the living ideal of a section of mankind of that time, to unite the whole of Christendom into one flock tended by the Good Shepherd. For the promotion of this ideal Vondel used all his influence, for although he was ardently patriotic he felt himself before all things to be a man

and a Christian, and in the year 1634, when there was danger from Turkey, he begged Christ to put an end to the existing disunion among the Christian princes.* Constantin Huygens also supported the idea of a universal brotherhood, which, however, did not prevent him from being as staunch a Dutch patriot as Vondel was. He says in the sketch for his work, "Voorhout," "*cosmopolitæ sumus*," and calls himself, in another place, "*aller menschen medeborger*." On such a soil it is not difficult to suppose that it was quite natural to give pictorial form to the idea of a coming Prince of Peace who would bring eternal concord to the land.

While allegory usually afforded a field for classical and antique allusions and ornamentation, of which the pictures in the banquet hall in the prince's palace "Huis in den Bosch" are a good example, it is characteristic that Rembrandt should have given the whole in a romantic and fantastic style. As the idea is entirely Baroque, so the execution is the most Baroque work he had ever done. The throne in front of Justice is a model of the Baroque style, and the design and form is all in the same tendency. That all this agrees with his form of expression in the late 'thirties and early 'forties, and not with works of the year 1648 as the date was formerly supposed to be, is quite evident. By purely artistic means he was able in an astonishing manner to give to this dry and complicated material a form that is effective to this day. This work, which belongs to the class of the "groutjes," is essentially kept in tone with a little colour only added here and there, and is sketched with all the temperamental verve of a first design and endowed with great pictorial charm. We have no data to prove whether the design was a first sketch for a picture or an etching, but I have a feeling that it must have been for the latter.

* See Eduard Norden, "Die Geburt des Kindes"; Franz Kampers "Vom Werdegange der abendländischen Kaisermystik," both published by Teubner, Leipzig, 1924.

* See G. Kalf, "Geschiedenis der nederlandse letterkunde" pt. iv. p. 280; Vondel's poem, "Op de Tweedragt der Christe Princen aen Jesus Cristus," Works, ed. van Lennep, iii, 626.

NOTE.—The article, of which the above is a first instalment, has been translated for the author, and forms a chapter in a volume on Rembrandt, which will be published by Messrs. Walter de Gruyter, Berlin.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THE approaching disintegration of the Foundling Hospital is a fact which no one interested in the memorials of London can view without regret. That famous institution which for close on two centuries has been part and parcel of London's life, and which still preserves the memory of its pious founder, and of so many illustrious benefactors, has stood as a landmark in the social life of widely diverse periods, and if not an outstanding, yet a sufficiently significant, one among the architectural features of the City.

For nearly two hundred years have the children of the Foundling represented a phase of life which has been potent in touching the imagination and in moving the sympathy of successive generations of the tender-hearted; the services in its historic chapel, where the lovely harmonies and triumphant message of Handel's genius have united their melody with the voices of the children—those voices which made Dickens solemn and drew tears from the eyes of Thackeray—have been notable features in London's life, to which the great humorist and the exquisite writer have referred again and again, with something of a touching and heart-felt compassion.

The loss of so outstanding a landmark as this is alone sufficient to sadden the minds of those who care for the preservation of such things; and coming, as it does, close upon the wholesale reconstruction of one portion of the City and the almost daily destruction of buildings architecturally, and often historically, important in other parts, it has a cumulative significance which will not be lost on those who have come by bitter experience to regard the spoliation of London's landmarks as inevitable. Like regardless legatees we are allowing our patrimony of beauty gradually to be squandered away in all directions, and (to carry on the metaphor) our inheritance to

be invested in flashy and meretricious concerns. There seems to be a perfect mania for destruction abroad. Never, apparently, or at least very seldom, does it occur to our builders in London to reconstruct and strengthen some old edifice in keeping with its original lines. The whole thing must come down, even when, as in a recent instance, the existing brickwork of an historic structure is recognized as being as strong as when it was set up in the early eighteenth century, and as a specially fine example of the bricklayer's art of those days.

Some old buildings, it is true, require treatment of this drastic character. One cannot preserve everything, and, after all, the modern architect must have his chance. But what is a just cause for complaint is that no discrimination seems to be shown in such matters, with the result that (to take but these instances) beautiful Paradise Row, in Chelsea, that collocation of little houses loaded with historic and literary memories, was permitted to be destroyed, as have been more recently the Duchess of Brunswick's one-time residence in Hanover Square, and Baltimore House in Russell Square, which, in addition to a notable line of owners, bore the architectural imprint of the Adams and the decorative touch of Angelica Kauffmann. But perhaps the greatest example of vandalism in this direction was when the little house in Green Street, Leicester Square, where Newton had lived and worked and where Fanny Burney wrote "Evelina," was allowed to be pulled down, leaving a ghastly empty and derelict space which has not even yet been built upon.

At this rate we shall soon have nothing of the past to show that we were once at least dignified and restrained. We have entered upon a period of vulgarity in which corner houses and super-cinemas are



MECKLENBURGH SQUARE

July, 1926

our architectural products, and the horror of glazed bricks, which Mr. John Burns once felicitously termed, as to architectural style, "late lavatory," are permitted to stultify our city, although its essential beauty even their presence cannot wholly spoil.

And now, with the departure of the Foundlings from the home in which successive generations of them have been cared for during nearly two centuries, there is another chance for the desecration, not merely of the hospital itself, but of the large area surrounding it, in which two fine squares are contained. That "airy group" of eighteenth-century town planning, as Timbs once called it, is threatened, not

merely with another structure occupying the exact site of the Foundling, but with great blocks which will, no doubt, swallow up the greenery that surrounds it, and will (if we can judge by what has happened elsewhere) make of this area a collocation of warehouses in the guise of flats.

If one simply based a desire to see such a consummation obviated, on the fact that this quarter represents more thoroughly almost than any other in London the characteristics of the eighteenth-century form of development; if one put in as a plea the argument that the beauty and amenities of the quarter were in the gravest danger of being adversely affected, one might be confronted by the retort that necessity knows no æsthetic laws and that

The Foundling Hospital



BRUNSWICK SQUARE

July, 1926

housing requirements necessitate the covering up of open spaces and the spoliation of picturesque quarters.

To say nothing of the fact that such an argument might naturally lead to the obvious corollary that *all* open spaces should, therefore, be built over, there are two questions which affect everyone of us and which, it is agreed, must always be considered paramount in the development of a city—hygiene and its natural sequel, health. And here is a case in point. At present the large area in front of the Foundling is an open one; behind are the considerable gardens attached to the hospital; on each side is an ample square. These all form lungs, and, as the most com-

petent authorities are agreed, such lungs as these are necessary for the well-being of a large city.

What, then, ought to be secured, if humanly possible, is not merely that amenities such as these should be preserved, and so much refreshing greenery kept unsullied, but that what is really essential to the health of the community at large should be prevented from becoming the dumping-ground for a vast collocation of buildings occupying the air-space and blocking out the sky.

One cannot prevent, nor would one if one could, the legitimate development of a great city. Its progress is as certain and as inevitable as the on-rushing of time; but one can at

least do one's best to restrict it within reasonable limits and to rid it of those terrorizing attributes with which London has, in recent years, been so widely and incessantly dominated.

I cannot but think that the time has come seriously to consider the necessity of some body which should keep in daily touch with the manifold building operations, with their dependent qualities of disintegration and destruction, which are occurring constantly in London. What I should like to see would be the formation of some such body able at least to consider the possibility of saving a threatened landmark, and if not with the power always to do this, at least of such authority that its recommendations would be given due consideration, and its suggestions regarded, not merely as the idle daydreams of the artist or the poet, but as the carefully considered opinions of those who see beyond the demands of the moment and, while regarding the legitimate requirements of their own generation, can show respect for past, and thought for the benefit of future, ones. To make such a thing as this possible it would be necessary for all buildings, dating from some given period, to be scheduled, and those dealing with them to report to the body any proposals for demolition or rebuilding. In this way at least the attention, if not always the

effective interposition, of such a body would be secured; and in time we might sleep soundly in our beds certain that before the dawn some historic structure had not been condemned and destroyed, or some outrageous eyesore proposed and erected, without the knowledge of anyone but the buyers and sellers.

The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings has done noble work in this direction, but its scope is so large that it cannot be expected to deal with everything which has not great age or exceptional interest attached to it. What is wanted, in addition to this excellent body, is one whose care should be expended on London landmarks alone, and landmarks which, without being necessarily historic, are sentient with the characteristics of earlier days.

Every old building in London is, in a sense, the property of the Londoner. Legal documents may prove it to belong to M. or N., but in the larger issue, as being a portion of one vast organism, it should be regarded as the inalienable possession of the City, at least in so far that the citizen should be given the chance of preserving it; and it is because this fact has been overlooked by Government after Government that we have lost so much in the past, and stand to lose so much, including the Foundling Hospital with all its memories, in the future.

THE CORPORATION PLATE OF THE CITY OF PORTSMOUTH

By CYRIL G. E. BUNT

OUR premier naval port, somewhat tardily raised to the dignity of a city, has behind it a civic history that is fully capable of supporting its new dignity. The fine collection of Corporation plate (Fig. I) possessed by the borough is sufficient amply to confirm this. It is one, moreover, of which any borough might justly

be proud, comprising as it does some twenty-two excellent pieces of plate.

The most ancient piece is a low standing cup or tazza of silver-gilt, known as the "Bodkin Cup," (Fig. II) and bears the London hall-mark of the year 1525-6, a Lombardic H without shield. Standing only four and a-half inches high, it has a somewhat shallow

The Corporation Plate of the City of Portsmouth

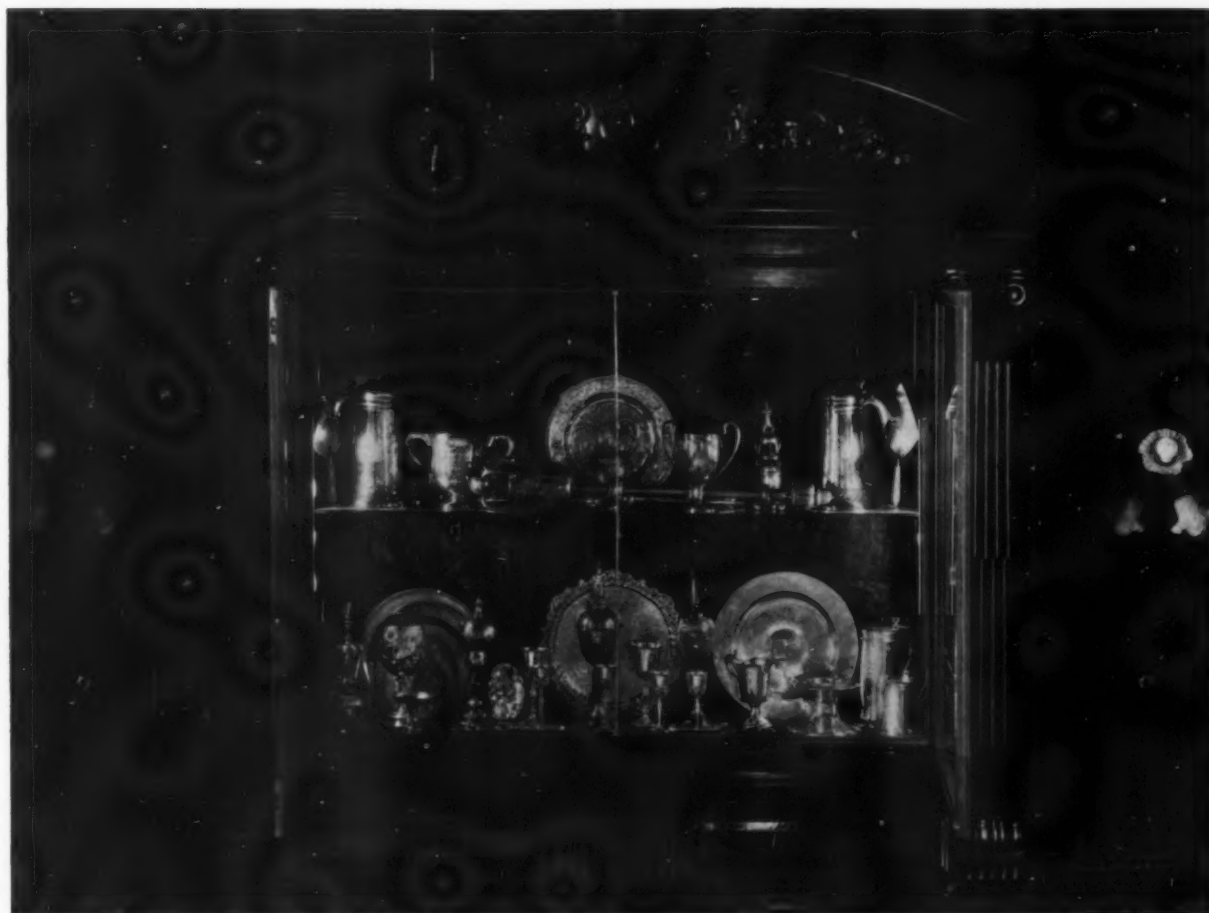


FIG. 1. THE CORPORATION PLATE OF THE CITY OF PORTSMOUTH

bowl six inches in diameter, supported upon a gadrooned foot nicely chased. The bowl itself is repoussé below and of "pineapple" design, above which it is engraved in cusped, Lombardic capitals, with the inscription: + SI DEVS NOBISCVM QVIS CONTRA NOS ("If God be with us who can be against us?"). Between each word is engraved a ball-flower. Within the foot are pounced the letters F.B., the initials of Francis Bodkin, thrice Mayor of Portsmouth. The weight of the piece is given as 19 oz. 7 dwt.

It was formerly used at municipal banquets as a loving-cup, and is mentioned in the earliest inventory of the Corporation plate now extant. This inventory dates from 1712 and the entry (No. 2), reads: "Item, One great Goblett of Silver guilt, and three Spoons,

given by Mrs. Grace Bodkin." Francis Bodkin was admitted a Burgess at a Court held on November 10, 1546, as may be seen by the Borough Election Book, No. 1. He died in 1591.

The three silver spoons mentioned are likewise still in the possession of the Corporation. They are of normal Elizabethan pattern, having circular bowls and straight stems, terminating in baluster-shaped knobs and buttons. Like the cup they are pounced with the initials F.B., and they bear the London mark of the year 1559-60, black letter, the small B. The maker's mark is a crescent enclosing a star, found also on two spoons in the Jackson collection dated 1551-2 and 1553-4.

Three similar spoons bearing the date marks of 1588-9, 1600-1 and 1618-19, are



FIG. II. THE BODKIN CUP
c. 1525-6

repoussé in the centre, while the stem and foot are chased and repoussé. The hall-mark is for the year 1582 and its weight 4 oz. 2 dwt.

The Election Book No. 3 records the admission of Gunner Saviour as a Burgess in 1595: "Portsmouth Admisⁿ Joshua Saviour Burg^s., Tempore m^r. Owen Tottie, maior—Secundo die April 1595, at an Assemblie in the Guild Hall of the said towne . . ." Similarly, in Election Book No. 4 we have record of his standing for the office of Mayor, though he died before the election day. The record is dated June 20, 1605.

A standing cup and cover of silver-gilt, with gourd-shaped bowl and a stem like the branch of a tree, dates from about this period. The upper part of the bowl is finely chased, as also is the cover, with fruit and flower motives. The lower portion is plain and is set in a calix of vine leaves of mat-silver. It stands upon a chased, repoussé foot. Around the rim is an inscription which reads: "This sweet berry from benjamin did falle then good sir benjamin berry it call"—a canting reference to the donor, Sir Benjamin Berry, then Lieut.-Governor of Portsmouth. Lower down upon the bowl are the Latin words: *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremu labra* ("There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip") and: *Vivite ad extremu h.b.* ("Live to the last.") The cup bears the arms of the donor and his wife, impaled, and the arms of Portsmouth. Its mark is obscure but is surmised to be that for the year 1608-9. The mark of its maker is I.E. in a shield with a bugle reversed over three pellets in the base. Sir Benjamin's will, dated in 1605, included the following entry: "Item I bequaith unto the Towne of Portesmouth tenn poundes to be bestowed uppon a Cuppe at the discrecon of my executor."

Our third illustration is of a beautiful silver-gilt covered-cup, the cover of which is surmounted by a small female figure bearing a shield. Both the lid and foot are

also in the Portsmouth collection. The earlier of these has the same maker's mark as the three above-mentioned; that of 1600-1 has W in a crescent, found also on a seal-topped spoon of 1605-6 in the British Museum; the later specimen has the initials I.F. with three pellets above and below, similar to the maker's mark on an example in the British Museum, having a lion sejant top, and also a seal-top spoon dated 1611-12 referred to by Jackson. The 1588-9 example has upon the top of the knob the three initials, I.S.A., of Joshua Saviour and his wife who also presented the Corporation with the tazza of silver, parcel-gilt, which is referred to in the inventory: "Item, One small Silver Goblett and three Silver Spoons gilt, given by Mr. Joshua Saviour, late Gunner of the Garrison of Portsmouth."

The tazza, four and a-half inches high, and five inches in diameter, is decorated with a helmed head



FIG. III. THE ROBERT LEE CUP
Second half of the sixteenth century

The Corporation Plate of the City of Portsmouth

richly chased, repoussé, with scroll work and floral forms forming a setting for three medallions. One of the latter bears the arms of the Merchant Taylors Company of London with, around it, an inscription recording that it was "The Gyfte of Robert Lee, of London, Marchant Tayler." Another medallion has his monogram RoL and the words "To the towne of Portsmouth," while the third bears the arms of the town and the remains of an obliterated inscription. The rim of the cover carries the Latin words: AMICORVM BENEFICIA NON PERIBVNT ("The kindness of friends shall never perish."). The inventory of 1712 gives this cup as the first item: "Impris. One Standing Cup with a cover of Silver gilt, given by Sir Robert Lee, Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London."

It was presented to the Corporation in 1590, and the Election Book No. 3 records that "The said Robert Lee . . . in Consideracon that he was admitted a Burgess of the said towne, did give and bestowe one Sylver standing Cupp, all GUILT, worthe Tenn Pounds or thereabouts, which Cuppe is to remaine and goe from mayor to mayor within the said towne for ever."



FIG. V. ROSE-WATER DISH AND EWER

Other cups in the collection include one silver-gilt, dated 1606, standing twenty-one and a-half inches high; another, slightly smaller, the gift of Thomas Bonner in 1609; two plain silver cups on baluster stems, bearing the hall-marks of 1619 and 1625 respectively, and a tall loving-cup with two handles, silver-gilt, modern, presented to the Mayor and Corporation in 1890. The hall-mark of the last is for the year 1807.

An important piece is a double salt of silver, having a plain drum with corded bands mounted on three ball-and-claw feet. The second salt, surmounted by a crocketed spire, is a restoration of 1883. In the inventory it is recorded as the gift of Robert Bold, who was Lord of the Manor of Copnor, and carried on the manufacture of salt at a spot still known as "The Salterns." The hall-mark is of 1615-16 and that of the maker I.B.



FIG. IV. PAIR OF FLAGONS
1683-4

arches of unusual character, chased with oak leaves, a Commonwealth feature, which support the orb and cross of the Restoration. There is no hall-mark upon this ornate piece, but on one

part there are the initials of the maker, W.H.

There is no doubt that it is chiefly of Commonwealth age and was converted

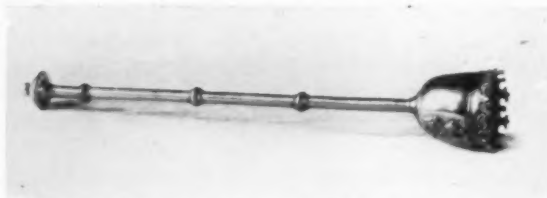


FIG. VIII. SMALL ANTIQUE MACE

into a Royal mace later.

Of all the silver itemized in the inventory of 1712 not one piece is missing. That such is the case must surely give the newly-created city

considerable reason for rejoicing, for, whether from an artistic or historical point of view, the collection is in every way memorable.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING AT THE TATE GALLERY

By T. W. EARP

JUST as we speak, familiarly and affectionately, of the National Gallery, Millbank, as the Tate, so the new additions to the original structure are already known as the Duveen rooms. For it is impossible for anyone to enjoy the delight they offer without associating with it a grateful memory of the donor to whom it is due. The artistic wealth of the country has been inestimably augmented by Sir Joseph Duveen's magnificent gift. He has provided not only a palatial lodging for works of definite achievement, but a nursery for inspiration as well. Young painters and students of the arts are indebted to him permanently, and it is no doubt their thanks that he will be the most pleased to receive.

There are at last collected under one roof examples of the work of every French painter since Delacroix, who exercises a real influence on the art of the present time. The more modern pictures from Trafalgar Square, the Sir Hugh Lane bequest, the purchases from Mr. Courtauld's generous endowment, and loans from the Contemporary Art Society and public-spirited private owners, assembled together, present a complete summary of the developments of modern painting. Such a collection invites frequent visits, and it is inevitable—it is half the pleasure, indeed—that on each occasion the spectator departs with an impression in some ways different. One painter, on occasion, may seem altogether more sympathetic than another, even though

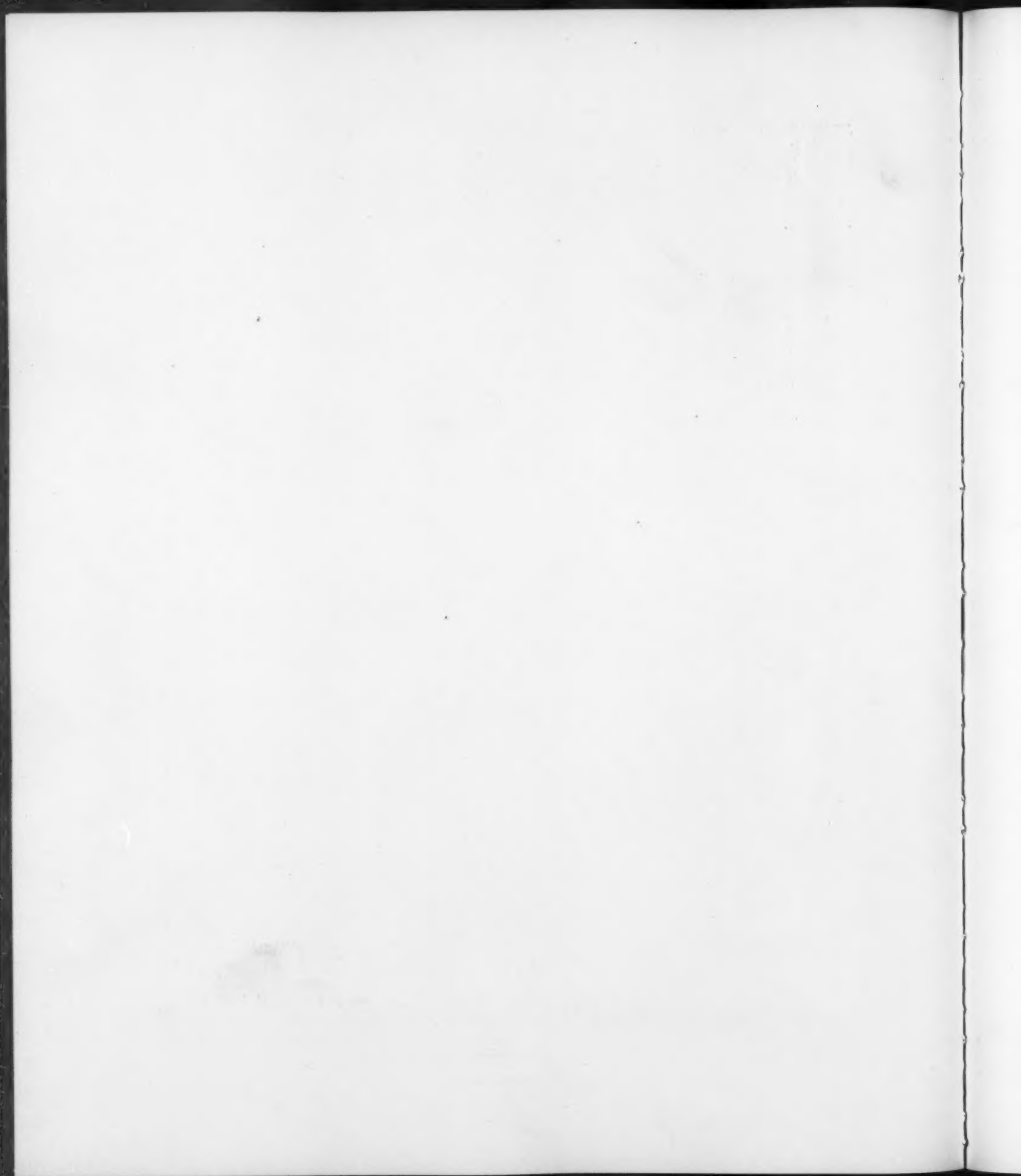
the other be a greater master by all the lights; or features hitherto undiscovered may raise a picture unexpectedly in our esteem. Or, perhaps, on the contrary, the mere habit of admiration makes a work lose a little of its excellence in our eyes. No small element of the joy of a comprehensive collection is that it is always offering such adventures and surprises. Criticism is at best mainly a matter of personal impressions, which the introduction of reason into questions of art is little more than an attempt to fortify. An important element towards the formation of definite judgments at the Tate is the absence of padding, of works only serving to fill wall-space. Nearly all the canvases are representative and carry what might be called their "argument" with them.

In Room XI is celebrated the triumph of the impressionists. But it is pleasant also to meet with several gay, clear Boudins. In particular, "The Beach, Tourgeville," and "Trouville, the Empress Eugénie and her Suite," are filled with sunlight and sea and lively colour. Of the Corots in their neighbourhood, "The Palace of the Popes, Avignon," is easily the most impressive. Outstanding among his more hackneyed idylls, it is the pure transcription of firm, pensive landscape. Daumier's two "Don Quixotes," "The Washerwoman," and "The Collector of Engravings" are swift notations of his ancestry, Rembrandt and Goya, and obvious parents of Forain's "The Picture Dealer" above them. But the *raison d'être* of the room is Manet and



LA SERVANTE DE BOCKS
By Edouard Manet

National Gallery, Millbank



Modern French Painting at the Tate Gallery



In the collection of Sir James Murray
LE WAGON DE TROISIÈME CLASSE
By Honoré Daumier

his companions. Manet himself shows admirably as chief of the school with "The Concert in the Tuileries" and "La Servante de Bocks." The combative black of the men's hats and coats in the former, and the challenging juxtaposition of the maid's black bodice, and the workman's blue blouse in the latter still carry their shock and make us realize with their swaggering bravery something of the storm of the old impressionist battle. Yet Manet seems rather too resolutely a leader now that the battle has been won, and the sketch of Mme. Manet and the study for "The Balcony" are more attractive than the finished work.

Manet's "Vetheuil, Sunshine and Snow," is a radiant, even sparkling, picture, and escapes the too easy competence of the seascapes near them. Degas's classical exercise, "Young Spartans," the Manet-like "Beach," and the two large portraits, "Duranty" and "Diego Martelli," show the varieties of his uncertainty until he settled down to the ballet pictures, which satisfied at the same time his interest in light, his sense of drama, and his pleasure in problems of draughtsmanship. "Two Dancers" and "The Foyer of the Opera" are excellent examples of his conscientious and hard-won mastery.

But the real revelation of the movement is to be found in the works of those who have been too long regarded as its minor adherents. Pissarro's "Louveciennes" equals Corot at his best and strongest, and is not particularly impressionist. "The Boulevard des Italiens," however, is of the school, and nothing but the school. It is simply a painting of light—of mingled lamplight and darkness; it is an atmospheric drama, and one of the purest examples of impressionism ever painted. Sisley's pensive "L'Abreuvoir," with its landscape blotted by the fallen snow, and its light dulled by the threat of wintry storm, is a contrast to his "Banks of the Seine," alive with heat and sunshine. These two pictures, and the unassuming, faithful

landscape on the wall between them, place him on an equality with his more emphatic and belauded chiefs. Berthe Morisot's "Summer Day" is a gracefully feminine presentation of impressionism at its brightest and gayest.

The Renoirs are admirably representative. There are "Les Parapluies," which is already well enough known; "La Première Sortie," a combination of delicate feeling and lyrical colour; a late nude of an almost classical purity



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS
By Camille Pissarro



LA PREMIÈRE SORTIE
By Auguste Renoir

of composition; a sun-filled landscape; and "Le Coup de Vent," the dip of a valley stirred by a rain-laden gust. Of all the contents of the room, it is to the charm of Renoir that one most easily surrenders. Vuillard, with "The Mantelpiece," derives from Renoir, but the liveliness of colouring does not conceal something cramped in the design. Bonnard's "Table," of the same kinship, is much freer and more robust.

In this room are the Cézanne self-portrait, a strong, objective exposition of his method and a penetrating character-study, and a splendid still-life. There are also the finely-posed Gauguin self-portrait and an interesting early landscape without any hint of exotic mannerism. The two Utrillos are overpowered by their environment, though they should not be missed. The Matisse "View from a Motor Car" is a prelude to a liberal but incomprehensibly scattered presentation of his work.

In Room XII are two fine Cézanne landscapes. The predominance of natural pattern in their composition is emphatic but unforced, and the colour is of a freshness—almost a gaiety—that his disciples are too apt to forget. Van Gogh has a "Landscape with Cypress Trees," and "Arles," contorted by the sheer intensity of the painter's vision, the well-known dazzling "Sunflowers," and the "Yellow Chair"—the latter surely the most exciting still-life ever painted. Gauguin's fine "Flower Piece," and the bright landscape, "Le Pouldu," are much more convincing than the mechanical exoticism of their Tahitian neighbours. It is difficult not to feel that the journey to the South Seas was more a flight than a voyage of discovery. Of Seurat, the room contains an unimportant landscape, an instructive study for "La Grande Jatte," and "La Baignade," a splendid work which shows that he did not



LA TABLE
By Pierre Bonnard

Modern French Painting at the Tate Gallery

depend too closely on the method of pointillism for his greatness. Degas's "Miss Lola" is rather too heavily dramatic, and lacks the subtlety of the ballet pictures. Puvis de Chavannes' "Beheading of St. John," feeble in execution and disconnected in composition, is at any rate valuable for dispelling any final illusions one may have held in regard to him.

The Dérain landscape might easily have been expanded into an impressive "machine"; it is a masterpiece of concentrated charm and seriousness. Of other contemporaries, the room has a delightful Matisse interior and a portrait, two strong Bonnard nudes and a landscape in graver tone than the "Table," but of real poetic quality, a Vuillard, a delightful Picasso, "Child with Birds," and an entirely satisfying Braque; though a complaint one might be ungracious enough to make of so fine a show is that the two last painters are inadequately represented.

The outstanding picture in Room XIII is Courbet's "Forest Scene." "The Storm" in Room XI and the "Snowstorm" here are very good landscapes indeed, but the "Forest Scene" has a depth and a mastery in its massing of greens that show Courbet not only in his individual accomplishment but as the innovator and direct ancestor of Cézanne. Daumier's "Wagon de Troisième Classe" is a firmly-knit work, of a realism free from caricature. Near it is a fine,



In the collection of Mr. Walter Taylor
THE YOUNG GIRL
By Henri-Matisse



In the collection of Miss Sutherland
LANDSCAPE
By André Dérain

sombre Forain law-court scene. Delacroix's "Attila" gives a good idea of his velocity and his value as a liberator. On the opposite wall is a charming little Ingres portrait, shaming the larger, frigid David near it. But it is impossible to appreciate the paintings in this room without gratitude to the architect. The graceful colonnade effect of the structure is also a means whereby the old terror of reflection has at last been overcome. By casting light from above on one half of the room and leaving the other half in shadow, it is possible to look from the darker part at the wall opposite and be unaware that the pictures opposite are

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

behind glass at all. This is a tremendous advantage in the case of glass-covered and heavily glazed canvases. The system must of necessity be adopted in all future gallery construction.

In Room XXIX downstairs, having passed Renoir's "Lady in Blue" on the staircase and Sisley's "Boats" in the corridor, we find an array of contemporaries. Matisse is well represented. "The Young Girl," with its rapid notation of the plaid overcoat, is the work of an amazing prestidigitateur. The "Lady at a Table," with its thoughtful composition and rather subdued harmony of colour, is one of the painter's most dignified and finished works. There are also a solid, beautifully moulded Dérain still-life, and a bleak but bravely achieved "Tenements in Snow" of Vuillard. De Segonzac's remarkable "Two Nudes" have a serenity of composition lacking in his more uncertain and derivative work. Marchand's "Aspidistras," "Faubourg," and "Landscape," however, seem rather too mechanically well made, a little too much *articles français pour les étrangers*. The Vlaminck is care free—almost careless—and characteristic. But the luminously dark Rouault landscape is nearly tragic in its depth and unswerving fidelity to elemental form. Of cubism, there is a stern, uncompromising Picasso and a Braque—but the less cubist Braque still-life is perhaps the most attractive picture in the room.

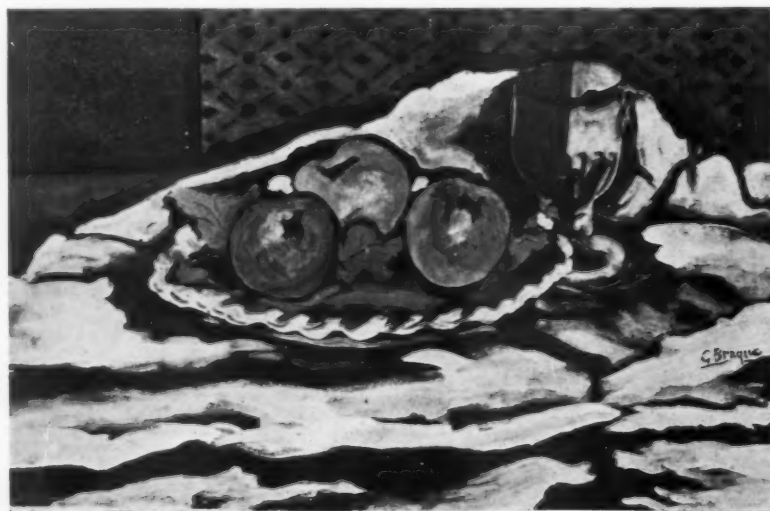
Of the elders, Van Gogh's "Restaurant" is more light-hearted and less strained than the greater canvases upstairs. The "Toilette" of

Toulouse-Lautrec, with its loose composition, compares badly with his "Portrait of a Woman," which has something of the verve of the posters. There are in addition a fine Cézanne water-colour sketch of a landscape, a Degas pastel "Les Bijoux," another impressive Forain, a Forainesque Steinlen, and several slight Monticellis.

Room XXXV, devoted to water-colours and drawings, contains some Delacroix studies of merely technical interest, some Corot sketches, and two seascapes—one a Monet, the other a Degas—strongly under Turner's influence. Rouault's "Repas" is early and dominated by Moreau. The Picasso drawing is rather negligible. There are more Forains and Steinlens, the social criticism of the subject never softening the rapid firmness of the line, and two magnificent Daumier caricatures, and a study of a head which is at the same time a finished piece of savagery.

Far down the corridor, in Room XXXI, strange neighbours of Géricault and Ary Scheffer, are Daumier's rather pompous "Good Samaritan," and the exquisite black and grey "Promenade." Jongkind's "Fabrique de Cuirs Forts" is much more representative than his other work upstairs. And in this room Monticelli, a compound of Rubens and Watteau projected into an alien period, after suffering from dispersion over the other rooms of the gallery, comes into his own with a dominating, visionary "Fête."

Of such a collection, the briefest summary must end as it began, with a note of gratitude.



STILL-LIFE
By Georges Braque

AURIC AND POULENC: TWO CONTEMPORARY FRENCH COMPOSERS

By H. E. WORTHAM

PERHAPS the difference between the French and ourselves is that we take our art solemnly whilst they take it seriously. We think them flippant, they think us dull. And how differently we react to musical stimuli! "Tout va bien depuis qu'on a recommencé à se battre"—thus a French composer, whose distinction belongs to the world, described the state of music in Paris a year or two after the war. There is something in that electric atmosphere which enables music to excite passionate loyalties and antipathies. The only artist who can stir the London public out of its habitual calm is Mr. Epstein. But do faces grow choleric round the dinner table at the mention of Lord Berners' or Mr. Arthur Bliss's music? Does anyone see the prompting of the Evil One in their dis-

sonances? London audiences, one fears, no matter how their ears are assailed, will never whistle and throw things and become human and ill-mannered. Paris behaves otherwise. It has been prolific of musical schisms—"nous sommes menacés d'un autre schisme sur la musique," writes D'Alembert to Mme. du Deffand apropos of a certain famous controversy which once rent Parisian society in twain. Not that it mattered very much really. The Parisians might quarrel and attack each

other's characters—those who disagreed with you about *cadenze* and *ritornelli* must be bad men—but the really important things at that time were happening elsewhere. For Vienna

was preparing to be the musical Parnassus for half a century and the Mount Sinai, with Brahms and Hanslick amongst its clouds, for another half.

But that is the quality of Paris—a sublime self-confidence, the product of intense seriousness. It may happen to be the Metropolis of Music—as during our own modest epoch—or it may be passing through one of its provincial periods, one of those times, as a French critic has called them, of restful idleness; it keeps its grand manner and its splendid spirit of faction just the same. Splendid—but sometimes a little cruel. That, at least, is the impression one gains from the Christian humility of a Cesar Franck *vis-à-vis* a

Gounod and an Ambroise Thomas. As a rule, however, the bracing air of battle is good for everyone, for composers and critics and public. *Tout va bien*. The observation was based on a sound historical sense. There is every reason to suppose that the "Six," around whose works acrimonious controversies are still waged, have profited from, as well as enjoyed, the fight. Certainly Francis Poulenc and George Auric—with the possible exception of Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre, of whose age



GEORGES AURIC

From an original drawing by Nina Hammett



FRANCIS POULENC
From an original drawing by Nina Hamnett

I can gallantly plead ignorance, the youngest members of that neo-French group which was given its sobriquet on the analogy of the Russian "Five"—have flourished in spite of the *sifflements* and disorderly scenes which have often followed in the wake of their music, sometimes indeed preceding it.

These two, whose work we know best in connection with the Russian Ballet, are the most characteristic of the composers who were included in the "Six," which by the way, had never an entity except in the ingenious brains of critics. For one thing they are the most typically French—Honegger, remarkable for his powers of design and construction is Swiss by origin, whilst Milhaud's prolific and varied genius gives obvious indications of his Jewish extraction—and for another the impressionable years of their adolescence coincided with the war. Not that I wish to

overrate the influence which that cataclysm has exerted on music, or to connect it with the harshness and ugliness which are alleged to be music's present portion. The morals of our young Muse, say many, have been corrupted by the war. She has become ill-mannered and selfish and much too fond of the atmosphere of the night club. But after all Stravinsky was a European figure before a shot had been fired, and in 1914 the Dixieland Jazz Band in far-off Chicago was already preparing to make the world bow to syncopation. And Schonberg in Vienna and Bartok in Budapest had already followed precept by example. Decidedly the age of rhythm—musical counterpart to cubism—and realism and the classic spirit, and I know not what else, had begun before the Teutonic legions commenced their death march. In France, with which I am concerned at the moment, the fugitive impressionism of Debussy was out-of-date. His mysticism, the delicious vagueness in which his musical images float before our ravished sight, had given way to the clear-cut style of Ravel, who, despite superficial resemblance to his older contemporary, was seen to have gone back to the eighteenth-century French masters. *Clarté* and *justesse* were the qualities which shone on every page of his music, qualities always congenial to the French temperament.

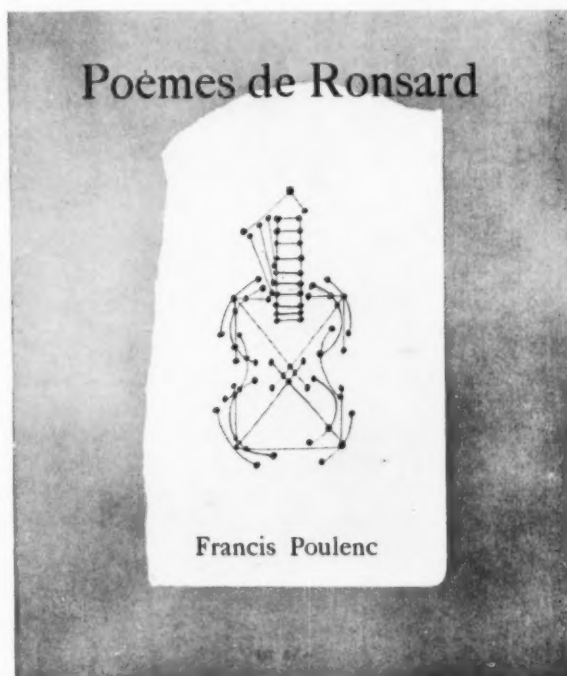
Altogether it was an uneasy epoch, with composers intent on the intellectual elements of their art. Such emotional stimulus as they needed was obtained through rhythm and hence "jazz," as it percolated across the Atlantic, came to be a valuable ally. War or no war, therefore, the course of music, which in all its history never has run smooth, would have been much the same. The forms of art are always in the melting-pot of the human imagination. A process of constant change governs creative effort. A Heraclidean flux, not progress, is the condition of its realization. Every generation sees beauty under a new guise. It plays the old tunes in its own, and as it must necessarily think, a better way. And we old fogeys are annoyed to think that life is passing over our heads, that younger heads and younger ears are extracting a different sort of honey from the flowers of their spring. Our retaliation is to find their honey bitter, and since we are cunning and would rather pity than blame we make the

Auric and Poulenc: Two Contemporary French Composers

war responsible for the restlessness and harshness which we affect to see in so much modern music.

But I digress from Auric and Poulenc. Assuredly these two are a necessary phase in the reaction which began before the war, though we may do the war the credit of having helped them to mature quickly. For we find these Siamese twins of neo-French music, when still some way from the end of their teens, writing in a manner which was much less reminiscent than one expects from gifted youth. They formed a group within a group. Their friendship was bound by many ties. They were born within a month of each other, in January and February, 1899, Poulenc being the senior. They both came from their native Auvergne to pursue their musical studies in Paris. Auric attended classes at the Conservatoire and studied at the Schola Cantorum under Roussel and d'Indy, a severe training for a high-spirited and impatient boy who was already attracted by the science of Stravinsky and the whimsical wit of Eric Satie. Satie, by the way, had much influence over both Auric and Poulenc, particularly the former, and for some years this elderly and unhappy composer, who in the far-off 'nineties had startled Paris by writing "Pieces in the form of a Pear," and other *jeux d'esprit*, which, in the opinion of those who could not distinguish novelty from originality, had taken him further than Debussy, experienced the joy of regarding these gifted youths as his disciples. But Auric, as he developed, found fault with Satie's work, and said so. Art is too serious a thing to be sacrificed to friendship. A quarrel was the result, followed by some bitter polemics, and Satie died unreconciled to his youthful friends.

This however, is to anticipate. In the middle years of the war, whilst Auric was pursuing his studies at the Schola and the Conservatoire, Poulenc, ambitious of becoming a pianist, was studying that instrument under Ricardo Viñes and going to Charles Koechlin for composition. Both, as I have said, matured rapidly in the war-time environment of Paris. At seventeen, Auric sets some of the poems of Cocteau, the poet of the new school to jagged, yet not unvocal, music. One of his early piano pieces is a fox-trot, "Adieu, New York," its vigorous dissonances having little relation to the harmonic commonplaces usual to the



COVER DESIGN BY PABLO PICASSO

genre. Poulenc when he is eighteen creates a sensation with his "Rhapsodie Nègre," for string quartet, flute, clarinet and voice (which only enters in the last of the three movements) a work showing two qualities which distinguish contemporary French music, an interest in the weaving together of strongly marked rhythms and in the contrast of timbres, or "sonorities," of which Stravinsky is the acknowledged master. It was the "Rhapsodie Nègre" which gave a definite, if stormy, place to the new music in Paris and caused the more philosophic critics to rejoice in the continued vitality of this branch of French art. If there were factions who found it worth while to fight one another, all must be well.

Auric and Poulenc were, of course, very young. But beneath the not ungraceful extravagance of youth one soon detected the spirit of economy inherent in French art. They were chary of trying our patience, laconic to an extreme, sparing of notes, determined not to be guilty of the one unforgivable sin of saying more than was absolutely necessary. How much music carries satiety in

the train of its own loveliness! Even Debussy has been known to buttonhole one. And there was Vincent d'Indy, the master to whom they were in reaction, who positively revelled in his *longueurs*. To Auric, who had become the more Parisian of the pair, brevity was natural, and over all he has written there hovers a lightness of touch, a verve, which is attractive even when one suspects its triviality. He draws his inspiration from the sights and sounds of Paris; echoes of its street cries, snatches of its songs lie scattered over his scores. He is a poet of the town. Poulenc is more inclined to be meditative. If the brilliance of his little "Mouvements Perpetuels," the first of which has become a recognized concert piece for pianists, has the glitter of the boulevards, his "Bestiaire," though its irony is often mistaken for humour, is serious, even to the verge of sentiment.

There is indeed in Poulenc a vein of bucolic melancholy, which comes out in the andante of his early sonata for two clarinets, quite foreign to Auric. It finds fuller and more delicate expression in the Romance of another sonata for clarinet and bassoon, composed three years later, when he was twenty-two. This is how it begins (I quote from the composer's own piano arrangement):



A young man who can write with such engaging simplicity and employ false relations with such perfect propriety is well on the way to becoming a master. A further advance, both in musical texture and in the study of timbres, in this case of brass instruments, is shown in his sonata for horn, trumpet, and trombone. (One notes how the youthful classicist clings to the term sonata, though it is not turned to the uses which Beethoven would have recognized.) I am not aware that this work has ever been performed in England, the combination

of instruments being an inconvenient one for the normal chamber concert. But so sane and joyous a composition deserves to be better known, if only for the contradiction it carries in its jolly themes and its broad tonality to easy generalizations about contemporary French music. Sometimes it is a little gritty. This phrase, for instance, which forms a bridge passage in the very charming andante, would offend some.



Poulenc, however, is nothing of a musical rake. When he indulges in atonality he does so in much the same spirit, one suspects, as a lively young Cambridge undergraduate "throws a blind." He sows his wild notes without any suggestion of their being scattered by vice. The harshness of such a progression as this hardly disguises the honourable intentions of the sixths. The trumpet part has only to be raised a tone and the result would make modern ears shiver. Try it on the piano and see for yourself:



And what of this sequence (Ex. 4)?

It is the *ipsa mollities* of harmonical sound. Assuredly Francis Poulenc is a well-brought-up young man.

The fault of this sonata, as of other work of Poulenc's, lies not in any melodic jejuneness, or in harmonic mannerisms. He can always put up a tune and give the impression that he has plenty more up his sleeve. Where he fails is in a certain monotony in the handling of his material, a want of fluidity which is apt



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to give the effect of clumsiness. In his more recent works one meets with greater ease and assurance, and his settings of some of Ronsard's poems (I cannot refrain from reproducing the amusing cover which Pablo Picasso has designed for them, suggestive, as an intelligent lady has assured me, of the stars of the Pleiade, the curves of harmony, the human diaphragm, the ladder which art essays to build up to heaven, and an idealized map of the underground) are a lofty comment of great poetry. They are fine songs, struck off under the inspiration of the Ronsard country in a few weeks at the end of 1924 and the beginning of 1925. Both he and Auric understand writing for the voice. But Auric aims rather at wit and ingenious turns of expression. He excels his friend in quaint combinations of rhythm as Poulenc outdoes him in the ambition to treat of the graver themes of mortality. Auric's settings of Radiguet's quatrains, "Alphabet," catch their elusive charm with unerring cleverness.

Apprendre n'est pas un pensem,
Lectrice qui ne savez lire,
Ayez grand soin de cet album,
Né du plus funeste délire.

Thus runs the first. The short-lived frenzy

the theatre as is Poulenc's for the more austere fields of absolute music. "Les Biches" only shows us one side of Poulenc's genius, and that not the most important. Auric in his three ballets, "Les Fâcheux," "Les Matelots," and the recent "La Pastorale," has developed a style in which all sorts of heterogeneous elements have been welded together into something brilliantly new. The most successful is, perhaps, "Les Fâcheux," now three years old. "Les Matelots," for all its immense vigour, is a little too polished and sophisticated, and hardly lives up to Pruna's wonderful *décor*, or Massine's choreography. It suggests the sailors rather of Loti than of Conrad. But in "Les Fâcheux," where he has an eighteenth-century setting in which to disport himself, Auric has refashioned the music of France's Augustan age in the idiom of to-day without losing the lucidity and delicacy of the old, or the variety and strength of the new. It was an astonishing production for a young man of twenty-four. And the uncompromisingly modern harmonies and the tang of its orchestration cannot disguise the simplicity of its melodic line in which Auric shows himself a true descendant of all that is best in French music from Couperin to Gounod. Here are two examples:



suits Auric's lively and impressionable nature, and he sometimes manages to transfer it into the dimension of music within the space of sixteen bars.

It would be misleading, however, to emphasize this side of Auric's art if it gave the impression that he is concerned solely with elegant and witty trifles. His real bent is for

The first is a typical instance of Auric's exploitation of polytonality and soon ceases to shock even the most prudish ears. It is very different to the awful bleak and carefully contrived atonality of Schonberg. Why should not a high-spirited young man write in two or more keys at once if he feels he must? All manifestations of the *joie de vivre* are pleasing,

except when they find expression in the antics of the sports-model car.

The other might be a quotation from an eighteenth-century master, so easily and logically does the melody flow. It is this simplicity which has caused a good many English amateurs of music to look upon Auric's as essentially a slight talent—a judgment which must be left to time and greater knowledge to modify.

It may not be our fault. As I remarked at the beginning of this article we approach art with solemnity, the French only with high

seriousness. Our musical tradition for over a couple of centuries at least has been enshrined in rows of such solemn temples as even Prospero never imagined. Lord Berners, alone of English composers, has broken away from it, and hence the high place he holds abroad. In Paris it is otherwise. There, except when some foreign influence for the moment becomes uppermost, as in the brief heyday of the Franck school, they are serious with the deadly flippancy of a high culture which realizes that ennui is the last enemy to be overcome.

NOTES ON PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By G. GRONAU

I.—Two Predella Panels of an Altarpiece by Domenico Ghirlandaio

SOME months ago a little panel turned up in the art market in Berlin which must evidently have formed part of a predella, and struck me at once owing to the unusual character of the subject—the battle of the Archangels against Hell, represented by three devils—and also owing to the charm with which the scene is rendered. Herr Paul Bottenwieser acquired the painting and took it with him to America, where it soon found a purchaser in the active director of the Detroit Museum.

It seemed to me that there could be no doubt concerning the artistic circle to which this delightful little panel belongs; the characteristics of style clearly point to the closest proximity of Domenico Ghirlandaio; personally I seemed to recognize the hand of his principal assistant and near relation, Sebastiano Mainardi. A more important point, however, was the question to which of Ghirlandaio's works this little panel may have belonged. The simplest reflection leads to the conclusion that it must have been an altarpiece in which the Archangel Michael, the leader of the battle against Hell, was represented.

Such an altarpiece does exist: it is one of the master's best-known works in the Uffizi Gallery, and admirably represents his well-balanced

style. There we see the Archangel, fully armed, standing on the left beside the enthroned Madonna, who is surrounded by two angels on each side. He has the same childlike features, and the same curls surround the pretty oval of his face.

But what has happened to the other four panels which together with this picture once formed the predella of the altarpiece? In searching for apposite material I came across the photograph of a little panel which was added to the National Gallery in 1912 as the bequest of Lady Lindsay. The two paintings are so closely related that I can omit the detailed evidence (even at the risk of being scolded by a leading authority). I will only beg my readers to compare the head of the foremost youth on the right with that of the Archangel Michael; and the youth standing near the middle, and raising his hand, with the last of the Archangels. It must be admitted that they resemble each other like coins that have been struck from the same mint.

A proof that both pictures belonged to the same altarpiece may be found in the fact that they are of exactly the same dimensions;*

* $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $15\frac{1}{2}$ in. ($=0.13$ by 0.39). The altarpiece by Ghirlandaio is 1.98 in. long, giving ample space for five panels of 39 cent. each.

Notes on Pictures in the National Gallery



THE BATTLE OF THE ARCHANGELS

Detroit, Institute of Fine Arts

though I am prepared to admit that this argument has only a relative force of evidence, as many altarpieces of this period were of about the same size and the variations in the measurements of the predella could not have been great.

Yet it would be of value if this little panel could also be brought into connection with the altarpiece of Ghirlandaio. The interpretation of the subject as "David receiving the Shewbread from Ahimelech," given in the catalogue of the National Gallery—one of the most reliable guides through one of our large art collections that we possess—seemed at first sight to put this out of the question. But an examination of the details and a comparison with the text

(I Samuel, ch. xxi), causes some doubt as to whether this interpretation is the right one. For example, the priest asks David, "Why art thou alone, and no man with thee?" In the picture we see six youths represented. Then the priest's dress—he is obviously a bishop and not a high priest, and a halo* surrounds his head. Besides that, a second figure appears in the doorway behind him, a youth whose head is likewise surrounded by a halo.

* The High Priest often wears on pictures of this period a head-dress derived from the tiara or the bishop's mitre, but never identical with it. The inadmissible halo is found quite exceptionally and only in the "Marriage of the Virgin" or the "Presentation in the Temple" (e.g. Perugino's predella in Fano) where the High Priest who performed these rites evidently had to be made prominent.



LEGEND OF SAN GIUSTO OF VOLTERRA

National Gallery



National Gallery

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH TWO ANGELS

By Andrea Previtali

If my conjecture that the London picture belonged to the same predella as the panel with the archangels is to be proved correct, then it is necessary to establish that there is in the legend of one of the saints represented on the altarpiece an incident that explains the subject of this picture which is otherwise not easily interpreted. This could only be the case with one of the two bishops represented, San Giusto of Volterra.* Indeed, among the miracles of this saint there is one in which bread plays an important part.

In the chronicles of Volterra† it is related that San Giusto and his brother Clemente came to the city of Volterra, when it was besieged by an army of vandals. With the grace of God they penetrated into the town,

which was suffering severely from the lack of provisions, and they prayed to God that through a miracle they might succeed in winning over the inhabitants to the true Christian faith. Their prayer was answered, the food stores of the town were filled with grain, and at the same time the camp of the enemies was entirely deprived of the means of subsistence. The saints now invited the citizens to bake as much bread as they could, which they blessed with the sign of the cross and then instructed them to throw it down over the walls, and also to use it like stones in defending themselves against the attack which the enemies were preparing. The vandals, tortured by hunger, fell upon the bread, which turned their senses so that they slew one another. The rest of the army fled. Thus the city was delivered from the siege. As a sign of gratitude the two saints were made citizens of Volterra and San Giusto was soon after elected bishop.

Thus, in short, runs the legend. It will be

* He was the patron saint of the church for which the altarpiece was originally painted. The church, situated outside the city, was destroyed at the time of the siege of Florence in 1529 (see Vasari—Milanesi III, p. 570).

† Fra Marco Giovannelli, "Cronisteria dell'Antichità e Nobiltà di Volterra," Pisa 1613, p. 90.



Collection of Baron von Liphardt

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH TWO ANGELS

By Boccaccio Boccaccio

seen that the artist has treated the material somewhat freely in making the saint appear already wearing the insignia of the episcopal dignity. Nor does the fact that the scene is laid outside the walls of the town correspond exactly to the text. On the other hand, it may be argued that two saints are the principal actors; the one, as also in the legend, playing a more subordinate part (in the gateway behind the bishop), and that the subject is the distribution of bread to soldiers. Evidently the artist has had recourse to simplification in order to overcome the difficulty of clearly representing a rare subject which to my knowledge is found nowhere else;* only the salient points—such as the walls of a

city, two saints, of whom one is characterized as a bishop, bread, and soldiers—are clearly discernible.

It will be admitted that this explanation of the London predella panel shows more probability in its favour than the one suggested in the catalogue. Every predella must once have belonged to an altarpiece. To which saint could it have referred if the subject was David and the shewbread? We have thus found the second piece of the predella of Ghirlandaio's altarpiece, and may express the hope that the three panels still missing may also be rediscovered. The subjects of two of them can be easily conjectured—a scene from the life of St. Zenobius (presumably the raising of the child), and certainly the scene so frequently represented in Florence of Tobias and the Archangel. We cannot tell whether the fifth and central panel of the series

* I find but two other representations drawn from the life of these saints, also Florentine and of about the same period, but by another hand; they are in the store-room of the Vatican Gallery, and have been published in "Rassegna d'Arte XVI," pp. 201 and 202.

represented the Adoration or the Pietà, both scenes that occur in this place.

Who is to be claimed as the painter of these pictures? Ghirlandaio himself, who painted the altarpiece, or, as we might conclude from other works by the master, one of his assistants, perhaps Mainardi, Bartolommeo di Giovanni (Alunno di Domenico), or a third whom we know from several predelle? Formerly I thought I recognized the latter's hand in the London panel,* and independently the catalogue refers to the same works. It may even be that the two pictures are not carried out by one and the same hand. What they have in common, the similarity of drawing that connects them, may be due to the master's design. We know Ghirlandaio, apart from a few portraits, only as the painter of large series of frescoes in Florence, San Gimignano, and Rome, or of altarpieces. No one can tell what a small picture by him would be like. If any, the panel with the Archangel may be claimed for him; it is certainly not unworthy of him. At least his inventive talent must be responsible for the extraordinarily fresh and animated composition.

II.—*A Madonna by Boccaccino?*

A charming Madonna adored by two angels came to the National Gallery with Sir Henry Layard's collection, and is described in the catalogue as a work by Boccaccino—an attribution which can be accepted at first sight. But if we compare the treatment of form with one of the painter's analogous works, say his most pleasing picture, the "Santa Conversazione" in the Venetian Academy, then it will be found that here everything tends to be rounder and fuller; even the broken and rumpled folds of the Cremonese are broader and lie in softer lines here.

A note in the catalogue says that formerly the picture was attributed to the Bergamask painter, Andrea Previtali, but unfortunately it is not stated when the label was changed and on whose authority. It appears already under Boccaccino's name in Berenson's "North Italian Painters" of 1907. A. Venturi, on the other hand, has retained the earlier attribution in his "Storia dell'Arte italiana," and with

a correct sense of style he has placed it in juxtaposition with that picture by Previtali which offers the best points of comparison—the Madonna with a donor in the gallery at Padua, which is the earliest dated example of his painting that we possess (1502).

The question of attribution to the one or the other of the two painters named above entered a new phase when a picture almost exactly similar in composition, belonging to the famous collection of Baron von Liphardt, became known. Everyone who is acquainted with Boccaccino's pictures and bears the "Santa Conversazione" of the Venetian Academy in mind will certainly find here all the characteristics of the Cremona master. The broken folds of the Virgin's mantle, which fill the lower portion of the picture, are as typical as the delicate pattern of flowers which borders it.

A comparison of the two pictures reveals the difference. In the one everything is delicate, elongated, and pointed; in the other rather hard, almost plump, round, and broad. If the hands of the little angels are compared, even to the tips of the fingers, the treatment of the locks, or the way in which the bushes are rendered in the landscape, it will be found how uniformly all these details bear the stamp of one artistic mind.

When these comparisons have been made it will be seen that one and the same artist could not possibly have painted both pictures, unless he was able to change his manner like a dress. On the contrary, we can assert with conviction that the picture in the National Gallery does not belong to Boccaccino; and as, on the other hand, there is nothing in this picture that does not agree with the earliest picture by Previtali which we cited, we can affirm with certainty that the original attribution was the right one. It was a mistake to abandon it, and yet this mistake was caused by an astonishingly delicate and correct observation. The execution of the Bergamask aroused the feeling that he had here taken the Cremonese as a model. For this and not the reverse was in fact the case. Previtali had used Boccaccino's composition, departing from his model only in one detail. For some reason the Child lying in Mary's lap—actually the weakest part of the charming picture—did not appeal to him. He gave it a different pose, but one can scarcely call his solution more successful.

* S. Küpper's "Die Tafelbilder des Domenico Ghirlandaio," Strassburg 1916, p. 69.



51" x 82"

GREAT SEASIDE FARM
Etching by E. Bouverie-Hoyton

Published by the Fine Art Society.

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

MR. BOUVERIE-HOYTON—OF ROME

THE ways and means of the etcher are various, and individual temperament must dictate the manner of their use. For many amateurs the art of etching is only to be recognized in the impulsive vivacious line used with a thrifty suggestiveness, whether in the spontaneous sketch or the expressive design deliberate in statement. And they will derive pleasure as they may chance to trace in the sketch or the design the influences of Rembrandt or Whistler, Haden or Frank Short, Meryon, Brangwyn, Bone or Cameron, Forain or McBey. But collectors are turning their attention to another kind of influence that is noticeably affecting the original work of some of the younger etchers of to-day. This, traceable through the exquisite etched inventions of F. L. Griggs back to the pastoral romances of Samuel Palmer,

is an influence making for completeness of pictorial expression through an ordered dignity of design, with an elaborate sufficiency of bitten line to state all of form and tone that shall convey the romantic beauty and significance of the artist's conception. And of the young etchers to whom this comely elaborateness and serenity of method and manner are making a temperamental appeal, perhaps the most promising to watch are Mr. Graham Sutherland, Mr. Paul Drury, and Mr. Edward Bouverie-Hoyton, all three of whom have learnt their craft so soundly from Mr. Malcolm Osborne, R.A., and, subsequently, Mr. Stanley Anderson, at the Goldsmiths' College School of Art. A charming little example of Mr. Bouverie-Hoyton's landscape etching, in his latest mood, is reproduced here, "Great Seaside Farm," which the Fine Art Society is to issue immediately. The young etcher has

seen, with an instinct for well-balanced design, this ancient farmstead at Branscombe, on the South Devon coast, with the old thatched buildings hiding the sea from us; and with closely ordered lines he has suggested the very texture of the time-worn materials, built up the series of stone walls rising on tiers toward the background, and deftly let the light play upon the house and the shepherd's cloak. Birds are in flight, the air comes keenly from the sea, but an ancient calm has inspired the etcher's needle. Mr. Bouverie-Hoyton has found the neighbourhood of Lyme Regis a happy etching ground, and "Marshwood Vale" and "Sleecewood Valley Farm" are two distinguished landscapes of spacious design, especially the former, in which the geological structure of the land has characteristically engaged the etcher's pictorial interest. But humanity appeals to him, perhaps, even more powerfully than landscape, and evokes for its pictorial treatment that

"fundamental brain-work" which Rossetti claimed for the production of all true poetry. One perceives this as active in the study of a labourer's head, drawn from life direct on the copper, as in such a nobly conceived design as "Work," with its rich significance of energy and accomplishment in structure, or the beautiful "Nativity," with its very human group expressing adoration of the Infant with such a tender curiosity. This we may regard as the young artist's self-chosen trial for the "Nativity," which was the subject set this year for the final competition of the Rome Scholarship for Engraving, of which Mr. Bouverie-Hoyton is

the happy winner. The advantages and opportunities accompanying this important and valuable award have fallen to no more interesting and worthy student, and what he will make of them during the next three years should be of real concern to all who are interested in British etching. He has passed through his Dürer phase and his Rembrandt phase, absorbing from each master what he needed, and so the Samuel Palmer influence will leave its beauty with him. In Rome he should find himself.

A NEW
PAINTER-ETCHER

Mr. J. H. Amschwitz is a welcome recruit to the ranks of the etchers because he has something fresh to say. Etching is for him as yet a new language, but the idiom seems not really strange to him, and already he favours the dry-point, while he finds a fascination in aquatint.

But the great thing is, he has the seeing eye with an alert imaginative brain behind it, and a constant

twinkle of humour to keep things in their right focus. Instinctively he can conceive pictorially in line as well as tone. Long ago Mr. Amschwitz was induced by one of those enticing commissions to which no young artist can easily say nay, even if he would, to paint one of the historical panels for the Royal Exchange. The "Battle of Barnet," however, was a long time ago, and the painter's brush has been active in many directions since then, notably in portraiture and decorative still-life, while in black-and-white he has acquired a rich and varied store of experience to draw upon for the



8 1/2" x 10"

PHYSIC

Dry-point by J. H. Amschwitz

Published by the Fine Art Society.



National Gallery, Millbank

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

By Paul Cézanne



A Gossip about Prints

for the copper-plate with vivid draughtsmanship. Here, for instance, in the dry-point, "Physic," he gives us an amusing incident at a country fair, recorded with an artist's swift eye for its dramatic humour. That old man holding a provocative bottle to Bruin's nose—what is his mischievous intent? Is that "physic" only his own tippie?

And is he, with that suggestive sniff on his own face, merely tantalizing the poor beast's senses with an intoxicating odour? The mocking smile of the young woman standing behind him would suggest some such interpretation of the incident. But what an artist's handling of it! How significantly the design relates the old man's mischievous humour to the excited curiosity of the beast, and how admirably the group is composed and placed upon the plate, with the black shapes, from the bear to the man's hat, and on to the young woman's, following a diagonal

line, while a rhythm of curved lines may be traced through the central figures, balanced and held together by the old woman on the right and the seated man on the left. "The Master"—a doddering old artist with two mocking students—is another new vivacious dry-point by Mr. Amschwitz issuing from the Fine Art Society, while an aquatint of "Don Quixote" is a vital design finely touched with imagination.

MR. BLAMPIED AGAIN

Edmund Blampied is never at a loss for a new motive, and in his latest dry-point, "The Male Choir," which Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre will shortly publish, he records his memories of the choir of a French Wesleyan chapel in Jersey, which in his boyhood he was

obliged to attend three times every Sunday. Even in those juvenile days his pencil was never idle, and his memory and his sense of humour worked always with it. And what he then drew and memorized remains ever at the call of his needle or his dry-point, refreshed from time to time by visits, as recently, to his native island. "The Male Choir" is a theme he had long wished to interpret pictorially upon the copper, and, as we look from singer to singer, each emitting for all it is worth as much voice as Nature has



9" x 7"

Published by Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre.

THE MALE CHOIR

Dry-point by Edmund Blampied

dowered him with, and letting it have its will of the hymn, we can realize how Mr. Blampied's impish dry-point enjoyed the vivid characterization. Each member of that choir is absorbed in the urgent interest of his individual part, yet the artist's rhythm of line and tone suggests the harmony that may conceivably be lacking in the strenuous rendering of the hymn.

RICHARD WYNDHAM

By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

WHILE no living artist has chosen the subject-matter of his pictures with more consistency from the past, none has viewed it with a more modern vision than Richard Wyndham.

Ancient and crumbling homes of the Venetian patriciate, Baroque interiors of Neapolitan churches, Spanish cathedrals, steep, narrow streets in stagnant little suburbs of Mediterranean seaports—all these he portrays in a manner which show him to be an artist in the last degree sensitive to those influences which have given contemporary painting its uniquely individual character.

But the choice of this distant and somewhat exotic subject-matter by an artist perceptibly English in his outlook, and very far from exotic, is significant of something more palpable than chance, although less tangible than temperament, of something far more easily felt than analysed. That

something might, roughly speaking, be described as the sympathy which certain ages feel for certain forms of culture other than their own. Historians are inclined to be a little pedantic and mechanical in their attribution of causes of such waves of sympathy. They would appear to wish us to believe that the joyful discovery of classic art and thought which precipitated the Renaissance was largely, if not indeed wholly,

brought about by the scattering throughout Europe of Greek scholars and manuscripts after the capture of Constantinople by the infidel. The discovery was made in reality, not so much because it was possible, but

because it was necessary; men wrote and painted in the manner of the classic writers and artists because they had something to express which could be justified at that particular time by a classic form. Such a form enabled them to state what they felt with a certain emphasis, a certain authority. They used the old forms in order to bring something new into the world, rather as anyone might quote a commonplace proverb, or a rather ordinary sentiment from the Bible, in order to lend weight to some quite original opinion of his own.

A late development of Renaissance art, namely Baroque, has itself in our own day touched an

especially resonant chord of sympathy. Admittedly the discovery of Baroque has had, compared with the discovery of the classics, very limited results. While the earlier hurled intellectual and artistic Europe into the melting-pot, gave birth in the midst of the storm to the gigantic creations of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, the later aroused an eclectic, scholarly, and somewhat wistful admiration among a very few in



FLORENTINE LANDSCAPE

Richard Wyndham

half a dozen capitals. But, nevertheless, the discovery of Baroque has inspired at least three remarkable works. The first was Geoffrey Scott's "Architecture of Humanism," which appeared in 1913, a defence of Renaissance architecture which is probably the most closely and brilliantly reasoned polemic of our time. The second, Sacheverell Sitwell's "Southern Baroque Art," which appeared a little more than a decade later, was a combination of imagination of the most vivid kind with great and original erudition, which yielded results of the first importance. The third, a body of paintings by Richard Wyndham. Subject to very much the same sort of inspiration as Sacheverell Sitwell, he has produced a series of water-colour drawings of Southern European buildings, for the most part of a Baroque tendency, which are without an exact parallel for a certain lyrical quality, originality of vision, and of technique. In these the standard of composition is high, and the unity between inspiration and method satisfyingly complete. The colours are usually light in tone, flat in texture, and the general appearance two-dimensional and scenic. This series, although Richard Wyndham's most complete and most perfect work, is not his most ambitious. He has of late been attempting to develop along rather different lines. In order, therefore, to see whither he is likely to go in the future it would be well to glance for a few moments at his past.

He was born in Canterbury in 1896 of a family in which great talent is no new story. His father is Colonel Guy Wyndham, the

author and editor of the *Life and Letters* of his brother George, the celebrated Member for Dover. The greater part of his boyhood was spent at Clouds, his family's beautiful house in Wiltshire. He first felt a vague desire to paint while he was at Wellington, which feeling was intensified by the contemplation of the paintings in the palace during a prolonged visit to Versailles. After leaving Wellington he became less and less inclined to embark

upon the military career which his father had planned for him, while the prospect of a painter's life appeared increasingly desirable. But when the son's determination to be an artist became sufficiently pronounced, the father readily agreed to his spending some years studying art in Paris. But that was not to be. For the year was 1914, and the outbreak of the war caused an inevitable postponement of Richard Wyndham's artistic studies. He first served in France with the 60th Rifles. Towards the end of 1915 he was transferred to the Balkans and the Near East. Here military activity was less intense, his existence more leisured, and consequently he was able to make a number of studies of



A VENETIAN FÊTE

the places in which he was stationed, which included Broussa, Constantinople, and Angora.

Shortly after his demobilization he met Mr. Harold Speed over some negotiations for a posthumous portrait of George Wyndham, which had been commissioned by the municipality of Dover. The older artist at once recognized the gifts of the younger, and the greater part of the years 1921 and 1922 Wyndham spent working under Mr. Speed. In the

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

autumn of the latter year he came into contact with a personality which exercised the profoundest influence upon his development. The painter, Wyndham Lewis—also the most powerful and belligerent of English critics of the arts, and the author of "Tarr," one of the greatest and certainly one of the most unjustly neglected novels of our time—challenged in a manner readily imaginable Richard Wyndham's outlook from alpha to omega. The association which started in that Venetian autumn continued well into the following year, which the two artists spent painting largely in Spain and the Dordogne. Wyndham Lewis was not to dominate his friend's work for ever: already after these expeditions Richard Wyndham showed with increasing clearness that he intended to evolve, indeed that he was evolving, an individual vision. Soon he was following a course truly his own, but Wyndham Lewis had pointed the way. The other living artist whose work seems to have influenced him appreciably is Edward Wadsworth. Almost all his work has been done on a series of foreign tours, through Italy, Spain, Southern France, Dalmatia, and Albania.

The lyrical perfection of Wyndham's earlier water-colour drawings is attributable in no slight degree to his power of limiting rigidly both his subject-matter and his method of handling it. His latest works are infinitely more ambitious, and, exquisite as they are, it is clear that in none of them has the strain of a sudden plunge into the field of major operations been negligible. Concealed beneath the

gay, flat surface of these paintings is a constant struggle towards readjustment, which is the most significant feature of the present phase of the artist's work.

The essence of his method might be described as an analysis of a subject followed by oblivion, followed by a synthesis. A subject from Nature presents itself to him. It gives him a certain conception. He then forgets the subject, retaining, as it were, the feelings

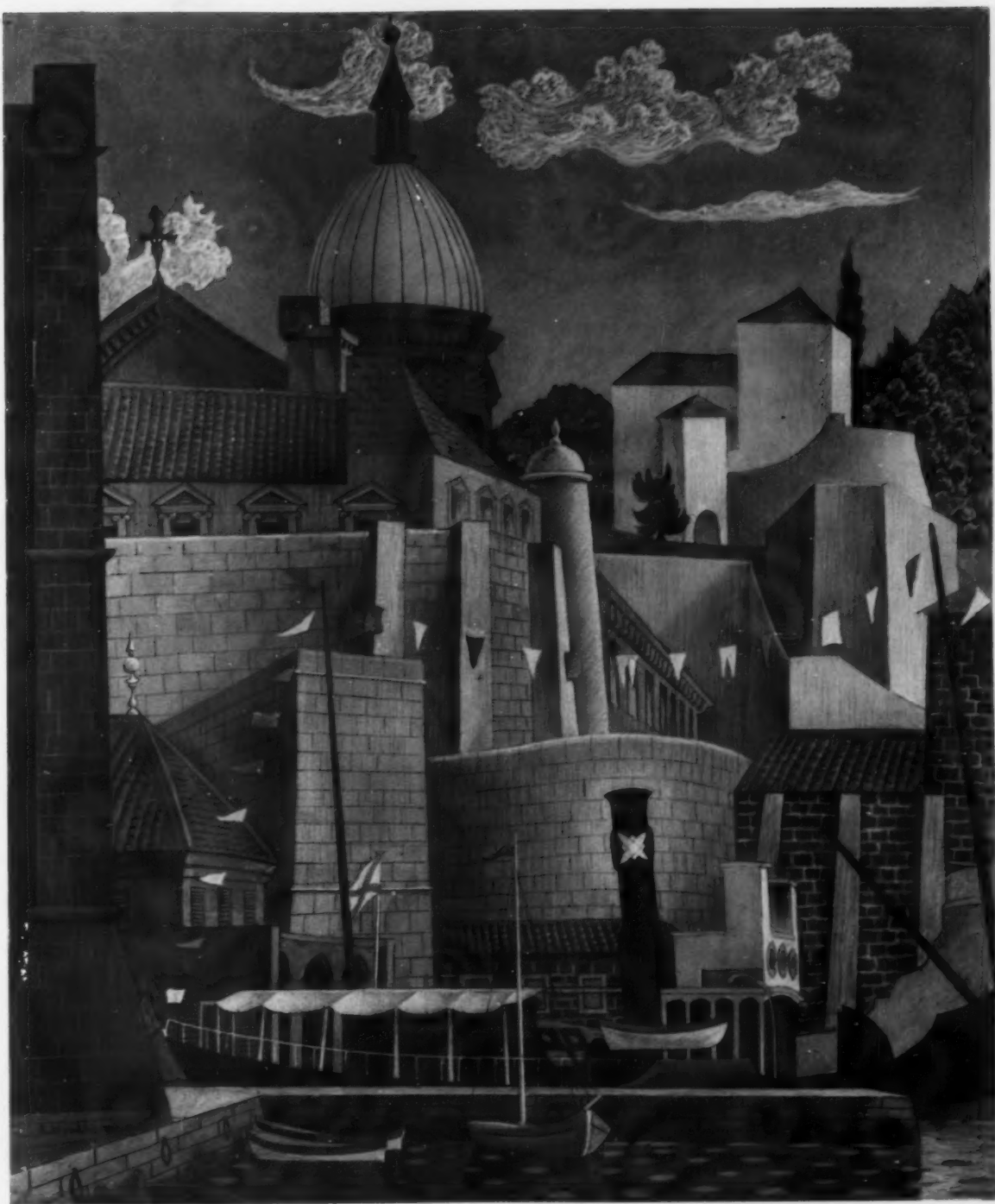
which it aroused. Lastly, he makes his painting of the conception, taking the original scene as his theme. "I would never," he once told the writer, "think of starting until I had more or less forgotten what was there." Take for example his picture, here reproduced, "Forentine Landscape." A scene somewhat similar had inspired in him a desire to express something: that something he best expressed by composing a non-existent scene. For actually, the castle should be *behind* the spectator, the two haystacks have been brought from a mile away, and the peculiar pattern of the grass in the foreground comes in reality about two hundred yards to the right. But the whole atmosphere of the



IL POPOLO

place has, nevertheless, been marvellously caught and presented with invigorating individuality to the spectator's gaze.

Most of these later paintings are done in tempera, of which medium the artist is an ardent champion. He agrees with those who hold that the earliest oil-painters derived no advantage from their medium, as they used it just as they would have used tempera, and that there was no advance until Rembrandt,



RAGUSA

By Richard Wyndham



Richard Wyndham

Tintoretto, and Velazquez handled it in an entirely new manner.

And so to-day he feels that the use of oils by many artists who paint flat surfaces in a tight manner is merely an abuse. Such criticism appears particularly just when applied to Leger and the modern French so-called "bathroom school," whose works would benefit if they would obviate their hall-mark by using tempera. A temperamental love of actual shapes and absence of interest in atmosphere, a dislike

of the sharp division of earth from sky, have all led the artist to make his paintings at that time in the evening when there are fewest hard shadows to destroy real outlines, and when the tones of earth and sky approximate most nearly.

Richard Wyndham should, after the recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, be generally recognized for what he is: one of the most brilliant of our younger painters, among whom his power of composition and sense of colour are unique.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRE SALMON

PARIS has become both the studio and the market of the whole world. Paris rejoices and gains by this though she has done nothing, politically, to bring it about. All the artists accommodate themselves to this and come from afar to work, and be presented in Paris. The dealers follow the artists. Rue de Seine, which has recently become the great artery of modern painting, can show a Polish dealer opposite a Dutch dealer between two French colleagues.

Every day sees the arrival of a foreign artist. Yesterday, after his remarkable exhibition, it was the Italian, Giorgio de Chirico, who had already won fame in Paris and in Milan. As I said, everyone accommodates himself to a state of affairs against which it is useless to rebel. Even the Germans are glad to come and paint at Montparnasse, and yet they were singularly discreet even before the war, exhibiting rarely amongst us, and only found themselves in contact with our painters in those sumptuous galleries at Berlin and Düsseldorf which have been open to French painting since Courbet. The Belgians alone protest. They want people to visit them and buy in Brussels. In vain they have been assured that they would not have been more in exile at Lyons or Bordeaux. Is it necessary to add that the test of Paris is often cruel in more than one respect, and that in order to enjoy certain material and moral advantages it is necessary to have stood this test?

The Russian, Soutine, is now on the point of being counted among the masters. He has achieved fame, and fortune already smiles on him. Yet (ten years ago), how many of us spoke of the rich plasticity, and raw sensuality of Soutine's still-life paintings—those bloody hares and lean fowls, rendered with such variegated texture! At that time Soutine suffered all that only Paris can let a man suffer. If he did not die of hunger it is because he comes of a race prepared to bear the state of starvation. This is a matter that is not sufficiently considered in Brussels and Antwerp, in front of a solid Flemish pie, when a tradition of great bourgeoisie wants every painter to find his Mæneas in the country of Rubens.

Tarsila did not think that the passage of the ocean was not worth that which Paris alone can give to-day. Tarsila

has come to us to reveal Brazilian painting. The exhibition that this young artist held at the Galerie Percier in the Rue la Boétie, now nothing but one long museum of modern art, was to convince us that Brazilian painting was born entirely of the brush of Tarsila. Brazilian painting *is* Tarsila.

Nothing could have been more exquisite nor better suited to arouse one's thoughts than the aristocratic reception given by this young girl at the opening of her exhibition. She is as beautiful as she is elegant, and can be congratulated at the same time on the success of her painting and on her forthcoming marriage with one of the highest intellects of her country. Tarsila, who had come from so far, was at her ease in the heart of Paris, and received with those fine and beautiful manners that are so much in danger in 1926, but which a great lady of young Brazil need never fear to lose.

Even Tarsila's dress, an ample movement of tobacco-coloured taffeta crossed with azure, her rare jewels, her black veil—everything—was a miraculous combination of audacity and assurance received of modern Paris and distant lands.

The same may be said of her very personal art. During her first stay in France she had a French master—one only—Fernand Léger. Tarsila also became acquainted with Albert Gleizes, the leader of the group, or of the subgroup if it be preferred, of the so-called scientific cubists, and one of the best theorists of the moment proceeding from Picasso. Scientific cubism did not even touch Tarsila. But the keen intelligence of Gleizes must have influenced the student's culture favourably. As for the strong personality of Fernand Léger, is it not out of tune with this pleasant Franco-Brazilian romance? If one should desire to paint a rapid portrait of Fernand Léger, he should be represented as the modern painter, who first, or at least at the same time as Duchamp-Villon, then living in the United States, poetized the machine. Fernand Léger would reprove us and say that this is an illusion on our part, and that his real intention was to borrow passionately from mechanics in order to revive plasticity. At times he even turned to mechanics for a renewal of his palette. His glittering, gay colours are often those of

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tractors, mowing machines, thrashing machines, or of the powerful German dynamos. His imagination having remained very human, Léger was able to realize this art and draw from the poet and critic, Guillaume Apollinaire, the charming exclamation: "When I have seen a Léger I am content."

Tarsila, the revealer of Brazil, may owe to Fernand Léger the faith in the immediate, which is so far removed from the luminous moment, dear to the Impressionists. The translation of this immediate tends to be durable, constant; and this enabled the painter of machines to be the master of the most independent student, the revealer of a new art who seems pleased that one should notice its geographic element. It must not be forgotten that a Brazilian artist is in a very exceptional position; Brazil had no pre-Columbian art, and in recent times it lived very miserably on the meagre efforts of very obscure French academicians brought by John VI with his Court from Lisbon to Rio. If the pre-Columbian Brazilian had no art, it must not be put down to barbarism. On the contrary, the consciousness he had of being, like the splendid parrots of the forest, a direct emanation of God, proceeds from a fairly high intellectuality. Being himself was sufficient, hence the refusal to create any sort of image.

Does the painting of Tarsila lead one to guess all these things, and remind one that, with provinces like the State of San Paulo, Brazil is becoming one of the most active of modern republics? The canvases of Tarsila, as it behoves, make no other claim than that of perfect plasticity. They often attain it by the richness of colour tempered with well-ordered distribution of tones—the effect of native instinct as much as of a happy submission to the lessons of a master, who was a good alchemist of gradation. The linear resources of Tarsila, also received from this master, are suitable to the interpretation of tropical nature and humanity. The capital elements of each picture are to be found in its circumference. Vibrating with a hot, blue light, with which the rest of the colour is in accord, these pictures evoke local primitivism and national modernism, and are filled with the charm that the traveller finds in "colonial architecture." Tarsila has often had the ingenuity to express this picturesqueness, inherited from the first Portuguese colonists, by using indigenous models. Or again, it is a scarcely theatrical representation of the sentiments that may assail the soul in a Jesuit or Franciscan chapel in a suburb of Rio.

Tarsila has chosen to present her ardent, sunny, varied, ingenuous and considered canvases in frames specially designed by a cubist architect, whose intentions appeared to me somewhat disastrous. But this, too, was an occasion for Tarsila to show daring approaching to heroism. The exhibition was visited by all the critics, by numerous painters (Tarsila will soon find imitators), and by the smartest society. A delegate of the Soviets mingled with its graces; he was himself *chic* to a degree. He acquired on behalf of the Russian State a canvas destined for a museum in Moscow. The country which has destroyed all the links with the old world, which stigmatizes a certain "bourgeois art," could certainly not have distinguished anything more radically new in contemporary production.

True, there was at the same time at the galerie Paul Rosenberg, a splendid exhibition of the works of Picasso, that extraordinary, Luciferian Andalusian, whose powers of perpetual renewal are prodigious. But Moscow had the

sense to buy Picassos before they attained the unheard-of prices asked for them now.

Before this exhibition even jealousies disappear. He is no longer attacked. Scarcely anyone dares confess insensibility towards such magic. From now on Picasso can allow himself anything. Everything has been said about such an artist. One can only add that he can now indulge in the supreme fantasy of taking up the disgrace, which for a long time caused his early works to be discussed, and of incorporating it in his vast compositions, where it is combined with all the signs of the purest grace. This is far beyond the cubism which Picasso invented. He has now left the pleasure and pride of directing its movements to others, as everyone is at pains to explain.

Picasso extracts a new substance from each of his works, which is at once the touchstone, the foundation, and the material of a future creation. He does not contradict himself as some wrote who, to their shame, dared to consider him an impostor. He does not contradict himself, he literally destroys himself in order to re-erect himself with the essence of the last day. Others are content to build with ruins. Even the crowd is no longer mistaken. It is filled with absolute respect at the sight of works by the greatest artist of the age, and that explains the enthusiastic reception given to Picasso when he consents to work for the theatre.

He has not deigned to do so this year. However, we were able to recognize something on the stage that came from him.

Dramatic art has not occupied a prominent position in what is called the Paris season. Paris had not a single authentic novelty to offer H.M. Alfonso XIII, who, on the night of his reception at the Académie des Beaux Arts, took a box in the name of the Duke of Toledo in one of the theatres of the boulevards. Perhaps the sovereign, whose youth is still the admiration of Europe, graciously condescended to an act of courtesy in appearing to delight in what is called *l'esprit parisien*. Deprived of the revelation of a creation worthy of the name, it is to be feared that the King of Spain did not spend the best evening of his reign there. I do not mean to say that *l'esprit parisien* is dead. *L'esprit parisien* is in a state of constant and spontaneous formation. But it is evolving, and those who take care to crystallize it in its artistic form, and especially in its dramatic form, do not give themselves the trouble to discover it. Besides, the best of our writers of plays as well as of books have ceased to believe that this spirit is the end of all things. The times in which we live have corrupted our smile, and our minds have been opened to curiosities of a kind that do not encourage half-hearted gaiety. However, there is no lack of able people who draw sufficient benefits by placing fairly antiquated pages of "La Vie Parisienne" within reach of a new public that has barely awakened to intellectuality.

The freshest and most artistic performance was the pantomime which the poet, Jean Cocteau, presented at the Theatre des Arts. Jean Cocteau, who recently gave us an "Antigone" in verse, borrowed from the Greeks like the game of goose, has this time tackled the myth of Orpheus. I spoke of its freshness, its youthfulness. Yet Jean Cocteau only proved that he was sufficiently rich to give us another brilliant coin of which we already know the effigy. After having composed "Parade," the ballet for which Erik Satie wrote the music and Picasso invented the characters, Jean Cocteau published "Le Secret Professionnel," which

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claims to justify all the intentions of the poet, who after others (the first of whom was the symbolist, Jules Laforgue) cultivates metaphysics at the circus. It appears that "Orphée" is a sort of illustration of "Le Secret Professionnel" for the use of those who had not seen or have forgotten "Parade."

Eurydice has the bad luck of being lost because she is bored and jealous of the horse which is installed in the household, and to which Orpheus confides more than to herself. This horse is, of course, Pegasus, but it is also an animated *mannequin* in which we recognize the horse of "Parade." A glazier intervenes throughout the action. The glass he carries on his back is not real glass. As much above vulgar glass as the sham horse is above a wretched quadruped, this glass is of gilt cardboard, imitating the sun. It is light itself, absorbed by glass. This glazier is an even older acquaintance of ours than the old horse of "Parade." Stéphane Mallarmé first brought him to light. The great poet wrote in his "Chanson bas":

Le pur soleil qui remise
Trop d'éclat pour l'y trier.
Ote ébloui sa chemise
Sur le dos du vitrier.

Jean Cocteau is rather fond of borrowing from Mallarmé, in order to transfer his loan to the theatre. He did this with "Ecclesiastique," derived from the pages of "Divagations," which he dragged on to the stage, making poor little Raymond Radiguet—that seventeen-year-old novelist, who died at twenty when publishing his first verses—bear all the responsibility of the operation. Jean Cocteau declared at the time that it was for the pleasure of hearing anti-Coclist Mallarmists hiss *their* Mallarmé through Cocteau in their ignorance of their god. To which the Mallarmists might have answered that they were ignorant of nothing, and hissed precisely because that which Mallarmé, who weighed all things meticulously, had expressly reserved for the book had been placed on the stage.

This adventure of "l'Ecclesiastique" was long before the conversion of Jean Cocteau—a conversion that is still making a noise in literary circles, that sent the poet's secretary to the seminary, but which does not prevent Jean Cocteau from producing a profane pantomime.

Will not the able makers of very Parisian comedies say that the young leader of a bold movement is losing time as much as they in ingenious repetitions? Jean Cocteau will explain to them that the moderns have not yet won the day, that it is a slow business to conquer a vast public, and that, according to the terrible saying of that passionate accuser, M. Léon Daudet, "To repeat is to prove."

He might say, above all, that he has brought something very new, although the Second Empire saw *Orphée aux Enfers* dance the cancan after the *Belle Hélène*. The comic work of Offenbach and of his librettists was an offensive against the gravity of the Universities—nothing more. Jean Cocteau is at one with all the poets in maintaining that parody has had its day, and in restoring to poetry the parodied characters even though they are now in their parodic form. He would thus explain at once some of the motives of contemporary French poets, who introduce elements taken from farce or from everyday triviality into their purest lyrics.

Ought the annual competitive examinations at the Conservatoire to be considered as a theatrical attraction? They have not produced anyone particularly eminent,

but at least they provide food for thought. The Conservatoire as it now exists is an institution peculiar to France. It is only maintained amidst our great colleges in order to preserve the declamatory tradition of Racine, Corneille, and Molière, even though the latter can do very well without declamation. The Conservatoire is a school for students who ought only to appear in a museum-theatre. Owing to the necessity of turning to new works for receipts the Comédie Française has ceased to be such a museum-theatre. Considering this, and also that our greatest artists have rarely left the Conservatoire with honours (Sarah Bernhardt herself only obtained an inferior award), one cannot help wondering whether this institution ought not to be transformed. There is the choice of two alternatives—either a school of higher dramatic studies open to all actors, which would be for them what the school of the general staff is for the army; or simply an amphitheatre of classic dramatic literature at the Sorbonne or at the Collège de France.

The Conservatoire would have been dead long ago if it did not also train musicians learning a difficult art. But then, what does an artist of the quality of Mme. Jane Bathori—of whom it is said that she has discovered, supported, and brought out all the composers of her time—owe to the Conservatoire? She is, indeed, the indulgent godmother of all modern melodies, as Louis Vuillermoz has so beautifully expressed it. After a series of concerts and the festival of Satie, which was a triumph, Mme. Jane Bathori embarked for South America. She will then proceed to New York, expressly invited by Mrs. Coolidge. Mme. Jane Bathori, with whose name the present season comes to a brilliant end, has not disregarded a single page of modern music since Debussy and Ravel. She is truly and alone like an encyclopædia of modern music.

It is good to see with what respectful affection she is surrounded on the platform at a concert by her accompanists, who are no less than Maurice Delage and Maurice François Gaillard, a Honneger, or Albert Roussel, whose fine organization of the *Fêtes du Peuple* I described to you. They turn the pages of her music like genuine devotees. When she plays, the first places are occupied by the greatest French and foreign composers who are present in Paris.

How many more names, that without her would remain in the shade, will she yet add to those already familiar to lovers of music? It can be said, without offence to a generous effort, that the two concerts given by Mme. Jane Bathori did more for the reputation of Henri Sanquet than the sumptuous performances of "Le Plumet du Colonel" at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. When Mme. Jane Bathori sings her "*Jeune homme sur le bord du ruisseau*," after Schiller, one feels in the very pure intelligence of this modernism a revival of the classic moment which Jane Bathori can also let us enjoy in a melody of Schubert's.

Charles Koechlin, Roland Manuel, Georges Migot—who is haunted by folklore—H. Clique-Pleyel, Maxime Jacob—whose "*Rideau de ma voisine*" was encored thanks to her—owe her perhaps the economy of ten years of struggle against incomprehension.

The Conservatoire which can give taste to no one—to say nothing of genius—has given no one else so subtle an education—true classic culture capable of understanding the most daring innovation.

M. Paul le Fleur has said of one of the most recent

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concerts given in Paris by Jane Bathori—the exhibition of French Melodies: “But this is an exhibition with nothing left of the official treatment.”

She who has received so much homage can place above any criticism a letter that an unknown member of the audience sent her one night as she was leaving the Salle Gaveau. “Evenings like these show to what a marvellous

degree this young modern school, which is so erudite, so full of original themes, of robust rhythms, so solidly constructed, and has found in you its most ideal interpreter, has arrived.”

Though inaccessible to pride, Jane Bathori was nevertheless deeply moved and glad at this sign of the victory of those for whom she had fought so much.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE great Berlin Art Exhibition in the Moabit “Glaspalast” is now open. This time, again, it is not able to give the full picture of contemporary art, as some of its most important corporations, such as the “Secession,” are missing. It is not composed of individuals as is the case with the “Jury freie” exhibition, but of societies and groups which are answerable for their members. It is a Parliament of parties, and, as in a real Parliament, it is divided into Right and Left sides, whose opinions are opposed to each other. The standpoint of party has its great defects, as the principle is often considered more important than the art, and a mixture of ideals is produced that cannot always be realized.

The Right side is represented by the “Verein Berliner Künstler,” whose fundamental dispositions are conservative, and has understood to convert some artists who had once been young into old ones. This is somewhat tiresome. One goes through the halls without experiencing rebellious interest for a single picture, and the Dresden painter Böckstiegel is, perhaps, the only one who brings a little life into this group by his passionate colour-streams. A collection of pictures of Berlin has been brought together in the Hall of Honour. How you find all sorts of pictures of this town from Gärtner to Buluscheck and Engel, Skarbina, Ury, and Schlichting, but they are all more like a translation from a foreign language about the place, and there is nothing that has been born of the soil or the air of this town. The collection of water-colour pictures by Julius Jacob appear to me to be the most valuable of the exhibits, as in their old and true sobriety they have been most successful in catching the likeness of Berlin. This painter has always been undervalued.

The exhibition of the “Freie Vereinigung der Graphiker” forms the transition to the modern section; it is but little visited, though it contains the greatest treasures of all the masters of our times. I cannot go into details about them in this report.

In the modern section the “November Group” is supreme. Again we find in it the attraction and rhythm of the present time, and the spirit of opposition is still alive. Schmidt-Rottluff has not lessened his power of brilliant coloration. Karl Völker attains the most precise materialism in the new naturalism. The inclination towards materialism is observable everywhere, even with the sculptor Rudolf Belling. His coat of arms for the printers of books is bold symbolism of actual instruments. In the portrait of Richard Hütel is found intentional, pure imitation of Nature.

Next to the “November Group” an independent group has been formed that calls itself the “Abstract Group.” It even distributes a guide for the better understanding of its methods. The separation is forced as the November people are in general quite abstract enough to march beneath this banner, and the “Abstract Group” is not so adverse to Nature that they could not become “Secessionists.” Kandinsky’s purely ornamental compositions are well known. Rudolf Bauer trivializes his style, and tries by extraordinary titles, such as “Eulitziom” or “Eigimdyg,” to produce by his fantasy high-sounding pictures. Chagall is occupied with the old Russian songs of his native land, and Archipenko, his countryman, stylizes figures of tin and stone that seem to be dreaming of a return from life to pure forms. The Hungarian Kadar is very interesting in his musical renderings of landscapes and figures by deep, decorative organ notes. Johannes Itten places himself next to the atonic musician, and devotes a vision in sonorous colours to the Viennese composer Hauer; he also paints children like little saints on a golden background. Muche, of the Dessau Bauhaus, reveals most convincingly the development, from simple oscillating forms, of a real lunch in the open air. Schwitters still amuses himself with his rejected art, Lothar Schreyer von Sturm rhythmizes his symbolic colours, and William Wauer makes portraits of Hindenburg and Ebert, and, moreover, exhibits the largest picture—a mawkish, shallow allegory of a victor. Thus one sees what sort of things are thrown together here.

Architecture, as always, is the most essential part and the best of the exhibition. Numberless plans and models of modern buildings refresh us by the sureness of their function and the clearness of their inner form. Among the exhibitors there are some Dutchmen, who are now leaders in this branch, just as some of the great Frenchmen, such as Gleizes or Léger, who are represented here, and before whose recognized taste German producers fail in symbolism, are leaders in pictures of abstract form. It is, therefore, gratifying to see that German architecture has penetrated into the whole world as is proved by the fine construction of a Russian factory designed by Eric Mendelsohn. Taut’s book-printing house, Luckardt’s dwelling-houses on the Rüdesheimer Platz, the Ruheleben rows of houses by Hilberseimer, the large buildings for aquatic sports by Kuhnert, Häring’s “Secession” design, and the splendid foundry by Zellhorn are all noble examples. Their worth appears all the greater when one compares them with the enormous effort made by the “Bund deutscher Dekorationsmaler,” who have filled

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sixteen fully furnished rooms that occupy the back half of the exhibition building, which is entered from the central door. They call it "Farbige Raumkunst," the art of colour space. But with few exceptions it is convention and concessions, and unworthy of this great effort. Space, colour, and art are everywhere in this exhibition except here.

After this mixed undertaking I find refreshment in a charming speciality: the examples of the plastic art by the famous painter, Degas, which were found after his death in a corner of his studio. They have the charm, boldness, and rhythmic precision that the master required in order to rehearse the admirable counterpoint and the statuesque balance of his pictures. They are either dancers or horses. The movements jump in the eyes, and are brought to the last extreme; form becomes impressionism. They are all of bronze, small, delicate figures, that just in this perfect composition have a wonderful decorative charm, and from the point of view of art-history have a priceless importance. The number of the exhibits is but small. Foreign museums already possess the whole collection; it is the first time that a set has been seen in Germany.

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The community of interests that the Municipal and State Operas of this place have decided on has long since become a habit. They have always discussed the distribution of the repertoires and the personnels, and they at least tried not to stand in the way of each other. One can therefore say that the character of this community of interests is a separation of interests. This will be far more productive than any form of fusion, which would only send both institutions to sleep.

This could be noticed in two ballet performances, one of which was given by the Municipal Opera and the other by the State Opera. The ballet teacher of the Municipal Opera, Fräulein Mandrik, has certainly the best intentions. She is well versed in the modern school of dancing, and knows what is now demanded from an artistic ballet. But she has taken over a weak company, and has as yet not been able to train it properly. This, however, would be the least important. Ivonne Georgi, from Gera, has also no specially great artists in her hands, but she understands how to educate them into producing by a choreography that is both lively and fantastic, an astonishing ensemble. And the same is to be found in other places in the provinces where the new impulse makes itself felt. Unfortunately choreographic imagination is still in arrears at the Municipal Opera in Berlin. The evening was opened by Tschaikevsky's "Casse-Noisette" suite, but the dances were in no way characteristic of this "Casse-Noisette" suite, some numbers were omitted, and the music was only employed as a base for formal exercises. This is certainly not the right way. The "Casse-Noisette" was followed by Richard Strauss's "Couperin" suite. As far as I know it was the first time that this wonderful score, which has brought new life into old French dances, has been given on the stage, not with ordinary hackneyed dance forms, but on which a scenic action has been constructed. It is a flirtation between a marquis and a milliner at a rococo court, interrupted by all sorts of petty jealousies, and assisted by all sorts of little dances. The producer was not able to identify this action with the music. It was more of a good society picture than a real pantomime. The stage only brought confusion into the charming music,

and the music lengthened the uninteresting action. I should not advise further experiments like this to be made. It is best for the orchestra alone to play "Couperin," but if he is danced then he should really be only danced. The happiest number was the finale, Casella's "Great Pitcher"; this well-known grotesque scene, with singing accompaniment, to the lovely music of the imprisonment and liberation from the giant pitcher in which the personnel could revel without any technical pretensions.

Without any competition with this, the staging of Terpis's ballet evening in the State Opera house, though much more cultivated, did not attain the highest standard. He began with Stravinsky's "Pulcinella," one of his masterpieces of the former days of Russian culture both in its liveliness and execution. It was followed by the first performance of a new dance-poem, "Don Morte." Death in the guise of a Spanish knight passes by the artistic group of poor people and appears at a rich man's feast, kills the duke, and carries off his mistress. The action is rapid, a piecing together of catching airs, chosen for their contrasts, staged with effect, though having tendencies towards a revue. There is, however, but little construction in it, and the dances that are scattered in it, the great solo scene of the mistress, a dance of vanity with refined uncoverings, the dance of mad love, and the fear of death, all follow each other without any concentration and radiation, such as we had admired in the scheme of the legend of Joseph. The music written by Wilckens is conventionally pictorial, the tone-pictures are strongly and quickly thrown in, with coarse methods, and have an unpleasant dependence on Richard Strauss. Nevertheless, the whole get-up by Pirchan is effective, the personnel is satisfactory, in which Albu, as the mistress, and Kreutzberg as the fool with his amusing acting, passed before us. The great success of the evening was the Spanish ballet, "The Scarecrow," with its enchanting, delicate, noble and reserved, but exceedingly rhythmic music composed by Falla. A friend helps a lover, dressed up as a scarecrow, to frighten the obstinate father of the girl he is in love with, and to get reconciled with him. This is the typical, grotesque subject of the modern style of ballet such as we find in Casella's "Great Pitcher," or in Rieti's "Barabau," always accompanied with a little singing as in Stravinsky's ballets. It was the real success of the evening, and as the first German performance of this piece it is very much to be recommended.

Janáček conquered Berlin and, perhaps, the world when his "Jenufa" was given in the State Opera house. It was a first-rate performance with excellent Jurjewskaya in it. The Municipal Opera has just given another work by Janáček, "Katja Kabanowa." The will was good, but it failed in the dash and the brilliancy of "Jenufa." The piece in itself is weaker, as it is quite lyrical and is entirely based on landscape and soul, avoiding all stronger dramatic accents. It is the story of an unfaithful wife, who passes ten nights with her lover, confesses it on a stormy night, and throws herself into the Volga. In Janáček's hands this story is worked out in dreamy, sweet, melancholy motives of anxious, natural notes—concise outbreaks that from their very beginning meekly bend to the ground. It is music of national character, impressionistic visions, local colouring that is united in the unpositive and deep beauty typical of the whole of the present-day Slav school of music. Fritz Zweig, the leader of the orchestra, understands this style of music, and draws from his orchestra

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everything sweet and sensual that can be produced. But the stage answers him heavily. Instead of mysterious perspectives, massive decorations are built up that sooner hide than support the action, and the parts were given to singers for whom the Slav tone was not only quite alien, but who neither possessed the power nor the personality to be able to draw from this lyric music its strength and impressibility. Burgwinkel, the tenor, seems to hover above his part rather than to personify it, and Fräulein Hell,

the "Katja," is a beginner whose dramatic future ought not to be disputed, but who for the present is not equal to the magnitude of such a part. The secondary parts were better allotted. Nevertheless, it remains an imperishable gain to have produced this work of one of our great men. Janáček was acclaimed, and is delighted in his old age to receive such appreciation. Let us be faithful to him, as he will be eternally thankful to us, and will bear in his heart the love for Germany.

BOOK REVIEWS

ORPHEUS, OR THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE, by W. J. TURNER. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

It was the poet Flecker who asked of his confrère a thousand years hence whether he had wine and music still, and seemed rather doubtful whether the answer would be favourable to Bacchus and Orpheus. Mr. W. J. Turner, who has written this pamphlet on the future of music for the "To-day and To-morrow Series" does not peer quite so far forward into the unknown, and he never mentions wine. But he is an optimist for all that. "In another five generations there will be no poverty, there may be no matrimony, there will certainly, if there is no poverty, be no patrimony. The world will be so changed that none of the problems which to-day set our newspapers printing and our politicians talking will even exist. Our present ideas on sex, morality, beauty, and value will in those days appear as strange, as illusory, as fantastic as the ideas of our ancestors who took Beecham's pills." In a word our great-great-great-grandchildren will have "put it over" to some purpose. And their music? Will they still be extracting the sweets of despair from the "Fifth" Symphony? Will their young men and maidens dance to the strains of a Sublimated "jazz"? Will those consecutive ninths which worry some listeners to-day have become sweet to listen to, sweet as the harmonies of Palestrina? These questions one has the right

to ask of a prophet. But Mr. Turner is too cunning to commit himself. He is not going to give himself way to his or anyone else's great-great-great-grandchildren. He admits that their music will be different. How? On his last page, he asks himself the question once more. He twitches his mantle. He is about to say something that will lift the veil. Just in time he remembers that discretion is a virtue, even in a prophet. "What sort of music will be listened to in those days? The music of Orpheus, the music that comes out of darkness." And Mr. Turner withdraws with an enigmatical smile. If the reader wears it, too, all is well.

H. E. WORTHAM.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM QUARTERLY, No. 1. Published by Humphrey Milford for the Trustees. 2s.

A warm welcome should be extended to this new periodical which will fulfil a most useful function in chronicling the new accessions of the British Museum. The first number deals with several items of exceptional interest, among which a late fourth-century marble statuette of Socrates will, perhaps, attract most general attention: it is the earliest known representation of the philosopher. A medieval bronze bowl (found in the Severn in 1829) and a T'ang silver hoard provide other features of importance in a most excellent first number.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

The Augustness of the Dance.—It is right and proper that these notes on the last month of London's musical year, which dies in July, only to be born again at the Queen's Hall in August, should be concerned with the Russian Ballet. Has not music been under an age-long debt to the dance, most austere and primitive of the arts? Did not the first of composers and poets, Orpheus, lead the trees and the very mountain tops in a cosmic ballet? Did not the greatest of composers, our modern Orpheus, whom men call Mozart, write his music to a tingling in his toes and admit that his real passion was dancing? Is not the Seventh Symphony an apotheosis of the dance? And *entre nous* is there not something grandly primitive about jazz, or, rather, symphonized syncopation, as it prefers to be called? It says "yes." It is as crudely affirmative as life itself, as sublimely beyond ratiocination. All reasonable people agree that life is a mistake, and yet they go on living. They agree that jazz is a deplorable

tyranny, but they submit with a cheerful countenance to its boisterous ways. Personally I like jazz. It bears out so convincingly the theories about the essential unity of music, dancing, and singing. A jazz orchestra breaks naturally into song—just as your partner at the Berkeley hums the tune of the fox-trot in which you and she are catching echoes of the rhythm to which move all things—from the ideas of composers to the nebulae that bespangle the skies. In such reflections the philosopher can, indeed, console himself for a dinner which has been sacrificed on strange altars. Gasterea, the tenth of the Muses, is certainly the most jealous, and if all the world is a dance—as we are assured it is—the dinner-table should be exempted from the law of Nature and stand apart as the only solid in a universe of dancing atoms.

Stravinsky and his Critics.—With this protest I return to M. Diaghileff and his incomparable Ballet, whose lustre has never shone more brightly than during the

Music of the Month

recent season at His Majesty's. Undoubtedly it has been the most brilliant the Ballet has enjoyed in London since before the war. Its artistic success can be measured by the enthusiasm and controversy it has aroused. This centred chiefly round Stravinsky's "Les Noces," which we had not seen here before. Stravinsky is one of those dynamic personalities who have the power of exciting strong feelings. One remembers the storm which "Le Sacre" aroused in 1913, a ballet by the way which one regrets was not included in the repertory this year. "Les Noces" has been more fruitful of discussion. The audiences have received it with enthusiasm. "Of course, I don't understand the music," remarked one lady who was applauding vigorously, "but I'm so sorry for the poor bride." In the Press its reception was less kind. M. Diaghileff, in a speech he made last season at the Music Club's At Home, expressed his disappointment with his English critics. They did not sufficiently appreciate the effort he was making to achieve a synthesis of the arts, nor offer him the encouragement which the pioneer deserves. There was very little encouragement for "Les Noces." Ridicule, amazement, or frank hostility was its portion. The two double pianos on the stage, the battery of percussion which did service for an orchestra, the queer backcloth, the "rabbit hutch" wherein the bridal bed was set, the pyramidal choreography, the "in-laws"—there was plenty of material for mirth.

What Mr. Wells Thought.—But the anti-Stravinsky faction did not have it all their own way. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, I believe, declared that Stravinsky was the greatest composer the world had seen for a century, and Mr. H. G. Wells wrote protesting against the "undercurrent of artistic politics" which seemed to have crept into the business, and deploring the "wilful stupidity" of our professional guides to taste that might succeed in driving "Les Noces" out of the programme. Mr. Wells's letter, at later performances of "Les Noces," was distributed in the theatre during the ensuing *entr'acte*, so that after we had appreciated the ballet on its merits we might know what effect it had had on his imaginative mind. Since, so far as I know, it has not been published anywhere, I will quote the concluding paragraph: "'Les Noces' is a rendering in sound and vision of the peasant soul, in its gravity, in its deliberate and simple-minded intricacy, in its subtly varied rhythms, in its deep undercurrents of excitement, that will astonish and delight every intelligent man or woman who goes to see it. The silly pretty-pretty tradition of Watteau and Fragonard is flung aside. Instead of fancy dress peasants we have peasants in plain black and white, and the smirking flirtatiousness of Daphnis and Chloe gives place to a richly humorous solemnity. It was an amazing experience to come out from this delightful display with the warp and woof of music and vision still running and interweaving in one's mind, and find a little group of critics flushed with resentment and ransacking the stores of their minds for cheap trite depreciation of the freshest, and strongest thing that they had had a chance to praise for a long time."

Stravinsky's Convention.—So much for Mr. Wells's enthusiasm, though I have met sensible men and nice women whose intelligence has stopped short of astonishment and delight at "Les Noces." And I am not so sure as Mr. Wells that Stravinsky, in flinging aside the pretty-

pretty tradition of Watteau and Fragonard—it is not only the professional critic who can be sweeping and intolerant—has not created for himself another convention, not less romantic than that which he has discarded. Court gallants and pretty ladies disporting themselves under the guise of shepherds and shepherdesses are a convention. But peasants in black and white homespun, behaving like automata in the grip of the life-force are not less a convention. Mr. Wells has a machine-mind and feels at home with strange pieces of mechanism. Others are differently constituted, and to them Stravinsky's villagers give the impression of being intellectual snobs. How they would freeze out the genial, funny man whom dear old-fashioned Mother Nature invariably sends along to cheer up these depressing functions which the life-force insists upon. Still "Les Noces," though one may think its conventions narrow and over-emphasized, is a remarkable piece of work. Its command of rhythm is extraordinary, even for the composer of "Le Sacre du Printemps." The patterns of its sounds, echoed with amazing skill in the choreography of Nijinska, work one up to a strange intoxication. It is the absinthe of art. Perhaps the reason why it excited such resentment amongst the critics was that, whilst professing to be purely intellectual, it was beneath its disguise an essay in the higher romanticism. But the subject is too big to be discussed within the limits of these notes. In the humble opinion of one admirer of the Russian Ballet "Les Noces" is certainly inferior in spontaneity and humanity to "Petroushka," which ranks with "The Three Cornered Hat" and "Le Boutique Fantasque," as the three masterpieces in the ballet's repertoire.

Other New Ballets.—The repertoire of the Ballet included some other novelties. Auric's "La Pastorale" hardly received its due. Perhaps it is as well, for if we understood this brilliant young French composer better it would mean that his qualities were less distinctively French. Since there is an article about him and Poulenc in the present number of APOLLO, I need say no more about him here. Satie's two ballets, "Parade" and "Jack-in-the-Box," the latter new to London, were interesting as showing a musician trying to get more from his art than its nature will allow—an artistic living beyond one's income which is an unsatisfactory business except for the spendthrift born, which Satie wasn't. Constant Lambert's "Romeo and Juliet" was amusing, and introduced to London, as it has already done to Monte Carlo and Paris, a young English composer with wit and lively invention.

The "Star" System?—Technically the performances have been on the usual high level. One regrets to see the practice of the "star" system creeping into the Russian Ballet. "Special engagement of Thamar Karsavina," "Special engagement of Lydia Lopokova"—there were too many of such announcements. Both these ladies are accomplished artists, and their dancing is always a joy to watch. But one has always felt that the skill of the *corps de ballet* lay in the fact that recognition was the sure and not too dilatory result of merit, a process incompatible with the introduction of "stars." A word is due to the superb art of Woizikowsky, the most versatile and, perhaps, the greatest male dancer the Russian ballet has produced in our time. And also to the orchestra und Mr. Eugène Goossens. The list of its symphonic interludes alone does honour to modern music.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Goupil Gallery—Summer Exhibition.

Exhibitions like this one are rather like a Japanese dinner, which consists of innumerable little dishes served all at once and into which the diner dips at random. After ten minutes of this kind of repast the European does not know one dish from another: it all tastes alike, fish and soup, raw eggs and green vegetables; only the rice eaten before, between and after each dip remains, something like Robespierre, a "snow-white incorruptible."

A section chosen at random from the catalogue of this summer exhibition puts the following courses before one's eyes—Mark Gertler, Frank Brangwyn, H. M. Livens, Renoir, Stephen Bone, George Sheringham, Vera Ross, David Richter, Sisley, Buxton-Knight, Vollon, James Pryde, Sir William Orpen, Ribot, Boudin. Those to whom these names convey anything will be able to realize the extraordinary variety of stimuli the spectator's gustatory sense receives from this æsthetic fare, stimuli so heterogeneous and so pronounced that fair judgment becomes impossible. Renoir's "Jeune femme Russe" is excellent, until one compares it with Gerther's neighbouring "Russian Peasant Girl," which in its firmness of handling and design seems very much better. Buxton-Knight's "Peet Cutters, Picardy," seems a delightful, serious, and virile work, until one compares it with the neighbouring blue and bright Sisley "Cabanes au Bord du Loing," which makes the English artist's painting look brown, dull, and heavy. Next to this, however, Vollon's "The Harbour" seems sheer madness. There is a John Nash between a Claude Monet and a le Sidaner, and next to the latter a Sine Mackinnon. In this conjunction the great French dead do not look anything like so interesting as the British living. Mackinnon's "Hay's Wharf, London Bridge," in particular, suggests vision, and not merely accurate optics.

Fortunately there is no Whistler to call Greaves to account for his "Battersea Bridge, Grey Day"; but how much better and more alive this looks than José Weiss's "September Morning," already sere and yellowed with age. There is a fine "Portrait Study" by William Rothenstein, and an amusing still-life, "Feathers," by William Nicholson, who always contrives to build such pictures with the theoretically, most unlikely "bricks"—in this case a doubtful blue and a far from doubtful red—in the background. Amongst the water-colours may be specially mentioned a Wilson Steer "The Common," very slight, but very pleasing; a Muirhead Bone "Ville of Tiberius, Capri"; a Walter Russell "Low Tide"; a landscape study "Early Spring, Marden Park," by Pauline Kenody; and "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Courtauld and Child," by Sir William Orpen.

In the upper galleries L. S. Edmonds' "Olive Trees," Robin Guthrie's "An Old Man," and Rodney Burn's "Portrait," all oils, and the two water-colours by Delisle Burns seem to me the most outstanding. There are also a number of excellent drawings of "Nudes" by Eric Gill; they would be still better without his peculiar idiosyncrasies.

"Modern English Engraver-Etchers" at the St. George's Gallery.

This new venture of the St. George's Gallery promises to become of increasing interest; engraving and dry-point, usually lumped together with etching, are really separate

crafts, but it is characteristic of the time that they are here difficult to distinguish and, in fact, sometimes mixed on one and the same plate. This mixture of processes does not, of course, matter, everything is permissible in art provided only that the end justifies the means. Nevertheless it seems that several artists in this exhibition have reduced the value of their design by the uncertain mixture of means. On the other hand, it must be granted that the "Modern Engraver-Etchers" deserve a welcome just because they are not bound in subject-matter and execution by the orthodox modern print that fetches record prices at sales. As it is, discriminating buyers may here possibly acquire etchings at one guinea, which are likely to fetch three figures in 1940 or thereabouts.

It is interesting to find Mr. Gordon Craig in his treatment of the metal manifestly governed by the wood-engravers' technique, for which reason one prefers his little etching "Drama" to a similar type of thing such as his "homage à Callot," done in wood, where it is a *tour de force*. "Drama" is delightful. The work of another wood-engraver, C. W. Taylor, justifies itself beautifully on metal in "Corn in Essex" and "Low Tide, Leigh," but this is because Mr. Taylor, as an old hand at wood-engraving, began by thinking in "black and white." Mr. Greenwood, another wood-engraver, is less convincing on metal, though "Clare Avenue" is a successful plate. Yet another artist who has produced wood-engravings, C. C. Webb, shows here to better advantage. The black line manifestly suits him, his "Girl with the Bellows," and particularly his "Monkeys," are fine, firm, and closely-knit designs. I confess that I took Frank C. Medworth's "Bullfight" subjects for dry-points, though they are, I am told, engravings, but whatever they are, and the dry-point is really a species of engraving, they are done with a heavier movement of the hand than an etching: the technique is, therefore, curiously at variance with the treatment of the subject which indicates lightning speed—even so they are interesting experiments. A certain contradiction in technique is also discernible in the series of Italian landscapes or townscapes by Allan McNab, the "Mentone" view being, perhaps, the most successful.

A little gem of unorthodoxy is Eric Gill's firmly engraved and hand-coloured "Skaters." Gill is a past-master in the art of pure line-design. Another artist, with a style of his own which remains whatever medium he adopts, is Ethelbert White; his "The Rick," an important etching, deserves its place of honour. C. Tunnicliffe's work is new to me; his four etchings are all good, but particularly so the one called "To the Slaughter," which is Düreresque because it is in the "School" of W. Strang. Very individual and entertaining are W. N. Larkins' "East-end, Night," and several little prints by Henry G. Cogle. Michael Ross' "The Adoration," after Brueghel, is a very intelligent and highly successful interpretation of the old Fleming's delightful painting, now in the National Gallery. The two little landscapes by Charles Murray, "Italian Landscape," and "Bridges," are gems. The exhibition is supplemented by engravings and etchings by several foreigners: Laboureur and Marie Laurencin. Laboureur was also an old wood-engraver converted—very much so—to "modern art"; Hermine David, likewise a woodcutter, is here represented by four spirited etchings, of which the "Mentone" is the best designed, and a very

Art News and Notes

maelstrom of rhythm. Joseph Hecht's "Ark" prints are quite good fun.

Etchings by Segonzac at the Independent Gallery.

André Dunoyer de Segonzac's etchings differ entirely from his revolutionary figure-paintings; they are, at first sight, almost old-fashioned in their technique, and impressionistic realism. Closer inspection reveals this artist's amazing skill in suggesting light, air, and distance in wooded landscape by the slightest and most economic means: "Les grands peupliers," "Le gros chêne à Charilla," and "l'Eglise du Village" are striking cases in point.

HERBERT FURST.

André Lhote.

Art lovers who have looked with reverent bewilderment upon the works of some of the newer exponents of modern painting must often have wished to take the painter aside and ask him to tell them frankly just what he was striving to express when he painted such and such a picture.

One or two recent books have set out to render the student such a service. But they have dealt too much in generalities. Few give quite such an insight into a modern painter's methods as the extract, given below, from a letter addressed by M. André Lhote to a friend who had



A STUDY OF THE NUDE

By André Lhote

just purchased one of his pictures—purchased it because of its rare classic charm, without more than a superficial knowledge of the artist's aims and ideals.

M. André Lhote is, of course, well known in Paris as a brilliant exponent of modern art, and is winning important

recognition in London. He is the subject of a forthcoming volume in the famous series "Les Peintres Français Nouveaux," issued by the publishers of "La Nouvelle Revue Française," while his own writings on art, published in that *revue* and translated, some of them, in the "Athenæum" attracted, when they appeared a year or two ago, almost as much notice as his pictures. He is probably the most *intellectual* painter of his age, both his canvases and his essays being the products of a mind extraordinarily acute and subtly analytic in its artistic perceptions.

The picture to which M. Lhote refers in his letter is a "Nu," exposed at the Salon des Tuileries in May last, and bought and taken away by its present owner the day after the *vernissage*.

"Since you are interested in my method of working" (wrote M. Lhote), "know that this little picture was preceded first by an extemporary drawing made spontaneously from the model and at the first visual contact. A second, more methodical drawing, followed. In the first drawing it was a question of noting in the space of a few moments the unexpected proportions assumed by an object at the first glance. (Astonishment, surprise, are the real factors of deformation in a sketch dashed off in the first heat.) The second drawing aimed at *nourishing* the first one with real anatomical forms; at *justifying the liberties* of the original sketch, which, dictated by instinct, traced once for all the poetic limits of the human form. When beginning to paint, I had no longer to seek either the proportions (first drawing), or the values (second drawing), but only the colour which would best correspond with these forms. I made a first picture, quiet enough and a little cold, which I will show you, if you like. The final problem being to conserve the results of the previous meditations and constructions, *without obtruding them*, it only remained to copy my picture as swiftly as possible. That is what I did, and it is this picture that is in your possession. It comprises all the tones, the deformations, the construction, the contrasts of the first picture, plus spontaneity and lightness of touch. It has the look of a rough impromptu sketch; it has all the freshness of such; but I hope I have put into it more than can be put into a sketch of that sort, namely, a little of the true classic spirit, but *living*, not still-born, as with that of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. I trust that this brief exposition of my manner of working will interest you; it is repeated with every picture I paint."

A number of M. Lhote's water-colour drawings were included in a recent exhibition in one of the London galleries, and won laudatory comments from leading critics.

W. T. CRANFIELD.

Venice and Modern Art.

Venice is a city with an art tradition which is her own, and can never be surpassed; it must have come to her as something of inspiring novelty when, putting all that for the moment aside, she first opened her doors to the message of modern art. It has been my privilege to have attended her biennial exhibitions, with very rare exceptions, for the last twenty years and more, to have watched their progress and sought to interpret their meaning, to know something of their difficulties. Now that they are making their first entrance into the pages of APOLLO, I feel that a few general remarks may be useful before coming to criticize the work now being shown in 1926.

I had the privilege of knowing at Venice in years before the war, when these exhibitions reached a very high level,

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Senator Fradeletto, and can testify to the debt which they owe to his energy and inspiration; it was in these years that the idea of separate pavilions in the grounds, dedicated to the art of different nations, took shape and developed, but while it certainly gave *éclat* to these displays it may be questioned if it has proved wholly satisfactory. The control of the invitations and works exhibited passed from the Venice central committee into the hands of the nations exhibiting, of the committees they appointed; but in any case it is inconceivable to think now of pulling down all the national pavilions, and returning to one large palace of art, and it is a pleasure to me to think that I had some share in helping the participation of the United States of America, who will, I believe, before long have her own pavilion—and in arranging for the appearance in the next biennial of the new but most interesting art of Australasia.

Another point which has been always a sound feature of these biennials has been the attention to the work of past artists, frequently, but not always, Italian; and, lastly, they have represented, or sought to represent, the art of modern Italy in its main features and motives. Thus we have throughout in these displays, the retrospective, the international, and the purely Italian character; all these are present in this display of 1926. Felice Carena is a painter of distinction, who won his laurels in 1906 with his "*Rivolta*," and is now one of the professors in the Institute of Fine Arts in Florence; he has a room here to himself, with fifty paintings which show masterly drawing and knowledge of the figure. In his group, "*Serenità*," in the stillness of a summer evening the upright girl at the side is worthy of Giorgione himself; but the *fiammeggiare*, the glory of colour of the old Venetian master is missing, the cold greys and brown predominate. With these memories to inspire them the modern Italians can yet produce work like the nude "*Distrazione*" of Celada, careful, correctly drawn, but cold and without warmth; we turn from it with delight to the studies of Spadini, that apostle of family life, on the wall opposite, with their radiance, their warm luminous flesh tints. But Armando Spadini is no more with us; like Lino Selvatico, that brilliant draughtsman and elegant feminist—"Chioma disciolta" is here a good example, like Marius Pictor, with his visions of the fantastic, the horrible "*La sorgente infetta*," and "*Mure cancrenate*"—he belongs to the past painters who claim us here. Over them all stands out Giovanni Segantini, filling the great Sala as we enter with his visions of the high Alps—"Pascoli Alpini"—where we almost breathe the clean, sweet air, or watch—"Nel ovile"—at night the peasant girl sleeping with her sheep folded around her.

It would have been obviously a mistake in these displays not to bring in constantly new blood, but when we find artists of such world celebrity as Professor Ettore Tito, as the Ciardi, as Brass, as Pietro Gaudenzi, conspicuous by their absence, we become inclined to turn to Pittsburg rather than Venice for an adequate idea of modern Italian painting. One young painter of high promise finds his place here, for Primo Conti of Florence in his portrait of "*Domenico Trentacoste*" and in his brilliant nude, "*Ballerina dormiente*," has a little group of seven oil paintings in all which claim attention, and yet again Mario Micheletti, a young painter of Turin who has shown in London, gives all the freshness of child-life in his group of "*Pasqua*."

Lastly I come to the foreign pavilions, which I have shown to be an essential and important feature of these Venice exhibitions; they include this year, Belgium, Spain, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Holland—Russia having ceded her pavilion to the Italian Futurists. Among these pavilions Spain claims this year a strong place, through the twenty-two decorative panels—with his self-portrait—of that great modern Spanish master, Joaquín Sorolla, whose genius we had in London the opportunity of appreciating at the Grafton Galleries in 1908, and who appears here in these studies—destined, I believe, in their complete form for America—as fresh, as vigorous, as true to national character as ever. In the Belgian pavilion there is a brilliant show of the work of Felicien Rops in oil, water-colour, lithography, and pastel, a remarkable display not to be overlooked, and there is the sculpture of George Minne. In Great Britain beside Orpen, Lavery, and Munnings, we are interested to find Brundrit, Archibald Barnes, Alan Beeton; in France, with Edgar Degas, Le Sidaner, Elisabeth Chaplin, Albert Marquet; in Germany, Lovis Corinth and Franz Stuck in his vigorous figure work. The Futurists may be taken first or last, as a digestive or a cocktail, but I find them much the same as ever, and their strident appeal leaves me unconvinced.

SELWYN BRINTON.

E. A. Abbey Memorial Scholarships for Mural Painting.

The council offer for competition two minor scholarships of £125 a year and one major scholarship of £250 a year. These scholarships are awarded in the first instance for one year, but are subsequently renewable for two further periods of one year each.

The competitions are open to men and women who are either British subjects or citizens of the United States of America. There are certain age limits, and holders of scholarships will be required to devote themselves to the study of mural decoration and its relation to architectural conditions.

The first competition will be held in 1927, and full particulars regarding it may be obtained from the Secretary, Edward Austin Abbey Scholarships, Chelsea Lodge, 42 Tite Street, S.W.3.

Messrs. J. A. Cooling and Sons' Gallery, 92 New Bond Street.

Mr. Leonard Richmond has a charming exhibition of oils, water-colours, and pastels of "*Venice*" and "*The Canadian Rockies*." Mr. Richmond "goes for" colour, and finds ample scope for his preference in mountains and lagoons.

Erratum.—In the July number the legend of the picture by Mr. Steer, reproduced on page 29, is erroneously given as "*Chepstow Castle (1905)*" instead of "*Richmond Castle (1903)*."

The colour-plate after Nicholas Hilliard in the same number reproduces the miniature very considerably enlarged.





ON A LANDSCAPE BY CLAUDE AT HERTFORD HOUSE

By PHILIP HENDY

LIKE his great contemporary Poussin, Claude Lorrain made his way to Italy; at an even earlier age, for, born in Lorraine and so not a French subject, he was less tempted to turn aside to Paris. Like Poussin he broke his long residence at Rome with only a single visit to his native country, and the two artists, who spoke a common tongue, enjoyed an equal fame and were close neighbours and friends, were further united in the ambition to evoke the image of an ideal past and the tragedy of fallen Rome.

Both were thoroughly imbued with the classical spirit, "naturalized," as Reynolds put it, "in antiquity." But here the parallel between the two comes to an end, for the first world-famous painters of the French school are the fountain-heads of two opposite currents of French art. Poussin was interested in formal design constructed of contours and planes; the stream which has flown from him as the source has been the broadest and the most fertile for French art. No great painter ever had less feeling for contours and planes than Claude; he was interested wholly in effects of light got by the arrangement of tones, and the source which he opened has brought also an abundance of beauty. Mostly these streams have mingled in different proportions, and only in very modern times have such men as Braque committed themselves to one alone; for one cannot reveal form without light and one cannot create light without something for it to reveal.



STUDY OF TREES
Drawing by Claude

British Museum

The absence of one or the other means abstract design.

But Claude came to Rome to pay homage to the antique, and its essential spirit had until his day been found in form. He had not the freedom of modern times to turn from one means of expression to another, and spent weary hours striving to obtain mastery over form without ever becoming even plausible in its representation. Even with his rocks and trees he never had total success; though they hold lovely masses of shadow or light we are not convinced of

their substance or organic growth. Nor did Claude succeed in subjecting either form or colour to the light he knew how to create. The "Embarkation of St. Ursula" in the National Gallery is a good instance of this constructive weakness. A brilliant light comes from the horizon, yet on the galleon which intercepts its rays flags of the clearest blue display the fleur-de-lis of France as plainly as if they were laid on a table under a brilliant light. The maidens thronging the steps have gowns of the same hard colour quite unaffected, too, by the shade from the sun at their backs. This is especially curious, for a pen-and-wash study for them in the British Museum shows them bathed in deep shadow as they should have been; Claude's logic seems to desert him when he compiles an ambitious picture of this kind. In the same way the architecture here defies the laws of Nature, and in the palace to the left the different



National Gallery

THE EMBARKATION OF ST. URSULA

By Claude

planes are all equally well lighted as if with a gentle radiance from all sides.

Claude's reputation with the serious has suffered unnecessarily from the praise of inconsiderate admirers. He was described by a contemporary, and still is, in the handbooks of to-day, as the first to paint into the sun and to attempt the brilliance of its very rays. A glance at the landscape by Rubens, illustrated on page 98, will show how undeserving he is of this particular praise. Rubens' sun has a brilliance Claude never attained; it fills the scene with light and colour to which local hues and every object are subdued with perfect logic. The sun is not introduced on to a preconceived scene; it alone seems to create the picture and reveal the space and form of Nature from within. Rubens was painting landscapes before

Claude had taken a brush in his hand, and would presumably have objected to Claude's traditional title of the "father of landscape painting."

For the richness of the sun's radiance, for the sense of distance and the construction of a real scene we go to Rubens. His landscapes reveal the poetry of the earth herself, rich with abundant life, glorious with the radiance of the sun, strong and fertile and real.

It is for something quite different that we turn to Claude—something gentle, serene, and melancholy that touches us only in certain moods; to find it we very often have to do what Claude with his academic surroundings does not seem to have dared to do himself—to cast aside in our minds all the conventional trappings, the stuffed figures, the cardboard

On a Landscape by Claude



Wallace Collection

ITALIAN LANDSCAPE
By Claude



LANDSCAPE
Chinese Master, Fifteenth Century

ruins, and those lifeless little weeds and flowers which clutter up the space. From under these a bold planning of the tone-spaces often emerges, and with it those tender cadences of tone which make the remoter distances a tantalizing dream. The "Italian Landscape" in the Wallace collection is a lovely instance of this. The illustration of the whole gives some conception of the planning of the masses of light and shade, a plan which would hardly be accepted to-day with our science of light, and one which became, admittedly, a sickly and degrading convention during the two centuries and a-half of its rule. But it is impossible to reproduce the whole composition satisfactorily by a photographic process, because while the photographic plate is peculiarly sensitive to the pale blues of the distance, the dark greens of the foreground necessitate an

unusually long exposure. The distant part of the picture has therefore been photographed and reproduced by itself, and from this plate we can gain some idea of one of the loveliest passages in Claude's art. In these gentle cadences of tone, over scarcely varying colour, lurks a beauty peculiar to Claude and one that is all too rare in European art. The Renaissance tradition and our inheritance from it has made us distrustful of everything but solid form. Generation after generation of Western artists has built up step by step an apparent cubic space behind the flat surface of the canvas, until the most mediocre practitioner to-day can give an appearance of reality to the picture-space and point a jeering finger at any one who happens to be interested in other elements of design. The English-speaking critic is the most violent upholder of this ideal; he is unable to discuss a masterpiece by a great colourist until he is satisfied that the form is decently correct: Mr. Berenson, who



TREES AND HILL
Drawing by Claude

British Museum

On a Landscape by Claude



DETAIL OF PICTURE REPRODUCED ON PAGE 95

By Claude

has taught us so much about Italian pictures, will nevertheless only feed us through a kind of mincing-machine labelled "Tactile Values," into which a hundred different, tender ideas have been thrown at once. This prepossession with solidity has never been found essential by Oriental painters, who would have found presumably an almost gross degree of materialism underlying the structure of Western art. In a Chinese landscape there is distance and reality, but the sense of form is reduced to a minimum, positive fact gives way to the subtlest suggestion. The fifteenth-century landscape illustrated is not a supreme example, it is chosen rather because its

arrangement has an obvious resemblance to the Claude drawing, which makes the case easier to state. Claude's rendering is coarser and more obvious, far less sophisticated in arrangement, but the essence of the two is the same. In both there is something which the more impetuous Westerner cannot catch and hold in his hand, something ethereal and mystic which evades his grasp, because he is rarely in the contemplative mood, which is the mainspring of Oriental culture.

When we find a hint of this mental detachment in Western art we cannot afford to pass it by, even when in Claude's art we so often have to dig it out from an encumbrance of

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academic lumber feebly realized. For Claude, the painter of Virgilian idylls, the most famous of "classical" landscape painters, has the germ of what ultimately separates us from the Renaissance, with its concentration on form. In Turner the trappings are at last cast aside and the separation becomes complete. We can trace his evolution from the Renaissance only in the rich Venetian colouring, which was its aftermath. Turner has paid the fitting tribute to Claude in the terms of his famous will, and two of his pictures will always hang in the National Gallery with two of Claude's as a reminder that the most untrammelled of modern painters owes a debt to one of the most pedantic of the seventeenth century.

The desire to be rid of Claude's pedantry has turned most of his admirers to his wash-drawings, many of which convey a brilliant impression of light and distance with the beauty of compositions unaffected by trivial detail. This part of Claude's work is better represented in the British Museum than are his oil-paintings in the National Gallery, and one finds more readily in them the amazing modernity which makes Claude practically the inventor of a new technique which was

enlarged by the English water-colourists after remaining undeveloped [for more than a century.

The criticism of Claude's landscape most often heard is the most difficult to understand—that it is anthropocentric, without organic life of its own, made wholly for the enjoyment of man. It is more than this—it is made for the Muses; man may dare only to dream before it without hope of ever setting foot within. The fool rushes in and then cries out that it is all a sham, "here are no cattle chewing their cud, no ploughman, no teeming earth, nothing but trees and changeless rock, nothing for a biologist to do." But, as he turns away disgusted, the distant lake and hills are still there to mock him with their inviolability. They are there only for man's contemplation, but to renounce this detachment from the animal world is to renounce the whole essence of Claude. An unsuccessful draughtsman, an insipid colourist, he has only one thing to offer us; but it is something rare, which we can only appreciate on rare occasions, when we are in a contemplative mood. It gave more pleasure to a leisured society than it can give to one which rarely has time to stop and think.



Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

LANDSCAPE

By Rubens

SCHÖNBERG AND STRAVINSKY

By BASIL MAINE

IT is typical of the age that the two most discussed composers in Europe to-day should also be the most ridiculed and reviled. And there never has been a time in the whole course of musical history when we needed definite leadership as urgently as now. It is most certain that if the truly beneficent Tyrant appeared, we would gladly follow and be subject, no less in the affairs of music than in the affairs of government. But, in music, we have been so often led away like sheep, that we have become wary and suspicious. At different times both Schönberg and Stravinsky could have claimed an almost universal homage. The tyranny of Schönberg has brought no profit, no promise of consolidation. His "transvaluation of all values" is merely a negation of value, an elaboration of the philosophy of nothingness. His theorizing is as cheap and worthless as that of Boito's Iago. "E poi? La Morte è il Nulla, è vecchia fola il Ciel." As for Stravinsky, tyranny is too noble a word to apply to the pranks of this *enfant terrible*. Yet, in spite of their continued indifference to a power which was always ready to hand, both Schönberg and Stravinsky have been made Gamaliels by a few zealous disciples. And the zeal of these followers is so persuasive and compelling that even now the musical public at large is always content and even eager to hear a new work from either of them. But the eagerness now is as nothing compared with that with which "Pierrot Lunaire" and "Sacre du Printemps" were awaited.

At Zürich recently I was able to winnow an artificial enthusiasm in the expectation of hearing a work by Schönberg I had not heard before. This was the Quintet for Wind Instruments (Op. 26). But it had not progressed for more than ten minutes (a fifth of its course) before my enthusiasm fell like a dead leaf to the ground. I had prepared myself most ascetically for the endurance of the ordeal. Earlier in the day I attempted a synthesis of visual and aural perception by reading through a miniature score. There

was promise in this. One could at least be aware of the diabolical ingenuity of it all. In the end I was enchanted by the intriguing designs and sequences impressed upon the pages. What an eye for music! But when these patterns were projected upon the air, when the values were "transvalued," there fell a sudden great darkness over my mind. The very essence of the process of musical thought was destroyed, and the rest was oblivion. Those meticulous figures and finely wrought details which gave to the score the appearance of filigree-work, combined, when translated into sound, to annihilate all power of receptivity. It was not that we looked for beauty in this ingrowing music, for solace, for romantic warmth, and could find none; for those who have at any time followed after Schönberg in his desert paths have learnt to renounce these fleshly things, and in denial to pursue the lonely way without a backward thought. First he teaches us to throw over the accepted melodic forms, then all the known systems of tonality, then all semblance of thematic material, and finally all notions of colour and instrumental idiosyncrasy. (To give example of this last phase, Schönberg's publisher told me that the composer was engaged upon the task of transcribing the whole of the Wind Quintet for strings.) And what have we gained in this great act of renunciation? In vain we listen for the note of consistent authority. The Wind Quintet, so far from being authoritative, reveals a mind divided against itself. How can the house of Schönberg stand?

And if Schönberg can be likened to an ill-founded house, Stravinsky calls up the image of a nomad's tent, which in stress of adverse weather can be conveniently folded up, carried away, and pitched in more congenial environment. You can never be sure of finding it here or there. It has no single path, no direction, no purpose, and belike when you least expect to encounter it, it will suddenly appear flying a gay little French flag overhead; for a tent never takes deep root, and needs no foundation save the earth. We did not think

to meet with it in London again; but that was the very best reason why it should re-appear. M. Diaghileff is clever at picking out psychological moments, and when he produced "Les Noces" at His Majesty's Theatre three months ago he did so with malice aforethought. The production had the strangest effect upon the London public. The protests against the official verdicts of the critics revealed that some curious inhibition had been released; plain ordinary citizens wrote letters to the Press and bared their minds quite shamelessly; wise men of astute judgment poured forth wild, meaningless words with terrible vehemence. Mr. H. G. Wells risked the reputation of a life-time by issuing a little pamphlet, which I have read many times, and still I am unenlightened as to the nature of its impulse. Another writer well known in certain circles embarked upon a criticism which caused me to blush for very shame. Here is an extract: "Such an exhibition makes one wonder whether Marinetti was not right after all; let us scrap all the old stuff, all the old masters, and, having done away with the prejudices and traditions born of them, give modern work a chance of just appreciation." And again: "To anyone coming to Stravinsky's ballet in a receptive mood, the impression made upon him will be very different from that made upon the critics. The first thing that will strike him is the drastic realism of the whole affair. Here is something magnificently free from embellishment of every kind . . . At times this relentless clarity of vision becomes almost unbearable. And the tensivity of the poses and the cruel exultation of the music give us an æsthetic reaction that is as strong and quite as exhausting as that brought about by an Ibsen drama or a symphony by Beethoven."

I quote these sentences not to confound the writer in his speech, for he has confounded himself, but to give some indication of the reaction of quite a large number of people towards "Les Noces." The reaction was primitive and passionate; it led men to abjure their reason, and to give rein to hatred and violence. "Was not this an evidence of power in Stravinsky?" you will ask. "A

man who can thus touch the instincts of his fellows is not lightly to be dismissed as of no account." If so you think, you have overlooked an important point in the evidence. A man's power is to be judged not only by the extent (and after all the extent was comparatively small) but also by the nature of its influence. And I can discern no difference between the effect of "Les Noces" upon the London public as revealed in its written and spoken words and the effect of a boxing-match in which the decision is given perforce on points. Both depend upon purely physical considerations.

Not all the official critics were offended by "Les Noces." One spoke of "masterly technique" and "powerful rhythm." But how can these terms possibly be applied to a score which deliberately sets out (even more than in "Sacre du Printemps") to single out one element of the product we call "music" to the exclusion of all the rest? In "Les Noces" Stravinsky is obsessed by percussion. The pianos are used percussively, so are the voices, and so are the dancers; and of the several kinds of drums it may be said that they are used repercussively. You may describe this reverberation as "powerful rhythm" if you like, but the fact remains that rhythm apart from its tonal, harmonic, and melodic context loses all significance, turns in upon itself and at length destroys itself. Can you conceive of rhythm without song, and without the harmonic implications of all singing (whether vocal or instrumental)? It is as impossible as the conception of song without rhythm, which has been the particular heresy of Italian opera for the last fifty years.

* * * * *

Both Schönberg and Stravinsky profess to be seeking after that abstraction we call "Pure Music." Stravinsky's claim may be dismissed because it is very clear that he would be unable to recognize his ideal even if per-adventure it crossed his path. And Schönberg's case will never hold water, for he has so smothered his creative impulse that, even if he discovered and acclaimed his ideal, he would have no power to give it life and form.

REMBRANDT'S ALLEGORICAL SUBJECTS—II

By WERNER WEISBACH

THOUGH the "Eendracht van het land" has this as subject-matter in common with the "Ship of Fortune," which had been produced some years previously, that both express the fundamental idea of allegories of peace, by its prophetic character it is more in touch with a considerably later work that is connected with a Jewish eschatological idea. This is the series of four etchings that Rembrandt made for a book in Spanish, which appeared in the year 1655, by his friend Rabbi Manasse ben Israel, entitled "Piedra Gloriosa o de la estatua de Nebuchadnesar." The tendency of the work is to prove the coming of the Jewish Messianic Universal Kingdom, as outlined in Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image with the feet of clay, and in Daniel's vision of the four great beasts, by connecting them with the apparatus of cabalistic mysticism. After the destruction of the four great Kingdoms of the earth, the Jewish Kingdom remains as the last. Manasse ben Israel believed so firmly in this prophecy that he himself tried to give it practical assistance. As it also had been prophesied that the Messianic Kingdom would only come when the Jews in the diaspora would be dispersed over all the earth, and their settlement in England had been long forbidden, he went to Cromwell in the year when this book was published in order to obtain for them permission to stay there. In his book the stone with which Nebuchadnezzar's dream-image with the feet of clay was destroyed without any perceptible assistance of hands is interpreted as symbolizing the Messiah, and according to the author the same meaning is concealed in the stone on which Jacob rested his head when he saw in a dream the ladder of angels, and also in the stone with which David killed Goliath. The constantly recurring miracle of the stone in the Old Testament also points to the coming of the Messiah. The coming of the Messiah is foretold in Daniel's vision of the four great beasts. After all power is taken from the beasts, as it is told in the Bible, one appeared in the clouds before the Ancient of Days, who resembled a Son of Man, to whom everlasting might and dominion was given over all the peoples and nations. This

prophecy that Manasse ben Israel gives in an allegorical form is closely allied to the ideas that were very prevalent at the time. Next to the national, political, and Christian prophecies that appeared during the great disorders and changes of the seventeenth century, the Messianic hopes of the Jews arose in many places and in various forms. Besides the Jews, Christian prophets also announced the approach of a Jewish ruler of the whole world. Philipp Ziegler, one of them, predicted in his book, "Proofs that a *tertium seculum* or *Testamentum Spiritus* exists," published in 1622, that a man of Jewish origin would rule over the whole world and do away with the Kingdom of Antichrist.*

In this way, through Manasse ben Israel's intervention, was Rembrandt's art placed at the service of the Jewish belief in a coming Messiah. His four etchings follow the chief predictions of the book and represent Jacob's dream, David's fight with Goliath, the image with the feet of clay, and Daniel's vision of the four great beasts. The two first are simply Bible stories, the two last endeavour to give form to the visions of the Book of Daniel. They are not happy inventions, and not one is capable of arousing deep interest. That Rembrandt repeatedly tried to improve them is shown by the different condition of the plates. He had etched all the four scenes on one plate; copies of three different states of the undivided plate are known. We possess a fourth state after the plate had been divided, and of the image with the feet of clay there is yet a fifth state. The image with the feet of clay shows alterations of the different states in order to bring out the idea more clearly. From the third version onwards, the meaning of the train of thought of the book—the effect of the wonderful stone—was given more force by the stone being more clearly delineated than before, and it appeared just above the pedestal of the statue. Here the artistic gave place to the instructive. In the two historical scenes the stone is not given its full rights. In *Jacob's Dream*, in which the sleeper's head rests upon it, it is scarcely to be distinguished from the surroundings, and

* Corrodi, *Kritische Geschichte des Chiliasmus*, vol. iii, part iii, p. 22.

in *David's Fight* the stone is not to be seen at all as it is hidden in the boy's sling. Thus the thought that serves as a sort of "Leitmotiv" in the whole of the text is in the illustrations anything but clear. The last illustration is quite curious, as in the small space allotted to this apocalyptic vision large numbers of figures are huddled together. The animals are a mixture of an inextricably and strangely grotesque construction. The lion which is standing on his hind legs with raised forepaws is not without a slight tinge of comicality. Above in the heavenly regions the Messiah is seen from behind, standing before the Supreme Being, seated on His throne, and represented as an old man with a long beard, in a wavy mantle supporting His hands on the arms of the throne and fading away in the radiance of His own light. It is not necessary to think of Dürer's apocalyptic representations to see clearly that here Rembrandt's imagination had deserted him. It failed him where he departed from the sphere of reality and from what his observations had enabled him to assimilate, and where he tried to depict the superhuman or the fantastic which was beyond the bounds of his imagination. The

visionary prophets did not find in him a congenial interpreter. How little he was adapted to that sort of subject is also seen in a drawing of Peter's Vision in Munich (Hofstede de Groot 396), in which the four great beasts appear in a cloth held by two angels. Perhaps

this want of understanding in these illustrations of their didactic objects did not satisfy the author and publisher of Manasse's work. In any case there are only very few copies of the book in which they are found. The etchings—doubtless on account of their inappropriateness for book illustrations—were soon replaced by engraved copies, and even these copies are very rare.

In the same decade Rembrandt undertook once more—we know not on whose suggestion—an eschatological design, which this time belonged to a Christian sphere of thought. It is the Phoenix Allegory dated

1658. This is an amalgamation of classical mythology with Christian symbolism in order to glorify the Christian religion by the thoughts of the resurrection. The most valuable part of the explanation that J. Six has given of this design * appears to me to be the significance of

* "Onze Kunst," xxxiii (1918).



ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE "PIEDRA GLORIOSA"

By Rembrandt (1655)

Rembrandt's Allegorical Subjects

the extraordinary stone construction. This construction represents a base with an excavation over which there is an altar-like elevation; on the left side of the base two human skulls are suspended, the front one on a sort of festoon, and it is, as I think, quite correctly understood to be the grave of the old Phœnix in Heliopolis, where, according to an ancient legend, the young Phœnix had to convey his father's corpse.* But when Six supposes that the prone figure lying in front of this construction represents the Titan Hyperion, the old sun god, before

whose temple in Heliopolis, according to Ovid, the young Phœnix had to lay down his father's remains, and that it must mean the overthrow of the old sun by the Phœnix, I find this argument not conclusive, because Hyperion plays no part in the whole connection. Consequently, Six's further inferences are also untenable. Besides, Ovid does not give the version of the legend that the Phœnix is consumed with fire, but the older version that he

dies in his nest after having surrounded himself with costly scents, and that the young Phœnix is born from the corpse of the old one. With Rembrandt the Christian idea of the resurrection is joined to the ancient legend of the burning of the Phœnix that this symbol represents. The young Phœnix arises out of the fire burning on the altar-like construction above the grave of the old Phœnix; it has a coronet on its head, and is borne on a branch by two angels, who with trumpets announce its appearance to the world. The circle of

light that surrounds it represents the sun. The naked body which is lying on the ground painfully contorted, and in falling has placed its left arm under its head, can only be an allegory of Paganism that has been shattered under its own altar,* while the new Christianity rises out of the flames above the grave of the heathen world. The Christian religion symbolized by the group of the resurrected Phœnix and the two angels already produces its effect, as from the new sun rays fall upon the earth, to right and left behind the construction, and shine

on men seen below, who, touched and inspired, look upwards with enraptured faces. The opposition of the old and the new is here applied to religious matters, and is in idea the same as in the patriotic Concord picture, where it is shown by the withered tree and the young sapling. That in Rembrandt's time and surroundings the Phœnix symbol was often employed in connection with religious subjects is confirmed, too, by Vondel addressing the Holy Virgin in the introduction of his poem "Brieven der Heilige Maeghden Martelaressen" as the Phœnix maid.†



THE PHOENIX
Etching by Rembrandt (1658)

introduction of his poem "Brieven der Heilige Maeghden Martelaressen" as the Phœnix maid.†

* Jan Veth in "Oud Holland" (1917), p. 7, has rightly explained this figure, though I do not think he is right in saying that the painting in the loggia of the Vatican served as a model for this work.

† Vondel's dedication to the poems he produced in the year 1642 is as follows:

"Wie zal ick best mijn Maeghdepalmen wyden?
Wie beter dan de Hemelkoningin?
Wat Geest blaest my dit Kerckorakel in?
O Phœnixmaeght! O Moeder van't verblyden!"

That the representation of the Phœnix as a Christian symbol was constantly used is also confirmed by Schmidt-Degener by his citing the final pantomime that Jan Vos invented for Vondel's drama "Lucifer," where, in connection with the three last "Trionfi" of Petrarch, the triumphal car of the eternally divine is drawn by the Phœnix. That I do not agree with Schmidt-Degener's interpretation given in his article "Over Rembrandt's Vogel Phœnix," "Oud Holland" (1925), No. 5, is to be seen from the above explanations

* This resembles the grave-like cave in the Allegory of Transitoriness of the year 1639, on which a mirror is resting.

Also, through the poem by Lactantius, "De Phœnice," which is one of the best known and most often read pieces of Latin verse, the symbol of rebirth and the ideas of the old and the new æon were kept alive. In this way Rembrandt's Phœnix Allegory forms a companion piece to the illustrations he made of the allegory of a Jewish Universal Kingdom for Manasse ben Israel's book.

Though the Phœnix drawing shows a wanting in imaginative boldness and a failure in endowing with adequate significance the object portrayed, and also when compared, for example, with Rubens, the weakness of Rembrandt's allegorical imagination, still, notwithstanding all this poorness of invention, there is in it a wealth of genius and a lightness in its technical execution, and the charm of the purely chalcographic development of the effects of black and white, that was peculiar to Rembrandt's style of etching in the fifties. It also shows the bounds beyond which his inventive art could not go.

If the connected contemplation of these

allegorical subjects from a purely æsthetic side gives a negative result, as it shows clearly how little this style suited Rembrandt, still, it gives a glimpse of how the art of this most individual master had on occasion to become the instrument for the embodiment of ideas (that had somehow come to him) of partly inherited universally spiritual property, and partly dependent on the cultural and local conditions of the moment. An allegory of death combined with the thoughts of vanity; two peace allegories with references to the conditions of the moment, the one, in antique garb, the other based on a blending of local-patriotic and universally human hopes of a redemption; a Jewish chiliastic poem about the Messiah; a humanistically coloured Christian palinogenesis. If we add to these the occultly magical sphere into which the so-called Faustus etching gives us a glimpse, we obtain by the survey of these materials and their elucidation a closer insight into the picture of the world that was conceived by Rembrandt's imagination.

TWO PAINTINGS OF THE BAPTISM BY PAUL VERONESE

By DETLEV BARON VON HADELN

SEVERAL fine and interesting works by Paul Veronese have turned up in the London market during the last three years and have to some extent already found their way to other countries. Thus, for example, the National Gallery of Ottawa acquired from Messrs. Agnew a large "Pietà," the upper part of an altarpiece, other fragments of which are in the Dulwich Gallery and in Edinburgh. Then a smaller but very remarkable painting of "St. Jerome in the Wilderness," probably once belonging to the collection of Charles I, passed from the possession of R. Langton Douglas to an Italian art dealer. The two fine portraits at Agnew's, which were published by me two years ago in the *Burlington Magazine*,* will be recalled, and also the magnificent Magdalen† belonging to Messrs.

Durlacher. Finally, a small picture by Veronese which was sold last winter to Germany by Mr. Max Rothschild may be mentioned. It represents Adam and Eve in a rich landscape with many animals. The fact that in comparatively so short a time such a remarkable series of pictures by Veronese should have come into the market can scarcely be a matter of chance. On the contrary it may be taken as a sign that the interest for the amiable and great art of Veronese is to-day once again increasing rapidly.

We reproduce here two works by this master, and the juxtaposition is interesting because both represent the same subject, "The Baptism of Christ," yet stylistically they belong to different periods. The earlier of the two pictures belongs to Mr. H. M. Clark.* It

* *Burlington Magazine*, vol. xlv, p. 209

† *APOLLO*, vol. iii, p. 311.

* Canvas, 36 by 48 in. Formerly in the collection of Lord Heytesbury. Briefly described by Waagen, *Treasures*, vol. iv, p. 386.

Two Paintings of the Baptism by Paul Veronese



40 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

By the courtesy of Messrs. Colnaghi

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

By Paul Veronese



36" x 48"

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

By Paul Veronese

By the courtesy of H. M. Clark, Esq.

represents in a characteristic manner Veronese's style about 1560. The relief-like character of the composition is typical of this period of Paul's activity, when he was inspired by Titian. The third dimension is purposely not accentuated. In order to bring out the flat decorative quality, the figures are placed on one plane, and in such a manner that they are relieved in clear contours against a landscape which is also designed in breadth rather than depth. This clearness of arrangement is still further heightened by bright but diffused light. The colour, fairly localized but without violent contrasts in the values, corresponds to the treatment of light.

Veronese must have painted fully twenty years later the other rendering of the same subject belonging to Messrs. Colnaghi.*

* Canvas, 40½ by 32½ in.

A mystic pathos has taken the place of the idyllic mood of the earlier painting. This appears especially in the greatly intensified light effect. The same sentiment that now employs a strongly pictorial method of expression has also completely changed the former flat style. Contrasts and asymmetry rather than balance determine the composition. The ideal is no longer static composure, but momentary and dramatic action. The change of style, here briefly illustrated in the example of two pictures of the same subject, must certainly have been developed under the influence of the works of Tintoretto. Yet it would be taking a short-sighted view of the phenomenon to try and explain it with the favourite word "influence" alone. We come nearer the truth when we say that Veronese followed the spirit of his time, of which Tintoretto was the pioneer.

TROPICAL LANDSCAPES

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

NO good pictures have ever been painted, so far as I am aware, of tropical landscapes. There are two good reasons for this, of which the first is the fact that no good painters have ever worked in the tropics. True, the temples of Ceylon, the ghats at Benares, Penang Harbour, the palms and fantastic volcanoes of Java are annually reproduced in fifty thousand water-colours. But they are the water-colours of amateurs. We have all seen them. They are the stuff that oleographs are made of. If it were not for the fact that they kept their creators harmlessly busy and contented, they ought to be put down by law. The tropics and the East are given over to amateurs. Practically every tourist who travels through them carries a paint box. But how few serious and competent professionals ever accompany these tourists! It is difficult indeed to think of any who have ever crossed the Line. Professional painters of merit are generally poor, and their absence from the tropics may be due in part to their poverty. But poverty is not an insuperable barrier to a determined artist, and the real reason, I believe, why painters avoid the tropics is that they know them to be unpaintable. In this intrinsic unpaintableness consists the second and most adequate reason for the non-existence of decent pictures of tropical scenery.

It is a significant fact that the scenery which the enthusiastic amateur finds most picturesque, most richly "paintable"—it is a favourite word of water-colouring spinsters—is the scenery most carefully avoided by serious professionals. Turner is one of the few great landscape painters who ever chose to represent picturesque subjects. The rest have always preferred to meditate before more ordinary, less spectacular scenes. Italy offers extravagant beauties; but the English have obstinately gone on painting in the placid home counties of their own island; the French have never wandered farther than to the bare hills of Provence; the Flemings have found their subjects within a hundred miles of Antwerp; the Dutch have stuck to their polders and estuaries. Strange at first sight, the phenomenon is easily explicable. A picturesque

landscape (which is, by definition, a landscape naturally possessing some of the qualities of a man-made picture) is one which inevitably imposes itself on the painter. In the face of its overwhelming grandiosities, its naturally dramatic character, its ready-made composition, he finds himself being reduced to the rôle of a merely passive recording instrument. That is all very well for the amateurs. A picturesque landscape excuses them from making any creative gesture of their own; all they have to do is to sit down and faithfully copy. But the serious painter does not want to be imposed on by his subject; he wants to impose himself on it. He does not want to be excused from making an effort of his own. On the contrary, he feels impelled by his talent to make the creative gesture which moulds the chaos of the world into an ordered and human cosmos—which turns Nature into art. That is why he avoids the rich, the picturesque, the imposing, the dramatic. He wants a plain, an almost neutral subject, on which he can impress his own human ideas of composition and harmony, his own conception of the grand and the dramatic. The quiet English downland is less definitely formed than the prodigious landscapes of the Alban Hills; Flanders and the lower Seine are more malleable, so to speak, more amenable to artistic treatment than the Bay of Naples; Delft is more easily digested by the intellect than Tivoli. Turner, it is true, could swallow Italy and turn it into art; but then he was a kind of spiritual ostrich. Most painters prefer a lighter diet.

What is true of Italian is true, *a fortiori*, of tropical landscape. The picturesqueness of the most "paintable" parts of the tropical Orient is so excessive that the serious artist must feel, when confronted with them, as though he were being bullied, robbed of his initiative, dictated to. He might enjoy looking at Java or Borneo, but he would never dream of painting there. If he wanted subjects to paint, he would go back to Essex or Normandy.

Tropical landscapes, besides being too picturesque to be turned into good pictures, are also too rich. Things in this part of the world have a way of being unmanageably

thick on the ground. There is no room in a painting for the profusion that exists in tropical reality. The painter of the average tropical scene would have to begin by leaving nine-tenths of reality out of his picture. That was what Gauguin, one of the few good painters who ever practised in the tropics, habitually did. If he had not, there would have been no seeing the wood for the inordinate quantity of the trees.

The various aspects of the tropical world still await their interpreters. A hundred admirable painters have taught us to know what European landscapes really look like. But the artistic essence of the tropical Orient remains to be distilled. Java awaits its Gainsborough and its Constable; Benares its Canaletto. Sportsmen are plentiful in the Malayan forests, and sometimes they carry sketch books as well as rifles. But the Corot who will tell us how those forests should be seen has not yet walked among their green and leech-infested shadows. We are compelled to see the tropics either in terms of the snapshot, the amateur's imitation of the oleograph, or of the steamship company's poster. Palm trees, Reckitt's blue sky and ocean, purple mountains, silver or golden sands—as far as it goes, the steamship poster (which is at least the work of a professional) is remarkably truthful. When I saw the immense *Laconia* steaming into the harbour of Labuan, I could have believed myself in a London tube station, looking at the advertisements of winter cruises in the South Seas. But there is something more subtly and essentially real to be got out of the tropics than the amateur's water-colour and the steamship poster—something which we can all dimly recognize, but to which no

professional seer has yet taught us to give a definite outline. English landscapes were beautiful before Gainsborough was born, and men were moved by the contemplation of their beauty; but it was Gainsborough who made the loveliness clearly visible, who gave it a name and a definition.

The best pictures of the tropics are in books. There is more of the essence and inward reality of the tropics in a book by Conrad or Herman Melville, more in a good passage by H. M. Tomlinson, more even in the rather maudlin Pierre Loti, than in any existing painting of the places they describe. But description, even the description of the most accomplished writers, is very unsatisfying and inadequate. And it is no use practising symbolical evocations on those who have never seen the realities which it is desired to evoke. For those who have eaten a mutton pie, it is all very well to speak of "dreams of fleecy flocks, pent in a wheaten cell." But we may be quite sure that the congenital vegetarian would never succeed, with the help of only this recipe, in preparing the homely dish. The art of evocation is an admirable one; but when there is nothing in the reader's mind to be evoked it is practised in vain. It is no use whistling to a dog which isn't there. Symbolical evocation will never create a true picture of the tropics in the minds of those who have passed their lives in Bayswater. No, the only way of explaining to those who have never been there—as well as to those who have—what the tropics are really like, would be to distil them into pictures. The thing has never been done, and it seems to me quite probable, for the reasons I have already given, that it never will be.

AN EARLY PICTURE BY HANS MEMLING

By PAUL GANZ

THE secular devotional picture, in which the representation of the living sensations of the actual world is combined with the idealization and glorification of the saints, belongs, since the middle of the fifteenth century, to the most

beautiful creations of Flemish art. The deep seriousness of the devout painter mingles with his joy of living, and forces him to represent all the splendours of God's earth as a setting for his heavenly figures.

The picture of the "Virgin and Child," here



An Early Picture by Hans Memling

reproduced for the first time in colours, is a hitherto unknown work of the master's which was added to the *œuvre* of Hans Memling through my article in the "Burlington Magazine," 1924. It is probably the earliest painting by the artist known to us to-day, and shows that Memling must have studied Rogier van der Weyden as well as Dirk Bouts.

The beauty of this creation lies not only in the pure architectonic construction of the composition and in the rich, delicately graded splendour of colour, and the luminous, almost unbroken tones; it lies in the deeply-felt rendering of a mood which the painter experienced in a quiet moment of devotion. In this picture Hans Memling is not yet the clever, deliberate designer who seeks mastery in limiting representation. Here he has rendered everything that the artist's eye could grasp, and filled a beautiful picture of his time with an atmosphere of devotion up to the very horizon, where the silhouette of a Gothic church is set off against the bright sky. Mary

is enthroned on an Italian chair in a lofty hall, supported by precious columns. At her feet a green silk carpet is spread over a floor of coloured tiles. Two blue cherubim hover above her head, and hold the crown of the Queen of Heaven.

Two charming details, the Child turning the pages of His mother's prayer-book, and the pair of angels making music at a respectful distance, enliven the solemn atmosphere, and bring the scene into the realm of human experience. The garden, enclosed by high walls, occupies the whole breadth of the outlook, and shuts off the outer world from this solemn mood. An aged man, probably Joseph, is walking among the flower-beds. Beyond the garden wall a house resembling a convent on the left and a palatial building on the right enclose the view over the hilly country, which rises in several wave-like undulations towards the bright horizon. Peace reigns over the landscape, which forms a fit setting for the Queen of Heaven, who, in a light-red mantle, dominates the centre.

THE RINGS OF SIENA

By FREDERICA A. RINGER

AMONGST the many different rings of bronze and iron still remaining, but wonderfully preserved, are those for banners, the brackets for torches as well as the tethering rings, the latter of which prove what the equestrian habits of the Sienese noblemen were in medieval days; there were wild games and mad races of every kind, races with buffaloes, and donkey fights, and donkeys were often forced to go round the Campo.

Siena was the favourite residential city of many of the nobility at that period; they resided in beautiful palazzi of which there were a large number for so small a city; and everyone of any importance kept a troop of horses, and the horses were tethered to the rings in the courtyards. Rings of every kind were attached to the walls of all the big palaces, some being surmounted with beautifully designed bronze and iron devices, others of a

grotesque character, many being designed by famous Sienese masters like Vecchietta, Antonio Ormanni, and Giacomo Cozzarelli; they usually introduce armorial bearings.

Siena, up to the present time, keeps up its sporting name, for who has not seen the world-famed races of the Palio which are still continued twice a year, with horses, ridden bareback by jockeys of each Contrada, galloping round the dangerous corners of the Palazzo Pubblico Square; and how the horse and jockey of each Contrada are conducted to their own church where they are blessed by their priest before the race; and how after the race the winning horse is led by its jockey with his banner to the Cathedral where a hymn of thanksgiving is sung by the people?

Fig. I.—The first ring of great interest is at the Porta Pispini (Il Santo Viene), one of the many gate entrances to Siena; there are



FIG. I. PORTA PISPINI

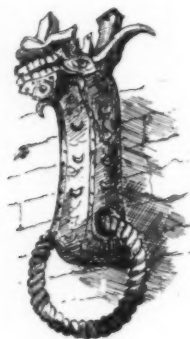


FIG. II. PORTA PISPINI

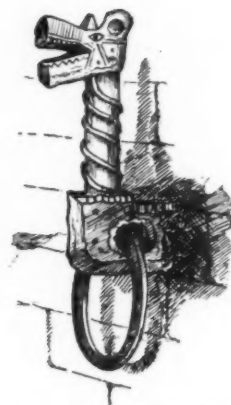


FIG. III. PALAZZO TOLOMEI

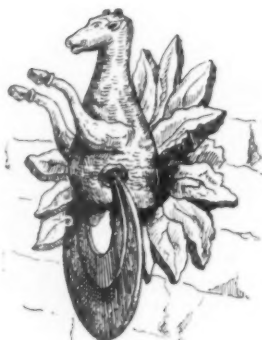


FIG. IV. PALAZZO
PICCOLOMINI



FIG. V. PALAZZO BORGHESI

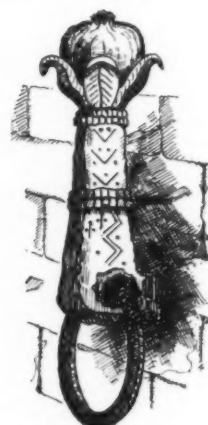


FIG. VI. PALAZZO
UGURGHIERI



FIG. VII. PALAZZO MAGNIFICO
DEI PETRUCCI

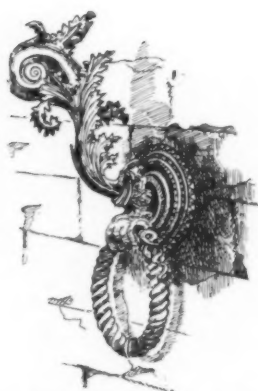


FIG. VIII. PALAZZO MAG-
NIFICO DEI PETRUCCI

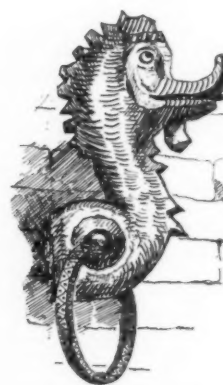


FIG. IX. PALAZZO
BANDINI

SIENESE TETHERING RINGS

The Rings of Siena

still traces of thirty-six in the inner and outer walls. The ring is surmounted with the head of an eagle with a stone in its beak, and it has the body of a serpent.

One of the legends is of swans and eagles which carry stones capable of splitting the hardest substance, all of which are held to symbolize the cloud charged with lightning; among some nations this talismanic power is said to lie in a stone. In Normandy the legend of this stone is in the keeping of a swallow. In Iceland it is a pebble kept by a raven; in all cases it is a talisman bringing deliverance from death and imprisonment.

One primitive association of the serpent had to do with healing; hence the badge of the R.A.M.C. is the rod of Æsculapius with the serpent.

The serpent is also considered to indicate the period in which the Porta dei Pispini was constructed in the fourteenth century, when Siena was under the domination of the family of the Visconti of Milano during a few years, and the serpent was their coat of arms.

Fig. II.—The curiously designed, presumably dog's head, with the grin, is also to be found on the wall at the Porta Pispini, as well as on the Palazzo Nerucci (now the Banca d'Italia); they were executed by Catalonian artisans; there are the same devices on door-knockers in Barcelona of about the sixteenth century.

Fig. III.—On the grey stone walls of the oldest and one of the most imposing of all the private palaces in Siena, the Palazzo Tolomei, one finds the quaint device of the dog's head surmounting the ring with the armorial bearings, the three crescent moons of that great Guelf house, underneath. Variations of this curious device appear on the walls of many other palaces and big houses, connected presumably at one time or another with the family of the Tolomei.

Fig. IV.—There were numerous palaces of the Piccolomini, but the great Palazzo Piccolomini "delle Papesse" adorned with their arms has the largest number of rings and the best preserved. The coat of arms of the family, the crescent, is shown in the shape of the ring itself; it is surmounted by the fore part of a ram or sheep, "*Montone medico*" being a name connected with and often

mentioned in the history of the Piccolomini family; it may possibly have been introduced also for ecclesiastical reasons; the symbolical lamb appears occasionally in ecclesiastical heraldry and is also used as a crest. There were two Popes in the Piccolomini family, Pius II, 1458, and Pius III, 1503. The palace was termed Palazzo delle Papesse owing to the sisters of Pius III having permission to reside there.

Fig. V.—On one of the old palaces of the Borghesi family is the curious surmount of a wyvern to the ring, executed from designs by Catalonian artisans. There is a remarkable door-knocker of much the same device on the Palace of the Archbishop at Barcelona and on other buildings there. The wyvern is used in English heraldry, and it is possible that it was introduced in the armorial bearings of the Borghesi family.

Fig. VI.—The ring with the lovely design surmounting it of the pomegranate is on the once palatial castle of the proud old house of the Ugurghieri; it is also to be found on the huge Gothic Palazzo Salimbeni. It happened to be the badge of Catherine of Aragon; it may possibly have been adopted by the Ghibelline family and was wrought by artisans from Catalonia, about 1473.

Figs. VII and VIII.—The most artistic of all the rings, as well as the surmounts, are those of the famous Palazzo Magnifico, built from the design of Giacomo Cozzarelli, who also cast the very beautiful metal work. The rings are an imitation of corded rope, and a serpent lies coiled on the top of the ring, a reminiscence perhaps of primitive serpent worship. According to an old legend, an ancient custom was for men to carry live snakes once every year to drape the statues of St. Dominic at Foligno. The arms of the Petrucci might have been introduced in the exquisitely designed surmounts with the leaves of the oak, so frequently used in heraldry. Be this as it may, the design is graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Fig. IX.—The griffin, or, preferably, the gargoyle, on the Palazzo Bandini was undoubtedly executed by Catalonian artisans. The imagination of the inventors of that period appeared to choose the most rare and grotesque designs with the idea that the eye of the onlooker should be impressed. If intended

for a griffin, it might have been a coat of arms. Dante, in his great poem, represents the Pope as a griffin. The coat of arms of Pope Gregorius XIII, in 1572, was a griffin.

Fig. X.—On a rather dilapidated-looking palazzo in the Via Romana—a former palace of the Carthusian abbots which was built for the abbots and monks of San Galgano and now known as the Refugio—is the most interesting and romantic of the ten rings of which I have endeavoured to give a description with the sketches. Over the ring, which is ornamented, is the dagger or sword of San Galgano, who lived in the twelfth century, and came

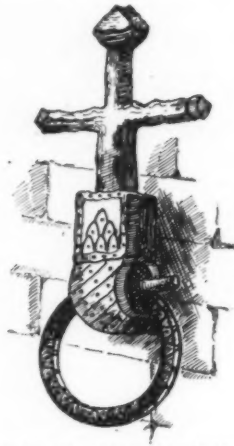


FIG. X. SAN GALGANO
IL REFUGIO

hither in 1180, and on Monti Siepi struck his dagger into the rock. According to the legend, San Galgano was guided by St. Michael into the wilderness to cut wood to make a cross, but the Devil taunted him and said that he would have more chance of piercing the rock with his dagger than for God to forgive him his sins; thereupon San Galgano stuck his dagger into the rock which became soft as wax to receive it and became hard again to retain it; he was so struck with this miracle that he had a hermitage built upon the spot. The splendid old abbey still remains and is beautiful although in ruins.

A NOTE ON HOWELL'S "LONDINOPOLIS"

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

AMONG the vast number of books which have, in the past, been devoted to a study of London's history and landmarks, that by James Howell, entitled "Londinopolis," is one of the scarcest. With the exception of Stow's historic survey, on which it is largely based, it is the earliest work we have dealing with the subject, for it anticipated John Brydall's "Short View of London" by nineteen, and Delaune's "Present State of London" by twenty-four, years.

As this is but a bibliographical note on Howell's book, I need not enlarge on it except to point out that it is divided into (i) a general description of the city as a whole; (ii) a particular perlustration (as the author has it) of the various wards; and (iii) a comparison (and, in view of Howell's knowledge of the Continent, a specially interesting and valuable one) between London and other great European

cities. The title page, printed in red and black, runs as follows:—

Londinopolis
an
Historicall Discourse
or
Perlustration
of the City of
London,
The
Imperial Chamber, and Chief Emporium
of
Great Britain :
whereunto
Is added another of the City of
Westminster,
with
The Courts of Justice, Antiquities, and new
Buildings thereunto belonging.
By James Howel, Esq.,
Senesco, non Segnesco.
London.

Printed by J. Streater, for Henry Twiford, George Sawbidge, Thomas Dring, and John Place, and are to be sold at their shops, 1657.

A Note on Howell's "Londinopolis"



VIEW OF LONDON (1657)

The book is a small folio, the collation being as follows : Title, one leaf; Latin and English verses in praise of London, two pages; Dedication : " To the Renowned City of London. To the Right Honourable, Honourable, and all others who owe their first Birth and well being to so noble a metropolis," two pages; some advertisements to the reader, two pages; and " The Chiefest Materials that go to the Compeilement of this new Pezce [*sic*]"—being a table of contents, two pages. The historical and topographical portion of the work runs ostensibly to 407 pages, but there are really but 232, the pagination being so eccentric that pages 91-4 are numbered 81-4 (which pages are thus in duplicate), page 301 beginning immediately after page 124, and what should be pages 351-4 being numbered 353-6, immediately following which comes page 355 again.

There are two plates illustrating the work. That which faces the title is a portrait of the

author leaning against a tree. It is engraved by Melan and Borse, and is not infrequently missing or found in facsimile. The other plate is a folding view of London, by Hollar, representing the city as seen from the south bank of the river, and has beneath it numbered references to the nine important buildings depicted. Above, among the clouds, are two lions supporting a scroll, on which are displayed the city arms, and beneath them two lines :

London the glory of Great Britaines Ile
Behold her Landschip [*sic*] here and tru pourfile [*sic*].

Like so much that was written in earlier days on the subject, "Londinopolis" is but a general *résumé* of Stow's great work, but it possesses a certain value in itself as having been produced before the Great Fire, and as recording details of the London of Cromwellian days.

Its author, too, was a remarkable man, and



JAMES HOWELL

as the writer of those "Familiar Letters," which Thackeray has recorded as being among his favourite bedside books, occupies a place of distinction in our literature.

He was born in Wales about 1595, and after being at Oxford, travelled extensively on the Continent in various capacities, his

connection with a patent glass project taking him to Venice, but more adverse circumstances subsequently landing him in the Fleet, where he spent many years and wrote many books, the famous letters among them. In 1645 he published his "Dendrologia, Dodona's Grove, or the Vocall Forest," one of those parables dealing with the civil troubles of the time of which so many saw the light. Three years earlier he had put forth his "Instructions for Forraine Travell," with a frontispiece by Hollar, and a portrait of Prince Charles to whom the little volume was dedicated. He also wrote a "Survey of the Seignorie of Venice," in 1651, and was, besides, the author of a large number of compilations, including editions of Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, and, in 1660, a "Lexicon Tetraglotton," being an English-French, Italian and Spanish dictionary, with proverbs of these nations appended.

Howell would hardly have been a complete seventeenth-century author without producing a book of verse, and his "Poems upon divers emergent occasions" duly appeared in 1663, just three years before his death. He was an industrious writer who might have been regarded merely as a book-sellers' hack, were it not that his "Letters" are full of intimate and human touches, and so attractive in their style that they are still to be read with pleasure; while his travel books were the result of personal observation and extensive knowledge of men and cities. That he loved above all the capital of his own land his "Londinopolis" proves in a variety of ways, and for this one likes to remember him. In any case a writer who has been admired by Lamb and Thackeray cannot be said to have written in vain.

CONSTANTIN GUYS

By R. H. WILENSKI

ERNEST HYANTHE CONSTANTIN GUYS, who is now generally recognized as a remarkable artist, was a remarkable character and had a remarkable life. He was born at Flushing of French parents in 1802 or 1805—the exact date seems to be uncertain. At eighteen he

ran away from home and fought with Lord Byron in the Greek War of Liberation. Four years later he became a "dragon" in the French army. About 1830 he left the army and travelled for some years in Spain, Italy, Bulgaria, Egypt, and Algeria, where he made a number of sketches. Returning to Paris he

Constantin Guys

started to sell his sketches and to make others of operas, ballets, and so on, which he sold to "The Illustrated London News." For that paper, eventually, he went as war correspondent to the Crimea, and he was present at Inkermann and Balaclava. After several visits to England, of which we have but scanty records, he settled finally about 1860 in Paris, and it is on his work from that time onwards that his reputation mainly rests. In 1885 he was run over in the Rue du Havre, and his legs were so badly damaged that he spent the last seven years of his life in the Hospital Dubois, where he died in 1892 at the age of eighty-seven, or ninety, if the earlier date of his birth be correct.

Guys thus lived, roughly speaking, from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century, and of a phase or episode in that century—France's Second Empire—his drawings are significant expression. In Paris, and probably also in England, he seems to have lived in habitual poverty. He sold most of his drawings to dealers by the hundred at one franc or fifty centimes apiece, and till quite recently it was still possible to pick them up in Paris or in Charing Cross Road for trifling sums. The Musée historique de la Ville de Paris—better known as the Musée Carnavalet—in Paris has a considerable collection of his drawings. Guys offered them to the museum in 1888. That is, he left them one day in that year in a portfolio with the porter. The drawings were unsigned, and Guys gave no name. Attached was a message that the bearer would return next day to hear if the museum would be



ÉLÉGANTES



UNE DAME

(From Manet's Collection)

willing to buy them. He asked, it is said, what amounted to an average price of fifty centimes apiece. When he returned the next day he learned that the curator, Henri Ceard, had bought the portfolio. M. Ceard's wise decision not only preserved these brilliant drawings, but has also kept his own name living to this day.

Guys' dealings with the Musée Carnavalet were characteristic. He had a horror of publicity; he never signed his drawings, and his name to the last was quite unknown to the general public. He had a few friends—all men of great distinction—Daumier and Gavarni were among them. Delacroix was so delighted with one of his drawings done on a piece of torn paper that he gave him two of his own studies in exchange for it. In London he knew Thackeray, but he appears to have quarrelled with him because Thackeray

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

mentioned him by name in a newspaper article, which Guys at no period of his life would countenance. The most important of his friends was Baudelaire, who practically "discovered" him. In the "Figaro" in 1863 Baudelaire wrote an article on his drawings called "*Le peintre de la vie moderne*," where in deference to Guys' wishes he referred to him simply as C. G. It was the recollection of this article, it is said, that decided Ceard to buy the drawings for the Musée Carnavalet, for on seeing them he is reported to have exclaimed: "This must be by Baudelaire's *peintre de la vie moderne*," which, if accurate, is another

tone washes of the whole page for the light effects followed; finally came ink indications of the forms, or, on occasion, washes of pale colours, of which he seems to have used blue and yellow for preference.

As a draughtsman Guys' technique in his best drawings is that of Rembrandt—in the sense that he visualized his picture primarily in light and shade. But the result approximates more closely to the technique of Goya's aquatints and drawings because Guys, like Goya, in such cases drew not in front of Nature as Rembrandt did, but from memory or "out of his head." Also in Guys' drawing—notably



S.M. LA REINE VICTORIA À L'EXPOSITION DE 1855 À PARIS

feather in the curator's cap, as the article had appeared exactly twenty-five years before.

In spite of these friendships Guys seems to have lived a solitary life. He would walk the streets of Paris observing the life around him by day and night. Frequently he would leave his lodgings in the evening and wander about the city till the dawn. Then he would return and work feverishly at his drawings till exhausted with fatigue. He always drew from memory and at enormous speed. Baudelaire describes him wiping his pen rapidly upon his shirt-front and plunging his brush in and out of the bowl of water by his side. He began his drawing with a light pencil outline; general

in the horses—there is the element of calligraphic style, which has been compared to the drawing on Greek vases, but which came to Guys partly from his intimate knowledge—as an old dragon—of the functional structure of the horse and partly from Japanese prints which from the time of Ingres have influenced French artists.

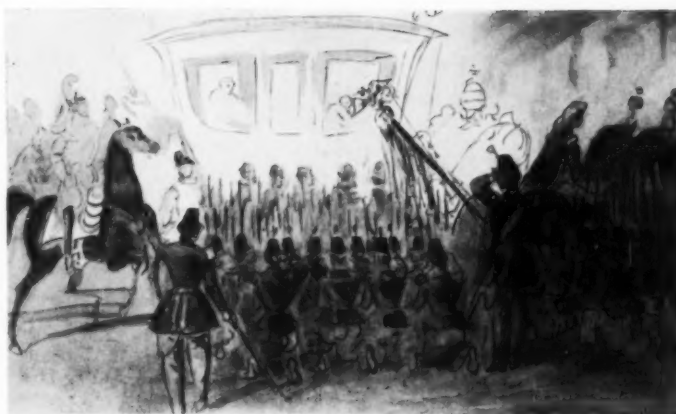
Guys' work in its turn had its influence on Manet. Guys almost certainly saw Goya's aquatints and drawings when he went to Spain; Manet also studied Goya in Madrid. A glance at Guys' "*Une Dame*," which is reproduced herewith, makes it certain that Manet learned not only from Goya but also

Constantin Guys

from Guys. The relation of Manet's "Concert aux Tuileries," painted in 1867, to Guys' "Une Dame," is striking, and it is interesting to note that this drawing was formerly in Manet's possession.

The relation of the nineteenth romantic movement in art to nineteenth-century realism has been, I think, rather widely overlooked, especially in England. The realism of Courbet was a technical realism of the character of the technical realism of Caravaggio. It was, properly speaking, not realism, but naturalism. The realism of Manet and Guys was a romantic realism and a part of the romantic movement of which Wordsworth was the true founder in England and Delacroix and Hugo the founders in France.

The vast majority of artists in the nineteenth century were men of very limited intelligence, a fact which explains the relatively worthless character of the main mass of artistic production in that period. Ninety works out of every hundred produced in the nineteenth century were nothing more than unintelligent imitations of works produced by other artists of real worth. They were, moreover, works which were not only devoid of originality, but which missed the point of the pictures or sculpture they were designed to imitate. Thus Delacroix painted "The Death of Marino Faliero," and merely because he happened to choose that subject an unintelligent artist like Delaroche followed with "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," "The Death of Cardinal Mazarin," "The Death of President Duranti," "The Death of Lady Jane Grey," and the "Death of the Duc de Guise"—mere *tableaux vivants* in oil-paint which completely missed the point of Delacroix's exaltation of romantic Gothic as opposed to classical Pagan and classical Renaissance art. Then, again, Delacroix visited Morocco, and the



LA CAROSSE DU PAPE À ROME



LA PROMENADE AU BOIS



TRANCHÉES À SEBASTOPOL



SUR LE SEUIL

pictures which he painted on his return were the signal for an epidemic among minor men of "Oriental" paintings in which Moors, Arab steeds with blood-red nostrils, *belles juives orientales*, and odalisques at their toilette attended by negresses were the recognized component parts. It was not the makers of these worthless costume tableaux—nor their opposite numbers in England—some of whom are still with us, who carried on the romantic tradition of Delacroix. It was artists like Manet and Guys who were the real descendants of Hugo and Delacroix, for though the odalisque and negress *motif* occurs in Manet's "Olympia," no one can accuse Manet of merely imitating Delacroix's subjects or misunderstanding them, because it was, of course, to the painting of everyday life around him that he devoted all his days.

It was, indeed, in the romantic

realism of Manet and Guys that Delacroix's notion of characteristic, as opposed to formal, beauty was developed. For Manet and Guys believed the function of art to be the discovery and the stressing of the characteristic, just as Delacroix had believed before them. When Guys worked through his apprenticeship as an illustrator it was to the characteristic in the life around him that he reacted. He was not concerned with the discovery of laws of formal beauty, with ideas of artistic harmony, or with any classical notions of composing pictures. As he roamed Paris his eye and brain noted characteristic form, characteristic light and shade, and characteristic types; and when he returned he set down on paper these stored impressions without other concern of any kind. And what a characteristic world it is which he presents to us! When we have studied a few score of his drawings how much we know of the Second Empire! Guys' *œuvre* sets before us Second Empire *splendeurs et misères*, just as Goya's *œuvre* sets before us the *splendeurs et misères* of high life and low life of his day in Spain. Rumour has it that Guys was in love with the Empress. It is quite possible. Passion of some kind surely dwelt in that lonely soul. But he was also moved by the mass-type of the woman of his day—the creature of ample lines and flowing curves, with skirts that filled the daintiest of carriages passing in the Bois. Of that type the Empress was the



BICHES

Constantin Guys

flower and the embodiment, as a lesser artist, Winterhalter, who painted her surrounded with her ladies in a composition suggesting a garland of roses, was equally aware. Guys, moreover, was not only moved by the fair occupants of carriages. His eye delighted in the same measure in the lines of the vehicles themselves, and in the elegant horses that drew them; he delighted, too, in the student quarters; he loved the balls where the students and grisettes congregated; and he loved every aspect of the Parisian streets at night. As a true romantic he saw beauty in ugliness; and as a true romantic artist he recorded what he thought significant—nothing less and nothing more.



LE COUPLE

That every drawing by Guys is what we call a balanced composition was due entirely to his instinct for covering a page. Consciously, I am convinced, he never "composed" at all. He saw in his mind's eye what he had seen an hour earlier in the Bois or beneath a lantern in some back street, and he transferred that impression to paper. He made, incidentally, a picture—because he happened to be an artist. But his main business was not designing or composing, but drawing the world's attention to what he considered moving and characteristic effects of life.

He convinces us nine times out of ten—
ninety-nine times even out of a hundred—



S.M. L'EMPEREUR NAPOLEON III



AMAZONE

firstly, because he had a marvellous artistic memory; and secondly, because as a romantic artist he set down solely the features which seemed to him to be characteristic. Had he elaborated his drawings, had he added finger nails or trimmings, folds or details, to make his work more "finished" in the sense of more natural-

istically complete, the truth of his records would have been destroyed, and with the truth their spirit, their elegance, and their beauty would have fled.

All the drawings reproduced here are from the collection of Baron Gourgaud in Paris, who has very kindly had them photographed for the purpose.



LE CALÈCHE

GIOTTO AND A GIOTTESQUE: A COMPARISON OF TWO PICTURES

By W. GIBSON

THE literature of art has so rung with the term "tactile values" since Mr. Berenson first explained it to us at length, that the earnest student in trying to apply the precepts of the experts begins perhaps to feel the skin grow thin on his finger tips. So much has been written in recent years of Giotto and plasticity that the connection of the two in one article produces a feeling of nausea familiar to anyone who has experienced salmon mayonnaise at the end of an Oxford summer term. Most, however, of what has been said has been with reference to the differences between Giotto and his Byzantine predecessors, so that a comparison, even in terms of plasticity, between Giotto and one of the so-called "Giottesque" painters who followed him may not have the unfortunate emetic properties which a surfeit of the plastic

has produced. The salmon and the mayonnaise are still there, but there is a substitute, thank Heaven, for the cucumber. If this slight alteration in the dish will suffice to restore the appetite, the food may not be altogether disastrous to the stomach. A comparison between Giotto and a certain group of his successors in the fourteenth century brings out differences of outlook and motive which had an important effect on later Florentine art.

The term "Giottesque painter" has come to be applied to all and sundry in fourteenth-century Florence directly or indirectly connected with Giotto. Indeed when one reads of the work of "some unknown Giottesque painter" one is little inclined to picture something in the style, let us say, of Orcagna, such as the term would naturally suggest, or

Giotto and a Giottesque: A Comparison of Two Pictures



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
By Agnolo Gaddi

even a later development of the art such as the work of Masaccio. One imagines something Sienese rather than typically Florentine, something in which the emphasis is laid on the graces of the line and the gentle refinement of the colour with little interest in mass and the solidity of the forms.

There is an excellent example of such a picture in the National Gallery, a "Coronation of the Virgin" by Agnolo di Taddeo Gaddi. Agnolo was the son of Taddeo Gaddi, one of

Giotto's immediate followers, but when one looks at this "Coronation" one does not think of Giotto and Florence; it takes its place with Sienese painting, as a predecessor let us say of Matteo's "Madonna of the Girdle" in a neighbouring room. Yet in many respects, in the general design and handling of the subject, even in the folds of the angels' drapery, the artist shows that he has been brought up in some studio where Giotto's was the prevalent influence; he has learnt at least the formula of his art from Giotto, though the spirit is quite different. Indeed, in Santa Croce one finds a "Coronation" painted by Giotto himself* in which the subject-matter is very similarly treated. Owing to this similarity these two pictures afford an easy comparison between their authors' methods and outlook.

Similarities in the placing of the figures, in the type of throne and arrangement of drapery behind it, will be obvious from a moment's glance at the two illustrations to

*Mr. Berenson gives this picture to "Assistant B." However that may be, the difference is of no importance in this context.



THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
By Giotto

this article and need not occupy us further. Agnolo either had Giotto's fresco in mind when he painted his picture or was working from some traditional design derived from him. But, when one begins to compare the pictures in more detail, one finds a curious blending of similarities due to traditional practice with differences due to a difference of aim.

Let us compare the two foremost angels in either picture. Agnolo's are felt at once as flat symbols. And yet the general arrangement of the folds, the system in which they curve round under the arms and sweep up over the knees, is just such an arrangement as an artist might invent who was interested in his drapery chiefly as a means of expressing the forms beneath it. And it probably was invented so; Agnolo was no doubt merely repeating here the traditional management of drapery handed down to him by his father, a Giottesque painter in the literal sense. The formula remains, but the object for which it was invented has gone.

If Giotto's angels are now considered, the differences which this change of intention has introduced into the old formula in Agnolo's hands, which have made Agnolo's figures flat where Giotto's are solid, become apparent. Giotto, too, sweeps the folds of his drapery round under his angels' arms and up towards their knees. But how tense and taut the folds are when compared with Agnolo's! They are allowed no wayward, playful wandering from the direction in which they will best fulfil their function, the expression of the forms beneath them. The lines of Agnolo's drapery, on the other hand, droop in graceful billows around the limbs which they envelop and every vagrancy distracts the eye from their general direction and its structural significance. In other words, the interest has been directed to the sensuous beauty of the line of the folds, not to the forms beneath the folds.

The drapery over the right-hand angel's arm in either picture shows well the changes which Agnolo makes when dealing with an arrangement somewhat similar to Giotto's. When Agnolo comes to invent an arrangement of his own, as in the fall of the angels' drapery on the ground, the new arrangement is altogether in favour of graceful attractiveness at the expense of solidity. Giotto had arranged the lower edges of his angels' robes in simple,

almost unbroken curves, which by their lack of distraction emphasize the roughly conical form of either figure. These curves also give the feeling of very solid bases to the figures, as if they were squat, compact statues which, once they were set up, would be very hard to knock down again. Agnolo set about his work in a very different way. The line which the skirt of Giotto's left-hand angel makes with the ground, summary almost to the point of crudity, was altogether too summary, too crude for him. So he spread his angels' drapery over the ground around them in a pattern of graceful lines. There is no longer a definite line marking the junction of the vertical cones of the figures with the horizontal plane on which they stand, for the spread of the skirts fuses, as it were, the plane of the figures imperceptibly with that of the ground. In fact one feels the ground to be almost as vertical as the angels, and the angels to be almost as flat as the ground; and the angels no longer rise as massive cones from a solid earth supporting them.

Similar differences in the folds of the drapery exist throughout the pictures. Agnolo, for example, accentuates the curve of his Christ's left arm by the folds on His sleeve; the creases over the torso of Giotto's Madonna have their sole function in revealing form; and the skirts of Agnolo's two main figures differ from those of Giotto in a manner rather similar to that in which their angels differ. But it is useless to labour the point further; the illustrations speak for themselves.

So far the differences noted have been differences in the lines of the drapery alone; nothing has been mentioned of the handling of the light. Here, too, there are differences significant of a change of interest. We have already seen that Agnolo valued his line for its own sake, for the attractiveness of its sensuous beauty. That and a corresponding graciousness of colour are indeed the real motives of his picture. Consequently he placed his light where it emphasizes his line, namely along the folds of the drapery, and refused to neutralize the effect of these lights by strongly-lit passages elsewhere. And notice in his left-hand angel how a patch of light falls on a fold that sags down from the knee, then to sweep up the back, and how it falls on the fold just where it is without any formal significance at all, but where the line connects so pleasantly

Giotto and a Giottesque : A Comparison of Two Pictures

the folds falling from the knee with those of the figure above.

Giotto, on the other hand, was preoccupied with expressing a sense of power and strength by the massive solidity of his figures. That at any rate was the more abstract aim of his painting, the equivalent in his art of Agnolo's love of graceful line and colour. So Giotto not only emphasized with light the lines which reveal his figures' structure, but concentrated it on the prominences of their forms. A comparison of the knees of the two painters' right-hand angels will show how fully Giotto's modelling makes one realize the boss of the knee and how perfectly Agnolo's emphasizes the pattern of the lines. Had Giotto lit his angel's knee as Agnolo would have done, the folds around it would have lost much of their plastic significance, while Giotto's lighting would largely annul the appeal of Agnolo's line.

I need not dwell on similar deductions to be made from the central figures. Enough has been said to make clear the differences of

method between the two pictures and the variances of aim which lie behind those differences and for which they are alone important. And important not so much for the understanding which they give of Agnolo's art as for the light they throw on what the new feeling was and for the understanding of a certain element in the work of later Florentines.

The similarities between the two pictures make their differences and the significance of the latter more obvious. With this clearly illustrated, one can easily follow the development of the new tendency in Florence through Agnolo to his pupil, Lorenzo Monaco, where the line burst into further wayward extravagances. Lorenzo Monaco, in turn, imparted it to his pupil, Lippo Lippi, and one sees the result of Lippi's teaching in Botticelli's work throughout his life, in the early "Adoration of the Kings" and the late "Nativity" in the National Gallery for example. Finally, we may take leave of it in the paintings of Filippino Lippi, who owes it to Botticelli's tutelage.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, K.B.E., R.A.

AN APPRECIATION

By HERBERT FURST

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN is, as a man, as an artist and as a writer, so prominently in the eye of a wide public, his works are so well known and admired, that a panegyric on him were a deed of supererogation. I come, therefore, not to bury him under a mass of æsthetic verbiage, nor even to praise him as one does the dead, but rather to use his genius as a figure upon which to hang a mantle of desultory musings.

Not until the seventeenth century did portrait-painting become a separate profession, and the eighteenth century looked upon "face-painters" as a distinctly inferior class; "history," by which one must understand figure-painting in the wider sense, being regarded as the highest form of art. The "face-painters," however, might console themselves with the fact that landscape, animal, and still-life painters ranked still lower in the

hierarchy of the pictorial arts. Underlying this conception was a belief, coming out of the Middle Ages, that painting must have not so much an æsthetic as an ethical, a moral justification; must give what Americans are fond of calling an "uplift." Portraiture, being concerned with human beings, was, therefore, regarded as "higher" than the painting of animals, of landscape and inanimate Nature; it was for all that considered to be lower, less uplifting than figure-composition since it was *qua* portraiture tied to "defective" models. The "grand manner" of figure-composition insisted upon a correction of the faults and shortcomings of Nature. Since the Renaissance, however, strivings for an absolute, aimings at a permanent, standard of beauty, a "classic ideal" which the ancient Greeks were supposed to have reached, were curiously affected and deflected by a desire for truth to

Nature for deceptive realism in representation. That there might be an essential difference between the beauty and truth of Nature and the beauty and truth of art was hardly admitted, certainly not recognized by the many. Hence portraitists thought it necessary to improve upon Nature, but to take no undue risks, and therefore to give their sitters classical poses, to swathe especially their feminine models—sex is still the æsthetic criterion of beauty in virtue of which a Reynolds' "female," for example, will fetch ten times as much as a Reynolds' "male" in the saleroom—in semi-classical draperies, and to mould the features nearer to what was supposed to have been the ancient world's desire.

The nineteenth century, by way of filial disaffection, insisted on a complete aversion from such ideas of "beauty" in favour of a Puritanical worship of "truth." Curiously enough this worship of truth meant in portraiture not, as one would suppose, a respect for the sitter; on the contrary he, or even she, only became the *corpus vile*, callously exposed to every accident of light that might fall upon him, and so make him a more interesting object of experiment. Sitters were painted in the glare of brilliant sunlight, or in the gloomy depths of Caledonian recesses. One suspects, in fact, that some of these stern truth-tellers must have bemoaned the impossibility of rendering the effects of complete darkness, though they very nearly reached this ideal.

Such, roughly, was the state of painting when Sir William Orpen's star first began to top the horizon.

Now, it is in the nature of every creative mind that, after undergoing a term of so-called education, and suffering in its course a greater or lesser series of pedagogic oppressions, it will seek freedom in revolt. The works of art produced by such liberated spirits are ever in the nature of protests, and their real significance can only be rightly appraised if one knows and visualizes what has gone before.

Orpen's training began with dead provincial academicism and a worship of ideal beauty—it ended, at the Slade School, with eclectic impressionism and a worship of topical truth. If I remember rightly the Slade students of that time posed such questions as: "Why should not ugliness be just as beautiful?"

If Orpen's star was a star, and not a planet, if his was a creative mind, then it was necessary that his work should demonstrate not what he had been taught to worship, but what he had himself learnt to condemn. What he had been taught to worship was, no doubt, first academic pseudo-idealism, next impressionistic naturalism; what he had learnt to condemn was the submission of his alert and robust genius to objective, impersonal standards, whether they were of an idealistic or a realistic nature.

Orpen was never a follower, nor will he, I imagine, ever be the leader of a school. He is first and foremost himself: vastly interested in himself, but objectively that is to say, as a sentient and thinking individual, and one who is without the slightest trace of morbid introspection. His works are the result of personal "reactions" against things physically seen or mentally experienced. That might, in a general sense of course, be said of any, even the feeblest, artist. Nevertheless, it is this personal reaction which distinguishes his work from that of others: it is strongly coloured by his personality, even in the marks of his brush.

What the "silver spoon" is in the mouth of some of fortune's favourites, must in his case have been the pencil or the brush—both in fact. He is a born craftsman, both as a draughtsman and as a painter. Even in his early work, for instance in the "Mirror," an illustration of which accompanies this text, one never felt effort, never that expression as such caused him the slightest difficulty. Where thousands of less fortunate, though sometimes quite renowned and successful artists expend their life and the whole of their energy in struggling to express what they have in front of their eyes, and never get far enough to tell us what is in their minds, Orpen, from the beginning—I am now thinking of his "Hamlet" of 1899—was able to say what he wished.

If we ever feel inclined to disagree with him—this does happen—it is never with his art that we can find fault, but with the things that are in his mind. Again, that might be true of other accomplished craftsmen, such as for example Sargent, who had probably as little difficulty with expression as Orpen. Sargent, however, seems only to have had distinct, if somewhat limited views about his



Sir William Orpen, K.B.E., R.A.

sitters; his views about Nature were entirely superficial and exhausted themselves in the appreciation of light and its influence on tone and colour-values in the chaotic composition of chance. Decoration was to him manifestly a difficult, one might almost say an unnatural, process. Also Sargent was taciturn and literarily inarticulate.

I do not think that "decoration" would be Orpen's *métier* either: it is not his form of expression, but in every other respect he is keenly alive, vocal, even vociferous. He talks well, he writes well, he draws and paints so, superlatively. He loves the joy of seeing, but this alone rarely suffices him for his art: he must make his comment upon the objects of his sight; he must let us know what he feels about them.

He is Irish, and has painted scenes of Irish life, not after the manner of Jack Yeats, still less in that of W. B. He is guided entirely by his own conception, his own sense of humour. His unerring draughtsmanship, his infallible sense of tone-values, made him delight in painting still-life, and especially interiors with portraits, but these latter are never statements of dry facts: always there is a communication of the personality of his sitters verging possibly upon caricature. In this respect, however, he does not spare himself, as may be seen in his several whimsical self-portraits.

And so we come to the task which now fills almost the whole of his time: the painting of portraits.

His extreme technical abilities enable him to produce more work than any other portrait-painter, alive or dead, for it must not be forgotten that the prolific portrait-painters of the past, the Vandycks, Lelys, Knellers, Reynoldses, Ramsays, and so forth, had their "devils," and that patrons paid handsomely for the privilege of obtaining work that was no more than "touched" by the master's hand. Orpen not only does all his own work, but finds time to paint other pictures besides.

From the technical point of view it would be impossible to deny mastery to any work of his hand, but it would be sheer insincerity

to assert that all his works are of equal appeal.

Orpen's mentality reacts most strongly when he can allow himself full freedom of expression; when the personality of his sitter as it shows itself in physiognomy and habitual attitude attracts him. It is under such conditions that he dashes off masterpieces, e.g. the inimitable "James Law," or the "Sir William McCormick," or the late "Lord Spencer" with his tremendous cravat, the aristocratic general unawareness, relieved by a background of Garter blue . . .

Of equal excellence, however, are some of his portraits of "nonentities," soldiers, common folk like that wonderful "Polish Messenger" of his.

And his "Peace Conference" pictures: what will posterity make of these *historical* pieces, paintings of still-life, marvellous still-life with the portraits added as a "post-pict," if there were such a word, as an afterthought, almost a disturbing element, pushed down the canvas, nearly off the scene? Orpen was an eyewitness of the events he painted, and as the "Onlooker in France" he has explained his point of view: "In short, from my window," he writes, "it was easy to see how self-important the majority of all these little 'frocks' thought themselves. It was all like an *opéra bouffe*."

Clio will write against Orpen's name: "One of England's greatest portrait-painters," but I almost wish the muse of history should have reason to amend the entry I have anticipated. I wish Sir William would make a great resolution and refuse to paint anyone or anything that does not interest him very particularly. He could be not only the great portraitist he is, but a great historical and satirical painter.

However, now that Ireland is no longer a distressful country, and the Great War slumbers in the embers of peace, what is there left to interest him apart from portraiture? "Closing Time, Avignon," his last Academy picture: Caged Tigers—yawning!

Is this, after all, perhaps a historical, a satirical piece?

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of APOLLO

The Dippons, Compton,
Wolverhampton,
July 14, 1926.

SIR,—The writer of the article on "Glass Transfer Pictures" in your March and April numbers seems unaware that this process had been described in very great detail by John Stalker and George Parker in their "Treatise of Japanning," etc., published in 1688.

They devote several pages to the description of this "pleasant, insinuating Art," although they were aware it was "a subject with which the world is very well acquainted." "This manner of painting," they write, p. 69, "is lookt upon to be the Women's more peculiar province, and the Ladies are almost the only pretenders."

Robert Dossie, in his shorter account in the "Handmaid of the Arts," 1758 (not, I think, 1754), probably knew Stalker's book, but his wording is not the same and no actual borrowing is noticeable.

Probably the expense of the prints and the risk of failure prevented this pastime from becoming popular.

Yours, etc.,
GERALD P. MANDER.

SIR,—The discovery of such an early reference to glass transfer pictures is most valuable. It is of the greatest interest to know that the mezzotint was subjected to "this manner of painting" almost from its birth, as must be the case when we find the "pleasant and insinuating art" in full swing not twenty years after Sherwin's engraving of Charles II appeared; and it is agreeable to think that, if we come across a transfer picture of a print by Vaillant or Blooteling, it may have been done by a lady of the court of King Charles.

Few such pictures, however, can have survived, though I cannot agree with the conclusion drawn by Mr. Mander in his last paragraph.

His authors tell us that "some (mezzotints) can be afforded for 6d. or 12d. . . ." prices which, allowing for the greater value of the penny in those days, would hardly frighten a lady of fashion: while "the Ladies" have never, I think, been daunted by "risk of failure" when in pursuit of a hobby.

My quotation from Dossie's book was taken from the second edition, published in 1764, the first being, as Mr. Manders rightly says, dated 1758.

Yours, etc.,
STEPHEN WINKWORTH.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

NEVER before has so much attention been paid to the graphic and plastic talents of the fashionable literary men, of those whom a deceased chronicler, and one who was a King of the Boulevard (when there still was a Boulevard worthy of the name, that is to say a rendezvous of wits), defined as "Our most notorious contemporaries." I mean eccentric Ernest La Jeunesse, who usually employed very choice language, but preferred that day to use familiar expressions and the word "notorious" instead of "notable." A Bohemian who frequented luxurious places, a dandy in shabby clothes, Ernest La Jeunesse was by turns a novelist, a chronicler, an essayist and critic, a passionate collector of everything that had connection with the Napoleonic era, as well as of eighteenth-century watches from the turnip of the sea-rover to the dainty little watch of the favourite.

Now, it was Ernest La Jeunesse, who by illustrating "Les Nuits et les Ennuis de nos plus notoires contemporains," and afterwards, "Cinq ans chez les Sauvages," was the first to restore to honour the drawings of literary men. Still, it is true that the pencil of this man of letters never quite deserted literature, as he never did anything but catch the silhouettes of his masters and his friends. His Mallarmé, Pierre Louys, Maurice Barrès are among his best.

Now, just twenty years after, this vogue has so increased that literary men, when considering the fate of inexpensive, illustrated books, think seriously of doing without their

usual collaborators—such as Pascin, Jou, Daragnès, Charles Laborde, Hermine David, Maurice Savin, Delinière, Galanis, Laboureur, and so on. They are now ready to illustrate themselves.

The novelist Pierre MacOrlan has given the example by translating into pictures his last work, "Sous la lumière froide." It should be remembered that though this is a much noticed *début*, it is not quite a *début*. When he was young and unknown, Pierre MacOrlan retarded the hour of serious works of real literature, such as he loves, by supplying small magazines with very savoury humorous stories which he himself illustrated. These compositions are somewhat clumsy, but they are really amusing, and he was often pleased to represent himself as the central figure. At that time he loved to attire himself in a golf costume. Still earlier MacOrlan, who had adopted for the occasion the Scottish pseudonym which he was destined to make famous, had been able to earn a small revenue by producing a series of sporting prints quite in the British style.

Since then he fell under the influence of the German George Grosz, that sort of Germanic bogey, that Sade of Berlin playing the humanitarian, that Spartacist ogre whom MacOrlan, charmed much more by his license than by his spirit of social reform, has not a little contributed to introduce into France.

Will the example that MacOrlan has set, of illustrating his own works, be followed? By certain signs and by the interest that this boldness has excited one can suppose

Letter from Paris

it will. The "Lumière froide" has appeared at a moment when the critics have received with benevolence a work that the obscurity of its issue did not seem to promise this success: namely, it is "Dessins de littérateurs d'Euripide et de Dante à Max Jacob."

If the author, M. Edouard Deverin, wished to finish his study with Max Jacob, whose talent is above amateurishness, he was wrong in not insisting on the case of Jean Cocteau, who is as much painter as poet, and a designer who is justly celebrated for his poster for the first Russian Ballets, representing Nijinsky, whom London can also admire, and for his "Potomack," his "Eugènes de la Guerre," and the striking portraits of such heroes of art as the composer Stravinsky and the painter Picasso, who certainly would not have sat for a bungler.

Many years before, when Symbolism was dying, we had the lithographs by the playwright Henry Bataille, who at the time was only known as the poet who had written "La Chambre blanche." But Bataille was also a real painter. He was very young when he entered the celebrated Académie Julian, where his decadent languor greatly astonished his fellow-students, the sport-loving Americans. Destined for painting, Bataille only took to literature by chance, by the magical path of poetry. His is a rare case. In general, writers, if they are clever enough not to aim too high, make very satisfactory draughtsmen, while without any malice one can nearly always place the literature of painters below every other.

Oh! certainly there is the "Journal de Delacroix," the great divisionist Seurat employed to explain his theories in language that was as precise as that of Condillac; his friend and follower (up to a certain point), Paul Signac, composed happy naturalist pastiches, and his "Aide-Memoire beyliste" (Stendhalien), is the work of a perfect man of letters. But that touching and tragic Modigliani, the great plastician, who always reached the pathetic by sobriety, made the mistake of publishing verses of quite childlike modernism. The trenchant little poems to which Vlaminck evidently attaches too great importance never exceed the value of the *charge d'atelier*.

"Anch'io son pittore!" exclaim the men of the pen. They had their Salon this year. And in what a setting! The gallery that has been opened near the "Opéra" in the centre of one of the most important *maisons de blanc* (table linen and *lingerie*) of the capital so that society ladies can renew their trousseau while dreaming of the talent revealed by the favourite authors who keep them from sleeping.

The study of this exhibition obliges us to recall some of the precursors of this style. Above all, Victor Hugo, called until his death "le Père," who in the eyes of young scholars has suffered during thirty years an unjust discredit, and who in the twentieth century has come into favour again, with the homage of the turbulent super-realists themselves, which is only as logical as it is legitimate. The finest exhibition of Hugo's drawings is to be found in his museum, his former home in the Place des Vosges, that *chef-d'œuvre* of simple seventeenth-century architecture. The custodian, M. Raymond Escholier, has collected there Rhenish burgs, monsters attacking the workers of the sea, moonlight that resembles volcanic and solar cataclysms, faces of terror—the most astonishing lessons of the opposition of black and white, caprices of genius of the master of antithesis.

Théophile Gautier was an indifferent painter, although

the poet of the "Emaux et Camées" was friendly towards the paint brush. A poet but little ethereal, who was admired by Baudelaire for his form, he only lives now in anthologies. He has no right to a place in a museum. And Baudelaire? His known drawings, among which is a very striking portrait of himself, are essentially graphic reveries drawn on the margin of a commenced poem. They are often expressions of the mood. They foreshadow the "enormous caricatures" with which Arthur Rimbaud, the sublime youth who wrote "Le Bateau Livre" used to decorate his school copybooks. They also foretell the fantasies of Paul Verlaine, who was up to a certain point a professional draughtsman. Indeed, he who has left us nothing but neglected pencil drawings or exaggerated portraits, compositions that are obscure and burlesque, and were scribbled with the point of a bad pen on the ruled paper of cafés in the Quartier-Latin, gave drawing lessons in London. What could he teach his pupils in the very modest little college if he did not dare to teach them imagination? But can imagination be taught?

Indeed, Verlaine, who was nearly allied to the purely lyrical English poets, a rare thing among French poets, could never have the pretensions to the same renown as the great Englishmen of his century who were at the same time painters and poets. Still, we have a rare album of his drawings collected by M. F. Régamey: "Verlaine dessinateur." It has in it that which can rejoice the hearts of men of letters and the amateurs of art.

Picasso during his youth, when he was much in the company of poets from Montmartre to Montparnasse, at the Café de la Closerie des Lilas, amused himself by improvising drawings which are really the good drawings of a man of letters! His "Moréas," his "Paul Fort," his "Appollinaire" could really be by Appollinaire. Besides, the latter had executed shortly before his death, during the leisure of a severely wounded man, some *gouaches* that are not to be neglected. The wonderful dreams of the peace are blended pretty well with the mysticism of the war of which the author of "Calligramus" was filled to enable him to illustrate another of his works, "Le Poète assassiné."

I have already said that Max Jacob, the author of "La Défense de Tartufe," of "Le Laboratoire Central," and of "Le Cornet à dès," is one of the good painters of the moment.

Some of the most delicate *gouaches* by Max Jacob were executed under the worst of conditions, with scanty materials, seated in the last row of the last gallery of the "Trianon Lyrique," where he reproduced scenes from musical comedies.

Now having retired to the monastery of Saint Benoit sur Loire (though he is no monk), Max Jacob divides his time between the *gouache* and poetry. One must hear him mutter in imitation of the popular bugbears: "a poem, a *gouache*; a poem, a *gouache*." The "Petit Palais" has acquired several of his views of Paris.

Some day we shall see the compositions of Paul Valéry, this famous man of fifty, whose election to the "Académie Française" has seated beneath the cupola the gracious muse of obscure poetry. We are assured that Picasso esteems his work highly.

In any case, M. Paul Valéry, because he also is not without plastic art, has all the gifts that are required to understand the subtle, profound, and varied art that is

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blended in Pablo Picasso, whose glory has been extended by the recent exhibition of his works in Paul Rosenberg's gallery. London is too well acquainted with the extraordinary *œuvre* of Picasso, his blue epoch, the epoch of mountebanks, the pink epoch, cubism and the lyrical deformations of to-day, for it to be necessary to speak much about them. I would rather mention a trait of this master of the gallery in order to amuse the lovers of good culture. It gives much subject for thought. Is it *naïveté*? Pride of manager? A playful trick? A profound sense for puff? It is very difficult to choose. These are the facts. A constant purchaser of Picasso, this influential merchant also owns a considerable number of paintings by Cézanne. One of his halls is permanently devoted to the works of the Aix master. Now, an iron chain of an unexpected thickness separates the rooms containing the Picassos from the room occupied by the Cézannes so that it is impossible to cross the threshold. One cannot think that M. Paul Rosenberg wanted to mark by this a solution of continuity. If Picasso does not go back he comes in part from Cézanne, who hardly seems to announce him; both circumstances are to the honour of the master of yesterday and of the master of to-day.

Another great manifestation of the summer season was the exhibition at the Galerie Hodebert, of one of Georges Seurat's most important pictures. It was scarcely known in France. The picture in question is "Les Poseuses," which has been acquired in Germany for the "Barnes Foundation" in Philadelphia.

"Les Poseuses"! The title does not explain much. What does that matter? The three "Poseuses," three nudes—one of whom has on green stockings of a tone in the style of Mathias Grünewald, their forms of incomparable grace and modesty are prisoners in a sort of glass cage; the synthesis of a studio where one bay offers a view of a replica of a fragment of "La Grande Jatte." Seurat never did anything by chance. So that it is permissible to suppose that he whose idealism, high intellectuality, culture that was at the same time plastic, literary, and scientific (chemistry of colours, optics), was going to overthrow realism, was preparing a total revolution in composition. Not contented with having restored to drawing all its prestige by a rigour that never wounds grace, he was doubtless trying twenty-five years before them to organize an internal revolution that was as fruitful as that of the cubists. But Seurat was doomed to die when he had just attained his thirtieth year.

I have called Seurat the reconstructor. The great architect of lines was only so great because he drew from the laws of light something that was as exalting for the spirit, something that was as moving to the senses as a new geometry. He arrived at it without challenge, while appearing to depend modestly on the masters of his time, the realists. His themes were those of a short novel in the style of "Soirées de Médan," but this born painter, so isolated by his genius and his nobleness, was able to produce works of a power that was thought to have been lost since Delacroix.

One sees that those who have crossed the straits in order to enjoy a Parisian summer have not lost the opportunity of employing their days well. I wish to think that the spicy charms of the large and luminous artistic cafés of Montparnasse, the Dome, the Rotonde, the Select, Monaco,

the Jockey, were sufficient to occupy their evenings. The theatres had not much to offer them beyond the good and regular pieces of the classical and modern repertoire of the very official "Comédie Française." The time of good first nights is passed and now we must wait for them, until autumn. The theatres that have not entirely closed their doors are in the hands of entrepreneurs, who stage old plays for the holidays for which the theatre box-office can answer. The only shows that have any attraction are imported, and it is not asked of me to be the last to come and judge the gaiety of "No No Nanette," or the melancholy malice of Josephine Baker or of her rival Miss Florence Mills.

However, there is one little first night.

With great assistance from publicity, and an excellent cast, including Mme. Falconetti and M. Alcover, both of them being deserters from the "Comédie Française," where the bureaucratic spirit stifled them, the "Théâtre de Paris" has staged "La Garçonne," taken from the much-talked-about novel by Victor Margueritte. It was a disappointment. The curious, and it must be said the beautiful curious ladies, who came with a good appetite for scandal, said to each other: "What? Is that all? . . ."

The scene of the orgy appeared very tame under the blue searchlights of an ingenious electrician. Had they never read the novel to be so disappointed? It is not at all scandalous. At the cost of the loss of his rank of Commander of the Légion d'Honneur under the accusation of pornography, Victor Margueritte has attained the fabulous standard of a million copies. His enemies have enriched him. The two incriminated scenes, which are impossible on the stage, where they would make a monkey howl, retain in the novel the grace of the pages of Andréa de Nerciat, the knightly storyteller of the eighteenth century. They are the only pages of perfect art in a book that tends towards public moralizing and social preaching. Bernard Shaw would have made a socialist farce of it. In his princely domain on the "Côte d'Azur," Victor Margueritte now writes austere prefaces for heavy pamphlets of Russian propaganda. A strange career for the second son of the general who commanded the heroic charge at Sedan!

Silence and shadows fill the concert halls, and the Opera also anxious for easy returns goes from the romances of Faust to the brass tempests of the trumpets of Aïda, which greeted the entrance of the Sultan of Morocco into the Hôtel de Ville.

It is true that one of the young masters of modern, of very modern, music, and doubtless one who is promised the great successes of the theatre, Darius Milhaud, has undertaken with the assent of many of his friends to rehabilitate old Gounod.

Perhaps the long holidays that Darius Milhaud is taking in Aix-en-Provence, the city of beautiful fountains, his native Royal and Cézannien town; Georges Auric's holiday in the English country, and Poulenc's sojourn in Esterel will permit me next winter to inform you of the sentiments of the amateurs about the unexpected marriage of "musical cubism" and "bravura pieces."

Has it not been whispered that it will be wise to make an innovation, in the sense that may be guessed, in order to retain the favour of the public, when one feels the threat of an offensive Puccino-Mussolinesque return of the Italian "bel air"?

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

IT is incomprehensible why the Berlin State Opera gave Bernhard Schuster's "Dieb des Glücks" ("The Thief of Happiness"), and at the end of the season too. It is the first novelty that has been accepted since Schilling left. Kleiber always tried to force it through, and has now had to strike out many passages in order to give it the possibility of even a short life. On the first night, however, it had quite a friendly reception, also shared by the composer, who as editor of the magazine "Musik" has proved his undoubted merits. He is the brother of the publisher, Richard Schuster, who wrote the libretto for him, in rather old-fashioned rhymes. One must admit quite frankly that these old stories of knights have no longer the slightest charm for us, even when they are presented with artificial humour. This old knight—who as a picture hanging on the wall watches his grotesque heir, who is arrested as the thief of his own portrait and then shares his future with an ingenuous young girl—is a figure taken from an antiquated, dust-covered theatre. If it were even a theatre! But this music is not capable of reproducing the story even in an artistic form, in which a merry action takes place to the accompaniment of playful themes. These themes are devoid of the spirit of life, their blood is ink, their existence smells of paper, and however suitably it may all be worked out, from whatever good intentions it may have originated, it is wanting in divine imagination, the real liberty of humour, and the perfect understanding of the unison of the voices with the orchestra. There are a few climaxes in the counterpoint of the passages between the heirs and the old knight; there is also a pretty funeral march when the knight is led away, but the whole flows onwards as if nothing had happened. It is painful to tell this to a man who really understands it all so well. He must be satisfied with having made a step, though on ground that was too slippery. "Fatinitza," which was given about the same time at the Municipal Opera House, quashes him. Old Suppé has still more wit in him, more charm of invention, more temperament for rhythm and construction. It was a charming performance. Suppé will again be the fashion.

At the same time the Theater des Westens gave a new arrangement of his "Donna Juanita," under the title of "The Great Unknown" ("Die grosse Unbekannte"). But it was not so successful.

In honour of the First International Actors' Congress the "Secession" has arranged a nice little exhibition of the theatre, consisting of portraits, pictures of stages, figurantes, all mixed up together, but so complete that one is really able to obtain a general survey of the prodigious work that has been done in Berlin (the exhibition is limited to Berlin) in this domain. Of course there are specially gifted people in this branch. We all know that. The very greatest painters stand somewhat aloof, though at times they experience the inclination to produce something decorative. Corinth's designs for "Faust" are certainly more problematic than Slevogt's well-known fantasies for the Dresden performance of "Don Juan," which will retain for all time their personal worth as an expression of this

original artist, who unites in himself the faculties of music and of the graphic arts.

The two most important tendencies of decorative painting are most clearly expressed by the Berliners Aravantinos and Pirchan. Aravantinos is romantic and an impressionist; Pirchan, ornamental and a stylist. In our opera houses we have had sufficient opportunities of observing and judging the qualities of these two artists to know that for both there is a limit beyond which their special style does not find the necessary sustenance. For Aravantinos this is found in Wagner, for Pirchan in Verdi. But they both remain as diagonal types of their art, and whatever else has been produced in this branch is on their lines. Ernst Stern has also a pronounced ornamental nature, only softer and more vibrant than Pirchan. Krehan again has a more stylistic character, which is at its best in revues and operettes. Cesar Klein remains one of the best stylists of this group. His designs for the famous scenes in the Schauspielhaus show the concentrated and formal strength with which he shook us all up at the time. Ernst Klausz, on the other hand, belongs to the more picturesque temperaments, and is abundantly and vividly represented in this exhibition. It must never be forgotten that it is here only a question of Berlin artists who have created this imposing industrial art owing to the rapid development of the life of our theatre.

And matters are still developing. Over five hundred pieces are exhibited here only as samples of this one local art. The artists are hung in groups, so that it is easy to distinguish the style and the manner at a glance. Here we have the charming ballet studies by Finetti, which hover in all the loveliness of the theatre, and a little farther the same subjects treated by Oppler that combine charm and objectivity. And then von Meid's etchings that represent the splendour of the theatre in a series of Don Juan pictures in the most intoxicating manner.

These are followed by the numberless drawings that aim more at figures and portraits. Conny Fingesten has very witty things taken from all sorts of repertoire pieces, which are followed by a somewhat restless series of portraits of celebrities, of which Maria Schreker is the best. Rudolf Grossmann is very productive in portraits of actors—Wegener's is the best. Spiro has a series chiefly of musical types—a very well-hit-off likeness of Kleiber as leader. There is Charlotte Berend with her well-known sketches of Pallenberg and Massary. Excellent Walter Trier with a large collection of half-caricatured portraits of theatre and film actors. And in a separate room we have Emil Orlik, who has drawn everybody and everything, from whom no director, no actor, no critic, no painter, no decoration is safe, whose gallery in its truth to Nature and objectivity, which is never clouded by subjectivity, will remain a document of our day.

George Grosz stands highest of all, and it is just in a collection such as this one that his importance for the theatre is most obvious. His sketches for Shaw, Georg Kaiser, Ivan Goll, and for the new play by von Zeck, have

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the personal trait that none of the others show, the emphasizing of the *milieu* and the figures from the literary as well as from the plastic side into quite an original composition of both, in which the character of the piece and the character of the stage, as such, determine the style of the scene and the costumes. Here it appears that a result of the modern German art of the theatre has been attained, as in another climate and under other conditions it has become more generally known in the modern Russian art of the theatre. In any case the exhibition shows that the practical activity of the artists has been more fruitful for the stage than the reflected images of the actors in their portraits. The actors who are present will admit this, though perhaps they neither wished nor hoped it would be so.

* * * * *

Whiteman is a corpulent, friendly gentleman, who is very pleased to drink a glass of beer, of which he partakes copiously during the rehearsals. One can't blame him for it, as at home the poor man has to deprive himself of spirits, while in his music there is as much spirit as anybody can desire. Even the programme of his music has something animated and high-spirited in it. It is really not a programme at all. He plays with his famous jazz orchestra very much what he likes, and sometimes it is in accord with the printed repertoire. During the pause he is very fond of playing the chief piece of the evening. Sometimes he has placards with the titles of the different pieces raised on high so that people should know what is being played. But it is not of much use when, instead of the first programme that is announced, he plays the second. This disorder is charming.

But when he plays, he plays admirably. Each of his virtuosos is the master of several instruments. They change from one to the other as required. The string instruments are in the background, the wind instruments very much to the fore. The saxophones in all four pitches are the leaders. There are two pianos, a celesta and all sorts of percussion instruments, but they are not the terribly noisy instruments that we are used to in our jazz bands. All taken together it sounds splendid. There are wonderful modulations of the trombones, trumpets and horns, and this is followed by a mystic sound of ethereal charm. He scarcely conducts, he only stands there and laughs now and then, and sometimes he beats time to the syncopations on his thighs. An extraordinary mood comes over us when we hear this very best of jazz orchestras. Of course, it is claptrap, but not the kind we find on the streets and which satisfies low instincts, but it is a very refined claptrap on that bourne of culture where the sweetest sensuality glistens. It is not simply sentimentality, but the same mixture of feeling and art that we find in the sound of the saxophone. There where claptrap is reached the jazz turns as it were round and makes fun of himself, is ironical and laughs at his own art. That is the essential point. It is at the same time the satisfaction of instinct and the victory over this satisfaction. Therefore it is not quite stupid; on the contrary it is very clever and wise, and when very good it is almost a philosophy something like the Chaplinade.

Indeed, Whiteman himself does not seem quite sure of these bournes. For example, he works with light effects, changing variegated lights which in accordance with the mood of the piece vary from red to blue and then to

white. This is, of course, æstheticism, even though Schönberg and Scriabin have done the same thing. Whiteman is not even quite clear about his choice of the music. He had the intention of developing the ordinary jazz orchestra for dance music into a kind of large symphony, and has been giving concerts of this nature for the last two years in New York. But what weak compositions he was offered there. The most famous of them is Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"; it is perhaps the best of his symphonies, giving a strict condensation of American motives with strong piano interludes in the French style. But notwithstanding all this it is far from being of much worth. The Mississippi symphony and the "Day in the Circus" are still worse, both insipid and stupid compositions with the usual noisy and commonplace instrumentation and all the rubbish of clowns and animal sounds. We prefer the usual dances which he plays to perfection, and they are charmingly instrumented and full of the rhythm and audacity of the modern movement. He has a little dance symphony entitled "Castles in the Air," in which three men's voices resolve the music—it is like Stravinsky. Let us, then, leave these symphonic attitudes alone and confine ourselves to the vibrato of the dances. The jazz has long since had an influence on the great music; its influence can be seen in Stravinsky, in Milhaud, in Hindemith, and is so cleverly developed that this Whiteman music is already superseded. He has come to us too late—we know that very well to-day.

The virtuosity of his musicians is enormous. Two pianists rattle over the keys with unheard-of rhythmic warmth in all sorts of jazz melodies. The first saxophonist plays his instrument with a pureness and beauty that we never could have imagined. One man plays the concertina as if he had an entire orchestra in his fingers—he plays whole pieces out of operas.

Despite all the muffling of the brass instruments with clubs, plates and hats, and all the howls and quackings which are an important part of jazz music, the players of these instruments execute the most comically primitive variations of natural sounds. One of them rushes through a glissando on the trombone which almost takes your breath away. A fiddler plays his instrument in every possible and impossible position except the right one. They all have such temperament, such humour, and so much imagination in these improvised songs of sorrow and frolic, that one thinks oneself not at a concert but in a variety show. Everybody knows the comedian Grock, who is the past-master of this musical clownery. One might almost call Grockism a philosophy of the world, that with the arrogance of jugglery has changed our music and our life. This is what we find in these Whiteman boys. They conquer us and make criticism impossible for us. Whiteman has in his programme a piece he calls "Meet the Boys." In this piece each of the virtuosos shows what he can do. It is pitch dark in the Grosse Schauspielhaus. He lights it up in different places with a small searchlight. Three thousand people witness the wonder. They break out into frantic applause and in the end they do not know if it is a joke or art. I also do not know what it is. It is a mixture of both which at other times we do not allow ourselves, but which we ought, perhaps, to allow ourselves because in some way it is an average of this dearly-loved modern world.

BOOK REVIEWS

ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE
XTH TO THE XIIITH CENTURY, by ERIC G. MILLAR.
(G. Van Oest.)

This handsome volume is another proof that slowly but surely English art is coming into its own. Since the days of Westwood, that pioneer who did so much for the study of the illuminated manuscripts of this country, the rapidly increasing bibliography of works dealing with single manuscripts, or groups of manuscripts, testifies to a steadily awakening interest. But, though chapters devoted to English illuminations of the various periods have been included in such general works as Mr. Herbert's invaluable volume (*Illuminated Manuscripts*, in the Connoisseurs' Library), I know of no book which has, up to the present, been devoted solely to tracing in any comprehensive or detailed fashion the rise, development and decadence of the art in this country, with the exception of a comparatively short study by Sir E. M. Thompson (*English Illuminated Manuscripts*, 1895). Even Mr. Millar does not here attempt to deal with more than the four centuries from the beginning of the tenth to the end of the thirteenth century. The earlier Hiberno-Saxon school, as he justly remarks, had no "direct influence upon later English productions," and the subsequent period, that is to say, from the fourteenth century onwards, is allocated by Mr. Millar to a second volume. No period in the history of the art of this country is more full of interest than the centuries covered by this book. The first chapter deals with the century previous to the Norman Conquest, and to this period may be ascribed a succession of masterpieces of which any country might well be proud. Few people can look unmoved on the strange, almost exotic, beauty of many of the productions of the school, associated during the last half of the tenth and first half of the eleventh century, first with Winchester and later with other centres. Excellent as are the plates in this book, it is hardly possible to do any justice to such manuscripts as the sumptuous Benedictional of St. Æthelwold, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire (plates 4-7), without the use of colour, but the fine illustration of the outline drawing of the Crucifixion (plate 10), from the Harleian MS. 2904 in the British Museum, is a superb example of the extraordinary command of line possessed by the Anglo-Saxon artist.

Chapter II is devoted to a discussion of the style which developed during the period from the Norman Conquest to the end of the twelfth century. The Norman invasion marks a turning point in the history of English illumination, though there had already been signs of a coming change. To quote Mr. Millar: "What is at least certain is that Norman monks, including scribes and illuminators, were introduced in large numbers into English Religious Houses . . . and a change of style followed as an almost inevitable result." Farther on he says: "heaviness, coupled with great splendour of decoration, is in fact the keynote of English twelfth-century art." The great Bibles from Bury St. Edmunds (now in the Library at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge) and Winchester and the less known example at Lambeth must rank, together with the splendid Psalter in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, among the finest monuments of their class produced during the twelfth century in any country.

A Psalter written for Westminster Abbey towards the end of the century shows a change in style which becomes very marked in the next century. As Mr. Millar observes at the commencement of his third chapter, dealing with the thirteenth century, "the classification of works of art by centuries is rather for the convenience of the antiquary than because of any striking change at the turn of each period of a hundred years." Though the author lays stress on the difficulty of distinguishing English from French work at this period, the former seems to show in the main more vigour and a finer sense of individuality than the latter, enchanting as are some of the finest French manuscripts of the period.

To those who know Mr. Millar's work it is needless to emphasize the scholarly treatment of the subject, and the bibliographies testify to the wide range of his research. A feature which will be of inestimable value to students is the admirable hand list provided at the end of the text. There are, however, some omissions from this list, one being the Lesnes Abbey Missal in the Victoria and Albert Museum, a manuscript of considerable importance from several points of view. One minor point: one may perhaps ask Mr. Millar to provide in a future edition some convenient method by which the student who is pressed for time may hastily refer from the plates to the text. In the matter of the plates Mr. Millar has been excellently well served by his publishers, and the book should prove an indispensable work of reference to all students of English medieval art.

M. H. LONGHURST.

THE ISLES OF GREECE, by ANTHONY DELL, xii, 226 pp., 24 plates. (London: Geoffrey Bles.) 30s. net.

This book contains twenty-four photographic reproductions of Greek scenery, which recall but do not rival Boissonas's wonderful work. Eighteen of them picture three only of the many isles of Greece and the other six illustrate sites on the mainland. Some of the plates are excellent, noticeably two of the olives of Corfu (plates ii, viii) and the distant view along the shore by the citadel of Corfu. The architecture of Rhodes is well rendered, while the temple site at Ialysos and the enchanting Bay of Nauplia reveal the tone and atmosphere that form the principal qualities of Greek landscape. We congratulate the author on his success in giving us these characteristic glimpses of Greece where sea and mountain and olive unite in harmony. The text, however, is disappointing. The author is not sufficiently at home in the language, history, and art of Greece to do justice to his subject in a short tour which included only three of the islands. His pages reflect commonplace impressions of travel many of which are more concerned with his Italian steamer than with the isles themselves. There are frequent allusions to legend and history, but when the unvisited islands of the Dodecanese are mentioned the second-hand information obtained from a fellow-passenger is not remarkable for accuracy. It is unfortunate that the author chose an ambitious title and accompanied his excellent photographs with an inferior and rather lengthy text. His notes on the birds and flowers show that he is capable of something better, but his personal adventures such as buying walking sticks at Corfu are not of general interest.



ST. ANNE, THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

By Lorenzo d'Alessandro da S. Severino

A CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES COLLECTED BY VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS LEE OF FAREHAM, and described by TANCRED BORENIUS. Vol. ii. Privately printed, 1926.

"The Trinity," by Botticelli, originally in the church of S. Elisabetta delle Convertite, is without doubt the principal revelation of this second volume. And it certainly would be difficult to find in any museum or collection a novelty of equal importance. Beyond the republication and the new interpretation of the last work of Holbein, we note the triptych ascribed to the Master of Santa Cecilia, a polyptych by Allegretto Nuzi, "The Ascension" by a Hispano-Florentine painter of the time, about 1400, known through the Valencia altarpiece, a beautiful "Madonna" by Guariento Padovano, a cassone by Guidoccio Cozzarelli, two "trionfi" of the school of Mantegna, a very vigorous portrait by Tintoretto, a Van Dyck, a Simon Marmion, and various other things. My interest as an investigator is, however, centred on three things. I have known for some time the little picture representing the "Nativity of the Virgin," ascribed to Masolino, and I have never been able to convince myself that they are in the right who look upon it as of the Florentine school. To me it has always seemed on account of its gravity, its types, and its colouring, a Venetian picture, in the orbit of Antonio Vivarini. The second picture represents S. Anna, the Madonna, the Infant Child* and

* Reproduced in *APOLLO*, vol. i, No. 3 (March, 1925), p. 129.

two angels, and bears the number seventy-eight. It has been attributed to Francesco Botticini and to Francesco di Giorgio. But those who remember the picture of the same subject, belonging to the Confraternita di S. Angelo at Matelica (Marche), cannot, I think, differ from the ascription to the same artist, that is, Lorenzo d'Alessandro da S. Severino, called Lorenzo II to distinguish him from Lorenzo Salimbeni. Other works by the same painter can be seen reproduced in an article of mine, published in "*L'Arte*," 1915. Certainly the picture in Lord Lee's collection is among the finest by the artist, and is possibly the oldest among those known by him. The third work to which I should like to call attention is a Madonna and Child signed Opus P. Petri, Paduan in style, not far removed from the early Crivelli. Who can this Pietro be? In my opinion it is Pietro Alamanno, who has chiefly worked at Ascoli Piceno and at Macerata. In this case the first P should be interpreted *pictoris*.

LIONELLO VENTURI.

ANCIENT INDIA, by K. DE B. CODRINGTON and W. ROTHENSTEIN. (Benn.) 1926. £6 6s.

With the publication of this splendid volume, Mr. K. de B. Codrington and Prof. Rothenstein commence their elaborate history of Indian sculpture. The production of the book is good and both plates and text are admirably printed. The text itself is admirably compiled, succinct, scholarly, and in plain, unadorned prose. There is a profusion of footnotes and in this portion of the work Mr. Codrington's unassuming, sound fact, combined with a sufficiently enterprising taste in theory, leaves nothing to be desired. Prof. Rothenstein's romantic preface, however, seems very out of place beside his companion's more solid style and tends to cloak the unbiased effect of the main text in the improbabilities of partiality. When all is said and done, the fact seems to emerge again that Indian sculpture seldom rises above the second-rate. It is here presented to us in the best possible light; yet in seventy-six plates there are only about a dozen objects represented that can be classified as first-rate, and of these the majority are provided by the Bharhut sculptures, which are very Iranian in feeling and possibly non-indigenous in inspiration. Of the purely native sculpture there is a magnificent Vishnu group (plate 45) of the Gupta period, while the tenth-century group of a horse and man (plate 62) is very fine in movement, but the rest of the attractive pieces are more decorative than fundamental, while the greater majority of the sculpture is positively unpleasant, the Mathura group in particular being both physically ugly and sculpturally depressing. One is forced to the old platitude that Indian art is only great once it has left its native shores, and that it is in the atmosphere of Ceylon, Siam, Java, and China, that its principles attained their fruition. For those, however, for whom the sculpture on its native soil has attractions, this is an admirable volume, though it is a blemish that there are so few references to the plates in the text, as the dating is sometimes controversial and the arrangement of the plates with letter references to the preliminary index is tiresome and difficult to handle quickly. Mr. Codrington is to be congratulated on his championing of Cunningham's neglected work.

LEIGH ASHTON.



Book Reviews

TOLEDO. By ELIE LAMBERT. 168 pp., 113 illustrations. (Paris: Librairie Renouard, H. Laurens, Editeur.)

It is a pleasure to be able to notice, among the recent additions to the well-known series "Les Villes d'Art Célèbres," this excellent monograph on Toledo. M. Lambert has a very detailed and intimate acquaintance with the wonderful city on the Tagus and its long and profoundly interesting history. We are conducted by him, without prolixity, and at the same time with the evidence fully set forth, through the successive stages of civilization which his subject comprises; and the author is particularly

illuminating in the second chapter, "Les civilisations disparues," in which he treats of Roman, Visigoth, and Arab Toledo. Notably on the subject of Hispano-Arabic art, M. Lambert speaks with great authority; and his argument throughout the book is admirably reinforced by the numerous illustrations, a large proportion of which are from the author's own photographs. The art of Greco naturally comes in for much attention, and altogether, be it as giving an idea of Toledo to those who have not seen it, or as reviving pleasant memories, M. Lambert's book should be sure of a warm and widespread welcome.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Our Catholic Age.—It is, I know, a detestable age—cunning, callow, sanitary, strident. It assails our ears from morning to night with detestable and mechanical noises. When I think of Surrey on a Sunday, or Bermondsey on a week-day, or the Albert Hall at any time, it is impossible to believe that there has been such a vicious age. Yet this humdrum chronicle of the musical doings of the month makes me rather proud of being a modern. There is a wondrous virtue in the wide and eclectic sympathies of 1926. During the past three months these notes have been devoted first to Janáček, that Slovak composer whose raciness has a Hardy-esque quality, then to the Covent Garden season at which we could admire and criticize many beautiful examples of an art now dead, and lastly to the Russian ballet where in things like "Les Noces," "Les Matelots," "La Pastorale," we had once more a live and contemporary form. Now I can plunge back without any feeling of discomfort, or even of superiority, to the music of viols and recorders; instruments which already in N. Burney's day belonged to the remote and half-forgotten past. The opportunity for this has been given me by the Festival of Chamber Music held at Haslemere, during the last week of August, by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his family. I say held, though I am writing by anticipation. The exigencies under which a monthly magazine is printed do not allow, it need hardly be said, of one's chronicling events that have taken place less than a week before publication. But Mr. Dolmetsch and his family are always ready to play their music in their own house at Haslemere, and I have thus been privileged to hear a good deal of what will have since been performed at the Festival, which without more ado I will write of in the past tense.

The Haslemere Festival.—About the whole of it one must first say this—that it approaches music from a totally different side from that to which we are accustomed. We look on Bach as the first of the moderns; Mr. Dolmetsch regards him as the consummation of the great creative age of music which lasted in all about two centuries, roughly from 1550 to 1750. Music after Bach has very little interest to Mr. Dolmetsch. He admits of course that men of great genius have devoted their gifts to its service. But they laboured at an art which was developing in wrong directions.

Mozart and Haydn were writing for an aristocracy which had lost its seriousness of purpose and ceased to believe in itself, whilst Beethoven taking up the mantle led music to fields wherein virtuosity in alliance with the storm and stress of a self-consciously passionate age overlaid its native qualities of sweetness and restraint. Maybe I am misrepresenting Mr. Dolmetsch. I am sure, however, that he considers the disappearance of the old instruments, of the viols, the recorders, the clavichord, the harpsichord—to name the more obvious examples—as coincident with a change, a gradual change for the worse. And if we open-minded heirs of the past don't go all the way with Mr. Dolmetsch, we must be thankful that Providence has imbued him with strong convictions. Otherwise he would never have spent the greater part of a long life in trying to make us appreciate music which in its reticence flatters neither the egoism of the listener nor the vanity of the performers. There was of course a wide range in the programmes, and it would not be true to say that none of the pieces made us think what fine fellows we were. But things like the Lawes' Fantasy for six viols, or the five-part consorts of recorders, were the purest stuff of music and made one ready to grant all Mr. Dolmetsch's claims.

A Consort of Recorders.—The recorders carried off the honours of the Festival, if only because we heard them as a family for the first time. At last year's Festival there were two recorders in F which were used in the Bach Concerto with harpsichord and violin. This Concerto is an arrangement by Bach himself of an earlier work for violin and two recorders in G (called "echo-flutes") with two violins, viola, violoncello, violone and a continue part for harpsichord, and Mr. Dolmetsch was seized with the desire to perform this as originally written. The first thing to be done was to make two recorders in G. When he had done so he found out that they could produce an unusually lovely *mezza voce* tone which was beyond the reach of the recorders in F. Hence their name of "echo-flutes," and hence too, the "echo" effects which Bach exploits in the Andante of that Concerto. Spurred on by his success Mr. Dolmetsch decided to make a tenor recorder in C. The others, the bass recorder in F and the little treble, or descant, recorder in C followed naturally. The family was then complete, and one day early in the present

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summer the recorders joined in their first consort after their long period of oblivion. "The effect," wrote Mr. Dolmetsch to me at the time, "was indescribable, so full, so soft, so clear, so completely unlike anything heard before. The value of such tone colour to music is incalculable and nothing can replace it. Why then was it lost? And can one say that an art which has been deprived of such beautifully expressive instruments has 'progressed'?"

Music's Former Qualities.—Anyone who has heard a consort of recorders has enriched his musical experience. The "soft recorders" Milton calls them, and reserves them for great occasions in Heaven. Their combined solemnity and sweetness, their *gravitas* and *mollities*, to use two Latin words which more nearly describe their qualities, make them unique amongst musical instruments. Every reader of Pepys knows how that enthusiast loved them and how he decided to learn to play the recorder himself and to make his wife do the same, "the sound of it being of all sounds in the world the most pleasant to me." From Shakespeare to Addison the recorders enjoyed the unstinted homage of musicians. And they were still alive and vigorous in the days of Bach and Handel. But the *flauto traverso*, though it had not the pure beauty of tone of the recorder, was a more handy and more brilliant instrument and gradually ousted its more noble relative so that Haydn, the creator of the modern orchestra, found room in it only for the transverse flute. What strikes one indeed after listening to enough concerted music on the old instruments, whether recorders or viols, is the extraordinary way in which their tones blend. No modern combination of strings or wind can approach either of these for delicate beauty of tone colour, as, too, the piano is not less inferior in the same respect to the harpsichord and the clavichord. Anyone who disagrees with this should listen to the "Goldberg Variations," played as Mr. Rudolph Dolmetsch played them upon the two-manual harpsichord for which they were written and then hear them upon the piano. It is interesting by the way to note while upon this subject of tone colour that the greatest contemporary master is in revolt against a process which has culminated in the instrumentation of Tchaikovski, Strauss, and Elgar, and in "Les Noces" makes atonement for the debaucheries, the "riot of colour" as programme notes sometimes describe it, into which symphonic music has fallen. Yet how different is his bleak austerity with two double pianos and percussion to the sweet innocence of recorders or of viols!

Programme Music on the Clavichord.—But beautiful though the viols are, and sweet and solemn the recorders, the palm is carried off by the clavichord. Since I wrote in the April *APOLLO* an article about this instrument, illustrated with pictures of the particular one of the tribe I am fortunate enough to possess, I need say no more about it here. It is the instrument for interpreting the "Forty-Eight." Listen to them on the clavichord and you will never patiently hear them on the piano again. That, however, is not surprising since Bach wrote those sets of Preludes and Fugues, or at any rate the great majority of them, for the clavichord. What is more surprising is the vitality Kuhnán's old sonata, "The Marriage of Jacob," assumes on the clavichord under Mr. Dolmetsch's fingers. Kuhnán was a pious, quaint, old soul. But in seeking to illustrate some of the familiar stories of the Bible by a musical "programme" he drew the first furrows across

a field which was not really intensively cultivated for a century and a-half later. Bach presumably made one essay in the same direction, but not with the thoroughness of his predecessor. Yet there in Kuhnán is the germ of the romantic movement in music. One day the supreme beauties of the clavichord will be recognized. And then Kuhnán may come to hold a more deserved place in the hierarchy of the masters.

Listeners or Performers?—Well, the Haslemere Festival which has offered a compendium of the Chamber Music produced in England, France, Italy, and Germany up to the death of J. S. Bach is a thing unique of its kind and would only be possible, I suppose, in an age which was not producing really great art of its own. But though it seeks to reconstruct the past, it can only do so partially. For the crowning glories of the music of the viols can only be properly appreciated by the performers. When one takes part in that amazing polyphony of such a work as the William Lawes' Fantasy for six viols, one moves, as it were, within the design. Its patterns show a purpose, its intricacies grow plain. To the listener it remains, on the other hand, an enigmatical yet tantalizing study in a counterpoint of which one has never heard the like. To a less extent the same thing is true of all polyphonic music. As Mr. Dolmetsch repeatedly points out, those who listen to music shall be easily damned, the only true way of salvation lies in performing it. Only then are the mental processes which music calls out complete; only then is conation, which is the last in the psychological chain, realized. Not that Mr. Dolmetsch would lower himself to clinching an argument by quoting the psychologists. The great change which the art underwent in the period illustrated by the Haslemere Festival, from polyphony to homophony with the assimilation of dance rhythms and the raising of harmony to a separate science, made music more popular and more easy to understand. How far this was a gain is another question. One of the pleasures of the Haslemere Festival is that it attacks all one's complacent convictions. Above all, it exalts the ideal of the artist-craftsman, for Mr. Dolmetsch and his family not only seem to play upon all old instruments but they make them. If all our pianists had to make their own concert grands what a much happier and better world ours would be!

The "Promenades."—A word in conclusion about the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. These now for a generation have been the touchstone of our musical culture. In the gradual improvement of the programmes, especially the second halves, one has seen reflected the rising public taste. The boom in modern music which followed on the war has of course petered out, and though there is a reasonable sprinkling of novelties the masters this year have kept the youngsters in their place. During August no English composer of the front rank has been represented and, so far as I can see from glancing through the programmes, the only important works by native composers which can claim to be masterpieces are the "Pastoral" Symphony of Dr. Vaughan Williams, down for September 16, and Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" Variations which will be played on October 14. "The Planets" have been reduced to three. Beethoven's Symphonies will be given, starting with the eighth and working backwards—an arrangement which many educationists advocate in the teaching of history—and dear old Haydn is well to the fore.

THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD

By J. F. PORTE

THERE is now little doubt that the new electrical process of recording holds out immense possibilities. One has only to compare even the best of the older records with one of the latest microphone recordings to feel that a far-reaching revolution in recording technique has taken place. The suggestion of spaciousness in records that have been made in Queen's Hall, London, gives a realism to orchestral music that has never before been possible in one's own home from a gramophone. Many of the old objections of specialized mechanical effect have disappeared. We may now get the full blood and physical thrill of a big orchestra playing in a large concert hall.

The "His Master's Voice" records were the first to adopt the new system in England. This occurred about a year ago. Since then important advances have been made. The company have arranged for the use of post-office land lines for recording purposes. Actual performances are now being recorded, microphones in the hall picking up the sounds which are conveyed over a post-office line to the recording factories at Hayes, Middlesex. For the first time, real organ records are available, the instrument recorded being that of the Kingsway Hall, London. "His Master's Voice" have now gone still farther by recording actual public performances at Covent Garden Opera and the Albert Hall. There is now a wonderful, realistic record of the Aldershot Military Tattoo. This was made at an actual performance in the open. Even the atmosphere of the crowds is picked up (Records C. 1270-68-69, 4s. 6d. each). Next month I hope to talk about the best methods of playing these new recordings.

The most recent "His Master's Voice" records cover a wide field of enjoyment for music lovers.

OPERA

"*Boris Godounov*" (*Moussorgsky*).—The gramophone now seems to be the only way in which we can recall the picturesque Russian operas with which Sir Thomas Beecham, with the great Chaliapine, captured all London in 1913. There must be a number of younger opera lovers who have never had an opportunity of hearing Russian opera at its best in England. "His Master's Voice" are fortunate in retaining the services of Albert Coates, whose experience of Russian music, and opera in particular, is unsurpassed. Mr. Coates was the chief conductor of the old Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. He has lately revisited Russia and acted in his former capacity at the State Opera Houses in Leningrad, and also at Moscow. Two of the finest scenes in "*Boris Godounov*" are now recorded under Mr. Coates's direction, with principals, chorus, and symphony orchestra. The great "Coronation Scene" (DB. 900) has Chaliapine as the soloist. It is one of his greatest rôles. The equally great "Revolutionary Scene" (D. 1090, D. 1091) has British principals and these, with the chorus, sing in English. And very well they do! The changing moods of this wonderful and intensely

Russian music are captured quite realistically by the British singers.

ORCHESTRAL

Pride of place may perhaps be given to the album of selected passages from Richard Strauss's "*Der Rosenkavalier*" (D. 1096-94-95-97), played by the Augmented Orchestra of the Tivoli Theatre, London, conducted by Dr. Strauss himself. The famous composer came over to conduct the first performance of the film version of his opera at the Tivoli Theatre on April 12 last, and next morning took the orchestra to Queen's Hall to make these records. "*Der Rosenkavalier*" undoubtedly contains some of Strauss's best, or at least most delightful work. Few can deny the charm of the orchestral transcription of "The Presentation of the Rose" and the Waltz Movements (D. 1094). In the latter, Strauss, once the exciting modernist, has recaptured the charm of the old Viennese waltz. Nor can the Trio and Finale of Act 3 (D. 1095) or the Introduction itself (D. 1096) be accused of possessing anything but charm. The last disc (D. 1097) contains "Octavian and Sophie" Duet and the "Presentation March." The latter is additional music written for the film version, and falls below the composer's preceding level, although perhaps sufficient for his opinion of the American film! The odd side of the last disc is filled up by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra playing the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" music. After the fine playing under Dr. Strauss, Sir Landon Ronald's conducting unfortunately seems rather dull. The four records are sold in a handsome album with descriptive notes and are well worthy of any music lover's gramophone library.

Other important orchestral records are the Wagner selections conducted by Albert Coates, who has a fine, if debated, reputation as a Wagnerian music director. The "Ring" cycle is represented by "The Rhinegold" prelude and "The Ride of the Valkyrie" (D. 1088), and "Siegfried's Funeral March" (D. 1092). The mysterious "Rhinegold" prelude is very realistic in its suggestion of the dark depths of the river, although as a separate piece it may not be interesting to those who do not know the opera. On the reverse side the famous "Ride" can appeal to any lover of dramatic musical realism. It shows the new recording to great advantage, for this piece was one of the best of the old records under the same conductor. The great "Siegfried" extract is perhaps the most wonderful record yet issued. Its volume and intensity are overpowering. "Tristan and Isolde" (D. 1107) has its prelude finely recorded, and is again conducted by Coates, who is here a very fine Wagnerian conductor.

ORGAN

It is sufficient to say of Bach's Small Prelude and Fugue in G Minor (E. 424) that it is well recorded (Kingsway Hall) and is played by that fine organist, Reginald Goss-Custard.

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INSTRUMENTAL

Pachmann and Chopin! The incomparable combination of pianist and composer. The pieces this time are the Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1, and the Waltz, Op. 64, No. 3 (DB. 931). Backhaus is a little hard on Chopin (after Pachmann!), but makes a good thing of Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" (DB. 929). Isolde Menges plays two violin pieces by Fauré and Sarasate like the true artist she is (D. 1099).

VOCAL

Tito Schipa sings a vocal arrangement of Liszt's sensuous "Liebesträume" as only a good Italian tenor can sing a love song (DB. 873).

Robert Radford is a little "beefy" in Bach's jolly "Coffee and Cupid," from which he sings two airs (E. 431). The string orchestral accompaniment is entirely adequate.

PRICE NOTES: Letters DB., 8s. 6d.; D., 6s. 6d.; E., 4s. 6d.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Leicester Galleries—Renoir Exhibition.

This exhibition is mainly composed from the later period of Renoir's work, but there are enough indications of the earlier phases to show his development from stereotyped impressionism to a unique and personal form of painting. There is the charming portrait of Mme. Choquet, with the rather formal head and the rather unsubstantial bodice, and up in the right-hand corner a clever pastiche of the Degas picture which, along with that of his wife, was the most treasured possession of the sitter's husband. There are also, from this first impressionist period, a smiling young woman and a canoeist who might have rowed out of the pages of Maupassant. These three works are delightful and accomplished, but really do not get much farther than adroit examples of a school. Renoir had yet to find himself, and two of the most interesting canvases in the show are the "Jeunes filles jouant au volant" (No. 1) and "Les Laveuses" (No. 15). They are from a period little known, when Renoir, after achieving complete maturity in a particular form, deliberately essayed a new experiment. What may be called the sentiment—even the sentimentality—of impressionism is still there, but the actual method of painting, instead of being an advance, is a reversion to the early days when Renoir was a painter of patterns—flowers and Marie Antoinettes—on china at a porcelain factory. Each brush-stroke is distinct, and modelled as well as painted, as though it were on clay instead of canvas, and the clarity is that of the glaze of the potter's furnace. It must always be remembered that Renoir was the most craftsmanlike of painters. The result is interesting, and, being Renoir's, full of charm; but the painting is too hard and moulded for purely pictorial effect. When Van Gogh makes positive bas-reliefs in colours, there is yet the feeling that they are the expressions of a born painter, perhaps of one who might be called more a painter than an artist. But the Renoirs of this period give the impression that he was attempting in paint a method not really a painter's. It is as though he had learned the artifices of painting, with his impressionism, and was dissatisfied with them because they had produced a formula rather than a means of expression; and then, to achieve his personal statement, had fallen back on what was the original employment of his hand and vision translated into a different medium. The attempt, while not altogether satisfactory as a form of art, at least brought him consciousness of his own personality. Such a master-painter was sure of finding the way to make his statement, once he knew what he wanted to say. The experimental "porcelain phase" revealed

to him his splendid sensuality, which is the motive of the later work. The rest of the pictures of the Leicester Galleries exhibition are from the last period, when Renoir left technique to the theoreticians—left it to make itself—and concentrated on the happiest expression of his personality. The achievement was another formula, but this time it was a formula unique and vital with himself. Impressionism gave the play of light, the period which followed left its clearness of outline; the last stage, with its magnificent and uncompromising literalness, brought the remarkable manner of filling in the form and the almost tactile quality of surface. The content of the figures is as full and compact as that of a fruit—the inevitable metaphor in connection with Renoir's work. But the exuberance, the superb health of the sensuality, creates a logic of its own, and the pictures are as satisfying to the reason as to the emotion. Of the larger canvases the "Baigneuse" (No. 14) may be considered the first statement of the new method, and "Le Jugement de Paris" (No. 7) its definite proclamation. The smaller ones, however, are all part of the same even and luxuriant accomplishment and equally worthy of attention. The "Etude de Femme" (No. 5) is particularly charming. The various flower-pieces do not show the same stages of transition as the figures. They are mature from the earliest period, and are the key to the ultimate treatment of the figure. The exhibition is adequately representative, and a real delight.

T. W. EARP.

Works of Art belonging to the Livery Companies.

Quite the most important and generally interesting exhibition that has been held for many years at the Victoria and Albert Museum is that of the works of art belonging to the Livery Companies of London. Thanks to the generosity of the various City Companies the authorities have been enabled to organize a remarkable display and thus give the public a unique opportunity of seeing objects normally inaccessible—objects of great historic and artistic interest.

The unqualified success of the exhibition, shown by the record number of visitors that it has attracted during the past month, is due in part to its exceptionally wide appeal. Although practically every one of the six-hundred-and-eighty exhibits has, for the specialist, its own technical interest, yet each is equally interesting likewise to the student of social and economic history and to the ordinary individual who is either proud of, or curious with regard to, the history of the City of London.

Art News and Notes

The great City Corporations—the “Worshipful Companies”—of which nearly sixty have contributed to this truly historic display, are to many little more than names. And yet those very names have about them an old-world flavour. The Apothecaries, the Broderers, the Coopers, the Fanmakers, the Framework Knitters, the Makers of Playing Cards, the Needlemakers, the Scriveners, and the Upholders, speak of the spirit of romance; while the Goldsmiths, the Mercers, the Merchant Taylors, and others seem redolent of opulent solidity.

In the presence of so rich a display of silver-plate it is not difficult to realize the wealth and stability of these traditional supporters of the honour and prestige of London's trade. It is safe to say that never before has so representative a collection of Corporation plate been amassed under one roof. And the present excellent opportunity for a close inspection of these superb examples is being thoroughly appreciated, not only by the Londoner but also by the visitor from the provinces, the Dominions, and elsewhere overseas.

Where nothing is commonplace it is difficult and perhaps unnecessary to single out any particular piece as specially worthy of notice. The veriest amateur sees at a glance the outstanding excellences of such a piece as the Leigh Cup of the Mercers (dated 1499), or the Cres-sener Cup of the Goldsmiths (1503). So, too, the historic, literary, and technical interest of the mazer given to the Barbers by Henry VIII, said to be from a design by Holbein, and mentioned by Pepys, needs no word of commendation. To the most casual individual again the rich assemblage of English and foreign watches, lent by the Clockmakers Company, and the numerous fine salts possessed by so many of the companies, are objects of outstanding interest. So, too, is the set of fine steeple cups belonging to the Carpenters.

In some respects even greater interest attaches to many of the less arresting of the exhibits. Easily first perhaps is the fine old furniture used for centuries by the Corporations. The great, comfortable armchairs of the Masters, many an excellent period piece used by lesser functionaries; tables, tall case-clocks (one with its mechanism of oak, the first made by Harrison of Barrow in the early eighteenth century); the carved shields of arms that graced their historic halls—all have a very human, personal touch about them which makes them immensely fascinating. So it is likewise with the many fine banners, richly embroidered, the tapestries, the streamers borne by their barges in olden days, and portions of the actual barges. All speak of a pride of pomp and pageantry unknown to these times except in the faded glory of the Lord Mayor's Show.

The staves of the Beadles, the ceremonial hammers of the Masters, the grants of arms, the charters, remind us that these guilds were, and are, actual living powers for the control of honourable trade and the welfare of their brethren, and not merely vehicles for display or conviviality.

And, as if to point the very seriousness of their ministrations, we have here displayed a series of splendidly embroidered palls of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—emblems of a pomp that had its foundation in a deeply rooted piety. Nor was their piety solely, or chiefly, concerned with the solemn burial of their dead. Even more was it concerned with the education and support of the living. Several “poor's boxes” are to be seen which

hint at a very practical charity, though they do not by any means do justice to the multiplicity of good works which these City Companies have ever done in the cause of humanity.

In the midst of such resplendent treasures as are here displayed, these palls and poor-boxes contribute perhaps more than aught else to the perfect balance of the exhibition. Without them it would have lacked that touch of human sympathy which makes the whole world kin.

CYRIL G. E. BUNT.

The Bethnal Green Museum.

Bethnal Green is less than a mile from the Mansion House, I suppose, but to most readers of this magazine it is farther away from the Victoria and Albert Museum than Naples or even Cairo. It houses nevertheless in its museum which adjoins the pleasantly surprising “Green,” a branch of the South Kensington Institution. To one who has never entered this brick and iron building before the *raison d'être* of it is a complete puzzle. He might be back in 1851 by the look of the building, the sculpture, the watercolours, the china, the furniture, the stuffed birds, dolls' houses, dolls' furniture, tobacco pipes, spinning wheels, weaving looms, copies of indifferent Old Master paintings, textiles, glass, etc. etc. Why is it, what is it all about? Inquiry elucidates the fact that Bethnal Green Museum is a “child” of the Victoria and Albert, and moreover a victim, like its parent institution, of well-meaning but nevertheless doubtful bequests. Hence examples of all sorts of second-rate, even third-rate applied art and rows upon rows of watercolours and paintings of the early and mid-Victorian era.

The museum was established in 1872, chiefly for the benefit of the inhabitants of the poorer East End of London, and at one time its only permanent contents were “collections of specimens of food and of animal and vegetable products,” whatever that may mean. Its principal interest lay in its ever-changing loan collections—the Wallace collection and the Dulwich pictures, for example, were on show here once!

Then it fell into neglect, and the present energetic director is, one realizes, doing his best under almost impossible conditions. Eighty per cent. of its visitors are school children, and the aim has been to arrange some of the contents in such a manner that these children may derive some benefit from visits conducted by their teachers and guided by an official lecturer.

The museum is near the ancient Spitalfields, and Spitalfield weavers or their descendants still take an interest in the old looms and specimens of Spitalfield manufacture here exhibited.

Furniture, glass, china, is arranged as far as possible to give the visitors some idea of the sequence and environment of these productions.

Unfortunately however, the museum is burdened with stuff that could only be put up as a warning in furniture, porcelain and statuary design in particular, and by pictures of the type that make Birket Foster stand out as shining examples—and Henrietta Brown as a relief.

Under such conditions the museum cannot possibly function properly. It should be first of all understood that what is not good enough for South Kensington is worse for Bethnal Green. If the East End Museum is

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intended primarily as an institution for the education of school children, the parent institution, without any serious loss to itself, ought to be able to furnish a much better series of examples than are at present displayed. But if, on the other hand, the museum is to be an oasis in the bleak desert of East-End life, then the bulk of the Victorian paintings and sculpture should be removed to the basements (if it cannot be removed altogether) and the space utilized for the display of modern art, illustrating their development from the Middle Ages to the present. Apart from some incongruous illustrations and printing, I think there was only one recent picture to be seen and that had been presented by the artist. But there are many ways in which this institution could be made more vital: probably a return to the loan exhibition or the annual exhibition would prove to be the most useful.

At all events the Bethnal Green Museum offers a splendid opportunity for some wealthy patron really interested in modern art and the beneficent influence it can have if judiciously patronized.

And Bethnal Green is not the only part of London that would deserve such "benefaction."

British Decorative Art at Whitechapel.

Under the grandiloquent title "British Decorative Art" the Whitechapel Art Gallery have held an exhibition of a medley of works which no stretch of imagination could regard as representative.

To begin with, the greatest living British decorator is not represented by a single work. The only other master of pictorial decoration represented is George Clausen with three working cartoons, excellent and instructive for students but hardly likely to be understood by the average East-Enders. Next to him there is F. Cayley Robinson with an admirable design for the decoration of Museum of Egyptian Antiquities called "The Last of the Sybils." Amongst the other paintings are interesting suggestions such as Ethel Walker's, who is unfortunately always satisfied with giving an impression of decoration and leaving it at that, and quite a number of brave attempts such as Nan West's "Wall Decoration, 1850," and the tapestry like "Homage to Early Italian Painting," and the most serious one of the younger generation of artists, Robin Guthrie's "Sermon on the Mount." This needs pulling together a little, not so much in design as in colour—but it is extremely interesting and well thought out. It was, however, shown surrounded by a number of good but entirely irrelevant examples of posters by McKnight Kauffer. I am sure this artist does not make the mistake of looking upon his posters as belonging to decorative art. The essence of decoration is fitness of the work not so much for a purpose as for a fixed place. The essence of poster work is ubiquitous assertiveness. If there is any place from which posters should have been banished it is an exhibition of decorative art. Almost the same applies, only for opposite reasons, to a number of in themselves admirable works. I mean pictures that are essentially easel pictures, such as Reginald Hallward's "Atlantian Glade," E. Ravilious' "Landscape," Mark Gertler's "Tamar," and three of Harry Morley's tempera paintings. In the latter case, however, it is possible to imagine the designs carried out on a larger scale as mural decorations with good effect. On the other hand Otway McCannell's decorative panels are decorations only in intention and traditionally justified allegory, but

not in execution; the very fact that "The Riddle of Destiny," for instance, is intended to suggest "the evolutionary development of humanity" and "Man" the problem of "Man's further achievement," as the catalogue explains, proves that this artist is harking back to the bad old times of literary painting. A decoration should have as a subject either an event or a story so familiar to all that it needs no explanation, or a "plot" that can be solved by merely looking at it, and it should not look like an easel picture—which Mr. McCannell's all do. Two paintings deserve special mention for different reasons: Ethelbert White's "Gopak," and William L. Clause's "Two Friends." The former, a small picture, might be a fragment of a gay decoration, very amusing and attractive but not in itself sufficient as a decorative scheme; the latter extraordinarily brilliant, but the two almost life-size figures could at most be imagined as a part of a scheme. Moreover their technique forbids, so far as I can judge, any but the oil medium, and oil paintings are unsatisfactory as fixed decorations. There are too many orthodox "Gothic" designs for stained glass and not nearly enough sculptured designs—but Gilbert Ledward's frieze "Detail of War Memorial at Blackpool" carved in flat relief is good, except the central and *en face* figure of Peace which is unconvincing; front views in relief are always hazardous and unsatisfactory. Of the free sculpture Alfred Williamson's "Owl," carved in oak, gives one the most pleasure. In the Upper Gallery there is a delightful panel of flowers in a decorative border, by Sheringham, and an interesting-looking design for the decoration of the "Ship Café, Regent Theatre, Brighton," by Robert Atkinson, also some photographs of work by Edward Maufe of which both interior and exterior of St. Saviour's Church, Acton, look very dignified and impressive.

When it is remembered that the Whitechapel Gallery is distinctly for the entertainment and education of people who are not accustomed to think about the theories and practices of art, one can only regret that so little selection is shown in the nature of the exhibits, and still more that the Gallery itself has so little of æsthetic qualities in its interior arrangement and decoration. It seems to be getting worse in that respect from year to year.

Perhaps, however, that is the inevitable consequence of "lack of funds."

HERBERT FURST.

Our Colour Plates.

Of those of the colour-plates in the present number which do not refer to the subjects of special articles, our frontispiece reproduces—in appropriate vicinity to the work of Claude, whom the artist loved so well—John Constable's famous "Cornfield," painted in 1826, and presented on the artist's death in 1837 to the National Gallery by a group of admirers.

The fourth colour-plate is a reproduction of Edouard Manet's fine "House at Rueil" (28½ by 36½ in.), which has recently been purchased from Messrs. Knoedler's for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne under the Felton Bequest. The picture represents the house belonging to Labiche, the dramatist, at Rueil, which Manet had taken for the summer, and dating, as it does, from 1882, belongs quite to the end of the artist's career—his most "Impressionist" phase, in fact.



THE MICHELHAM COLLECTION

By TANCRED BORENIUS

THE daily Press has already announced the sale in November, by Messrs. Hampton, of the collection of pictures and *objets d'art* formed by the late Lord Michelham; and a preliminary notice of this sale, which is bound to be memorable in the annals of the English art world, must not be omitted from the columns of this journal.

Easily first in general interest among the Michelham pictures come a series of English eighteenth-century pictures. It is a dazzling sequence—the greatest names and some of the most famous examples associable with them. We are enabled to bring before our readers colour reproductions specially made of three of these paintings; our frontispiece being of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie," the portrait of Miss Mary Moulton Barrett. First exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1795, the year following that of Lawrence's election as a full Academician, the picture belongs to a comparatively early style of the phenomenally precocious artist's career. It is undoubtedly one of his happiest efforts, thrown off with amazing ease and elegance, the luminous white silhouette of the girl towering most effectively over the low skyline and boldly standing out against a dramatic sunset sky; while the pink ribbons of her hat, echoing the note of her sash, flutter in the wind and accompany the capricious undulations of her skirt. Another fine Lawrence in the collection is the full-length portrait group of Mrs. Angerstein and her son John.

Turning to Romney, we are faced with a veritable *embarras de richesse*. Famous beyond all others is of course the full-length portrait of Anne, Lady de la Pole; a marvel of painting in her white satin dress, the delicate green of her sash and slippers bringing in a delightful contrast which you cannot guess at from monochrome reproductions. We have chosen for our colour plate the half-length of Lady Forbes seated, with her hands crossed, in a pose of charming ease and gracefulness. The exquisite "Lady Hamilton as Ambassadors" and the vivaciously coloured "Three Children of Captain Little" complete the representation of this artist.

By Gainsborough there are two examples—the "Master Heathcote," which we reproduce in colour, an exquisite piece of painting, of extraordinary sparkle and vitality in the head of the child and with a nobly romantic park landscape in the distance; and further, the attractive half-length portrait of Miss Tatton.

The representation of Hoppner and Raeburn is also very notable. First in order of importance among the pictures by the former comes, of course, the portrait of Lady Louisa Manners, universally known through Charles Turner's mezzotint: painted with exceptional freedom and breadth, it achieves an extraordinary fascination through its presentation of the attractive young woman in the setting of rich autumnal tints of the woodland scenery. Another Hoppner of great fame and beauty is the "Mrs. Jerningham (Lady Stafford) as Hebe"; while the group of the "Bowden Children" shows the artist as the interpreter of the charm of infancy. Of the Raeburns the "Lord Dundas" (1795) is a very striking example of the artist's style of official portraiture; he is seen from another aspect in the romantic "Mrs. Robertson Williamson."

So much for the most notable of the English eighteenth-century pictures. Two French examples of outstanding importance grace the collection—Boucher's "La Pipée aux Oiseaux" and "La Fontaine d'Amour," both signed and dated 1748 and formerly in Lord Tweedmouth's collection at Brook House. Boucher's gifts as a decorator are most splendidly evidenced in these two large canvases, measuring over nine by eleven feet; as can be testified by anyone who has seen them in their present collocation, facing each other on the grand staircase in the house in Arlington Street, the intervening wall being occupied by the magnificent Louis XVI tapestry panel, "Roland ou la Noce d'Angelique" (12 ft. by 21 ft. 3 in.), woven by Clément Belle, *inspecteur des Gobelins*, in the series "Scènes de l'Opera" from a cartoon by the painter Charles Coypel.

This brings me to speak of the furniture and *objets d'art* which, in their way, are no whit inferior in importance to the pictures.

Particular mention must be made of two Louis XVI tapestry suites—one Aubusson, consisting of a canapé and ten fauteuils, with subjects after Oudry from the series "Les Chasses" and La Fontaine's fables; and the other Beauvais, consisting of two canapés and six fauteuils, stamped "Jacob." There is also a Louis XV Gobelins tapestry suite—a canapé and six fauteuils—accompanied by a very attractive cheval fire-screen. Of the other examples of French eighteenth-century furniture,

several are stamped with the marks of some of the principal *ébénistes* of the period—J. W. Riesener, Caffieri, Denizot, and others. A pair of superb *famille rose* vases, a marble statuette of a nymph by Falconet, and some bronzes by P. P. Thomire may also be singled out for mention.

Enough has been said to indicate the exceptional interest of the collection, and of the dispersal of the treasures here accumulated which will take place within a few short weeks.

BEFORE HIS TIME—MR. DECIMUS BURTON

By GORDON CRAIG

WHY do people say, "He lived before his time," when it would be very much better to say of the others, "They lingered behind theirs"?

Because to say that a man lives before his time is to admit that one cannot keep up with him, which is proved every day to be ridiculous.

It is markedly noticeable that never is anybody heard to say this about men like Nelson, Napoleon, Cromwell, Mussolini, or any other man of action.

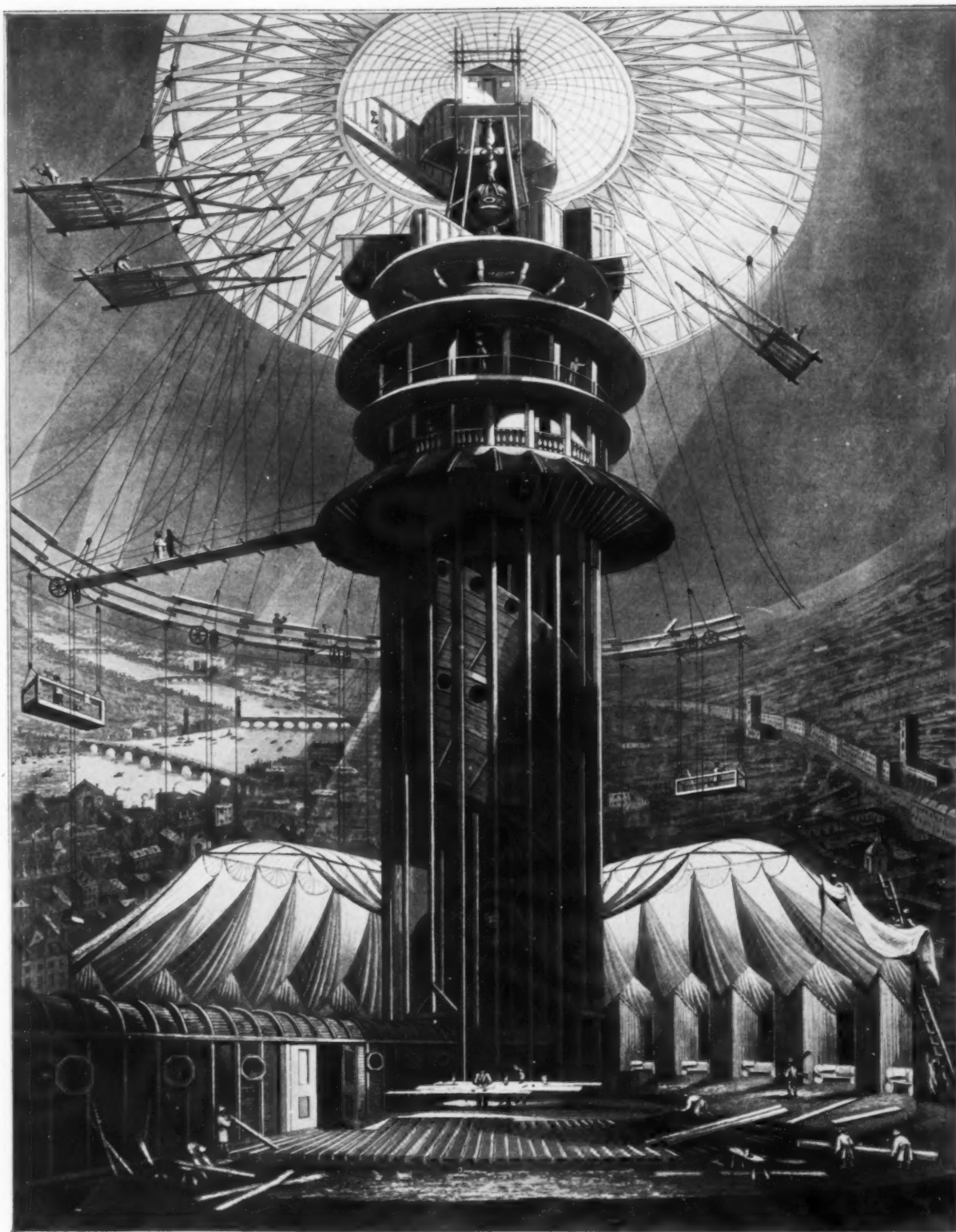
They say it of the artists, the inventors, the poets, and others. Although these may have bright ideas, and though their bright ideas may seem to leap ahead of the times, they have not the sharp stick with which to rap those people on the knuckles who wish to start the arguments *to prevent anything being done*. It is so much easier to argue than to do something. I, myself, have had a little experience with ideas, and I always regret that I never had a couple of cannon in a warehouse with which to enforce my ideas on a pack of delightful people in love with arguing. Cannon should not be necessary, and would not be if we had a Pope, or someone mighty to stand by us, for a mighty voice represents the Big Stick, and the Big Stick is the beginning and the end of action. I regret to utter the heresy, but I believe it, and am sorry that I do.

I should no longer use it for myself if I had it. I should use it for those young men of twenty-four, twenty-five, or twenty-six, who have such splendid ideas to-day, and who

cannot get one properly launched because 30,000 people are buzzing around them arguing about it all. "Should they?" or "Should they not?": "Do we approve?" or "Do we not approve?"

Money, of course, can sometimes serve as a stick—a limed stick—but it seems a shame all round that the big stick should give place to the big cheque-book. You can, of course, buy the arguers to stop their nonsense: doubtless you can buy them for twenty years, but it spoils them, renders them more pulpy than they were before, and it is also unfair to the rich man whose costly wealth you substitute for an ordinary crack on the head. In one thing I am like the arguers—I object to a crack on the head myself; but then I do not object to splendid ideas or of the young people who are absolutely convinced that they can carry them out. I think anybody that does object to them and prevents their being carried out should be hurried off to China or anywhere else where they like to go to sleep. But that would mean hurrying off nearly all the "important" people of London! But to get on with what I wanted to speak about—the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton!

Mr. Decimus Burton was a young man of twenty-three when, in 1823, he designed the Colosseum which was built in Regent's Park. Mr. Burton was just one of those fellows whom we say is "before his time." So much so before his time that there is quite a touch of what is called futurism, or even a more recent "ism" in one of the designs that I give you—"The



The Geometrical Ascent to the Galleries in the Colosseum, Regent's Park
Decimus Burton, 1823

Geometrical Ascent to the Galleries in the Colosseum, Regent's Park." It reminds us of the very latest photographs of stage scenical things received from Moscow and from Berlin. But, as usual, it surpasses them as things a hundred years ahead are bound to surpass things which come a hundred years too late. The first must perforce be rather fresher than when they have some scores of years added to them. And to think that this young Decimus Burton was twenty-three years of age—what a good boy, to be sure! I did not see the Colosseum. It outstripped me by many a year. But be it said to the credit of London, London went quite crazy about it. In this Colosseum was an enormous panorama of London which you see in the two designs, pages 141, 143.

The panorama must have been astounding; 46,000 sq. ft. of canvas had to be well painted, and was well painted, by E. T. Parris and his assistants, or London would not have looked at it for five minutes; because it was the age of panoramas. Barker had begun in 1789 with a smaller panorama round about Leicester Square, and he, his family, and the family of Burford, had kept it going until 1862, and possibly even longer. Barker had a great talent for painting panoramas, and Robert Burford seems to have had no less a talent, for even John Ruskin praised him. So that when London went to see the *new* panorama in 1824 they already knew something about panoramas. I suppose there are very few of us to-day who know anything about them, but I can recall having been taken into a panorama in Leicester Square which stood, I believe, where now the Empire Theatre stands. It was a nice, foggy November day, and I went into this building with my mamma, and we went round and round a winding staircase and soon I perceived the light of day come peeping in, and before I had time to feel dizzy with going round and round I emerged into the freshest spring morning air that could be imagined, and there before me stretched the Battle of Balaclava—smoke, horsemen, foot soldiers, mountains, sea warships—a terrific thing; and close by me a horse with its legs kicking in the air, a cannon firing in the air. I leant over the rail, and close to me, within a hundred yards, was a cottage where they were taking in two wounded soldiers. About a quarter of a mile farther a whole platoon were

to be seen coming round a hillock at the double. All these things were actual. They were not painted, and though I was told that there was some painting, I could not tell where the actuality left off and where the painting began. That was a panorama, and I was bathed in sunlight. I was exhilarated! Compare the effect of the cinema! I will not describe it, since you yourselves can plumb these depths and that darkness any bright May morning. And Mr. Decimus Burton must have been exhilarating. His notion of getting over difficulties staggers and delights me. It was a Mr. Horner who put him on to this notion. Mr. Horner would sketch a little, and Mr. Horner doubtless said to young Decimus one day at luncheon over the nuts and port: "Have you ever been up to the top of St. Paul's?" At which Decimus doubtless replied, "Yesterday." Says Mr. Horner: "I am going up to-morrow. Will you accompany me, Mr. Burton?" And, sipping the tawny and smacking his lips in that simple 1823 manner, he leans towards bright Decimus and adds: "Young man, I have a reason for asking you to come with me to-morrow unto the top of St. Paul's, and it is this . . ." There is not a sound in the room—no servants to spoil great ideas in 1823—no telephone ringing to spoil this great idea in 1823—a monumental silence, and Mr. Horner going on saying: "I conceive a vast picture of London, painted so that the beholder shall suppose himself over the wall of it peeping and prying." (Little did Mr. Horner know that only a few years later Browning would be writing these very words!) "And you, young man," continued Mr. Horner, "you shall build for this painting a vast Colosseum. Such a building as London has never seen, and Rome itself has not dared to dream. Pass the port!" Young Mr. Decimus, perceiving that he has to deal with a visionary, remains silent, but not sceptically passes the port.

Indeed, the very next day they did visit St. Paul's. They went up to the topmost pinnacle, and thus it was that Mr. Horner surpassed himself. It made even Decimus dizzy! "We will go higher!" cried Mr. Horner. "But—" began Decimus. "There is no 'but,'" cried Mr. Horner. "They are taking down the cross and the ball in two weeks' time. To-morrow they begin to erect the scaffolding."



*Bird's-eye View from the Staircase and the upper part of the Pavilion in the
Colosseum, Regent's Park
Decimus Burton, 1823*

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So Decimus began to perceive that he was not dealing with such a visionary after all.

"I will carry the scaffolding one floor higher (it is all arranged with the Dean), and on that scaffolding we will erect an observatory. Thither we will translate Parris and his assistants. Together we will picture the pride of London."

"I think I follow you," said Decimus, as he descended after Mr. Horner to the nave.

It took Mr. Horner a very short time to conclude his arrangements with the authorities to allow him to erect this cabin two floors higher than the site of the cross, which was about to be taken down to be cleaned. And they did allow him to make sketches, and even a sketch was made of the little cabin perched up in the air. This drawing was engraved, and is called "View of the Observatory erected upon the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, from which a panoramic view of London and its environs was executed by Mr. Thomas Horner." Once, in a high wind, the little cabin was torn from its fastenings and hung partly over the abyss. "Dear me!" said Mr. Horner.

In 1925 the "Illustrated London News" published a reproduction of this picture, but professed to be unable to trace any particulars

about Mr. Thomas Horner. This very entertaining magazine asked whether the observatory was actually erected or only planned. It asked the Dean of St. Paul's. The Dean replied he knew nothing about it, and it hoped that some of its readers would supply further details. Whether these details were forthcoming or not I have no notion, but the fact is, it was from this crow's nest that Mr. Horner, assisted by E. T. Parris and his myrmidons, did draw the face of London on the vast scale here described, and, what is more, here seen in one of my two designs. It became London's principal exhibition, and during fifteen years was visited by more than one million persons. From time to time new and attractive items were added to the entertainment, one of them being a new panorama of London by night, which was painted by Mr. Telbin and Mr. Danson. I am sorry to find in the "Concise Dictionary of National Biography" no reference at all to this dashing little land surveyor, Mr. Tom Horner, for surely few men have surveyed land as he did—nor to such good purpose. Talford, the author of "Ion," that unnecessary tragedy, is allotted seventeen lines. Five of these might have been spared to Horner. But I am positively happy to find that Decimus has four and a-half!

CHABRIER (1841-94)

By CONSTANT LAMBERT

IT may safely be said that there is no other composer of Chabrier's genius whose reputation in England stands so low. The cause of this lack of appreciation lies, not in any obscurity or perversity of Chabrier's style and thought, but rather in the distressing fact that his music is thoroughly pleasant to listen to and easy to grasp. The obscure composer reaps ample reward for the few years' hostility to which his music is subjected in the exaggerated praise that greets the ultimate discovery of his "meaning." The public, justifiably proud of its catch, applauds with redoubled enthusiasm, for in reality it is applauding, not so much the composer's talent as its own acumen and critical insight. From the point of view of the hunter

of musical big game Chabrier must, indeed, appear to be the tamest of sitting birds.

In examining further the causes of the English attitude towards Chabrier, one must take into account the curious way in which the average musician divides music into watertight compartments conveniently labelled "classical," "popular," etc., with all the precision of those catalogues of cinema music where can be found still narrower compartments with such labels as "Purity," "Sinfulness," "Comedy Drinking Character," and "Dramatic Suspense in Russian Atmosphere."

Once classified, the unfortunate composer has no more chance of escape than has a beast from its cage, or a criminal from his dossier, and the label, "light composer," has for years

Chabrier (1841-94)

withheld from Chabrier the appreciation due to him as a rare and undoubted genius, an incomparable stylist, and a figure, historically speaking, of hardly less importance than Liszt or Glinka.

This tolerantly contemptuous attitude cannot have arisen through lack of musicianship on Chabrier's part—for as a technician he can challenge any composer of his time—but must be the expression of a somewhat Puritan disapproval of his high-spirited nonchalance, his childlike gaiety, his obvious pleasure in giving pleasure. The quasi-moral standard of values, now happily banished from art criticism, still lingers on in the musical world, for if composers are from thirty to fifty years behind painters (an undisputed fact), how much farther behind must be the musical critics? One is reminded of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pontifical statement that "The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise; but as their genius has been employed on low and confined subjects the praise which we give must be as limited as its object." It is hard not to laugh when reading these worthy sentiments, but has not the English estimate of Chabrier been entirely warped

by the same slightly ludicrous moral and intellectual bias on the part of the critics?

If we enlarge our view to take in the sheep as well as the sheep-dogs, we find the same cause for wonder. One would imagine that Chabrier's strikingly individual qualities, as out of place in the Romantic movement as a roundabout at a prayer-meeting, would have earned him in the present age an immense popularity, for almost alone among the composers of the last hundred years he gives us that gaiety which has wellnigh disappeared from music since Haydn and Scarlatti; a whole-hearted and robust gaiety as far removed from the negroid nostalgia of the jazz composer as it is from the P.S.A. "jollity" of the modern English school. The anæmic may possibly find this gaiety a little too full-blooded, but nothing could be more unfounded than the accusations of "bad taste" which from time to time are levelled at such works as "España" and "Joyeuse Marche": like the skilled conversationalist who knows just how *risqué* he may be without giving offence, so Chabrier knows with just how much genial vulgarity he can season his works without ever causing embarrassment. An acrobat possessed of perfect equilibrium, he can afford to amuse his audience with assumed falls from the tight-rope.

It would be wrong, however, to give an

FIRST SET OF EXAMPLES.

(a) *Andante.* (Prelude.) etc.

(b) *Tempo di Valse.* (Fête Polonoise.) etc.

(c) *Andante.* (Entracte.) etc.

Bis.

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impression of Chabrier as a composer of one mood only, for though we may chiefly associate his name with the good-humoured flamboyance of the "Fête Polonaise," or the "Menuet Pompeux," there are other works, such as the "Idylle" and "Sous Bois," from the "Dix Pièces Pittoresques," which reveal a quiet charm and an innocently sensuous melancholy hardly excelled even by Debussy.

From the historical point of view Chabrier is exceptionally interesting, as he has been a dominating influence over two entirely opposed generations of French music: the pre-war generation of Debussy and Ravel, somewhat loosely described as the Impressionist movement, and the post-war generation of Auric, Poulenc, etc., which may possibly be known to the future as the Cocteau period. For some curious reason Mussorgsky and Satie have been jointly held as the principal influence during the first period, but one has only to glance at the quotations given from "Le Roi Malgré Lui" to see from where Ravel and his followers have derived their harmonic vocabulary.

Chabrier's influence over the present generation of French composers is no less marked, and it is interesting to compare the

extracts given from the "Joyeuse Marche" and the "Bourrée Fantastique" with, for example, the first and fourth movements of "Les Matelots."

Chabrier is, however, no mere forerunner who has shown the way to better things, but a more complete artist, perhaps, than any French composer since, and the importance of his works does not lie in their being remarkable works to have written at that period (as is so often the case with Satie), but in their intrinsic merit. The tunes and harmonies remain as fresh as when they were written. Apart from his melodic and harmonic gifts, his purely orchestral skill is little short of amazing, though his talent and invention are too well distributed for him to have gained a name as "a master of orchestration," a proud title usually reserved for those composers who show signs of a mastery over singularly little else. It is well worth while to study the full score of the "Joyeuse Marche," as it is a fine example of the composer's methods. The large orchestra is employed with an astonishing finesse which never degenerates into mere "finicking," owing to the solid structure of the music; there is not a bar that does not

SECOND SET OF EXAMPLES.

(d) *Com. Spi.* *(Joyeuse Marche.)*

(e) *Allegro.* *(Bourrée Fantastique.)*

(Bourrée Fantastique.)

Chabrier (1841-94)

come off, or a single phrase that is awkwardly placed for the instruments.

And yet the only chance we get of hearing this work is once a year at the Promenades, where it is tacked on to the tail-end of a popular concert, and given a perfunctory performance with very possibly half a dozen of the specified instruments absent.

Not only are Chabrier's comparatively familiar works thus neglected, but many of his best works are practically unknown. How many had heard, or even realized the existence of, the enchanting "*Fête Polonaise*" until M. Diaghileff gave it us as an interlude at His Majesty's. The same may be said of the "*Suite Pastorale*," also heard as a ballet interlude, though these pieces may have been played in their original piano version (they form part of the ten *Pièces Pittoresques*).

The public is not to blame for this state of affairs, which is largely due to the intolerable apathy and lack of enterprise exhibited by most pianists and conductors. Would not some pianist find it both enjoyable and profitable to spare us the thousand-and-first

performance of a Liszt rhapsody or Debussy prelude, and to give us instead the "*Bourrée Fantastique*," and the best of the *Pièces Pittoresques*, not to mention other pieces, such as the "*Aubade*" and the charming "*Impromptu*"? The three *Valses Romantiques* being written for two pianos are naturally more rarely performed, though an orchestral version exists which one hopes to hear during the next Russian Ballet season, as it seems useless to expect the directors of our concerts to enlarge their dismally restricted repertoire. The songs, in spite of such happy exceptions as the "*Vilanelle des Petits Canards*," do not, to my mind, represent the composer at his best; they have a stronger flavour of the French salon than one would expect.

For the real Chabrier one must go to the best passages in the operas and, above all, to the instrumental works, though it is doubtful if they will be appreciated at their true worth in England until we have rid ourselves of the gloomily narrow and pompous outlook which appears still to form part of our musical heritage.

LONDON STATUES

By FILSON YOUNG

IT is characteristic of London that everything that belongs to it and goes to the making of it is to some extent interesting just because it is a part of a wonderful whole. London 'buses, London fogs, London Sundays, London railway stations—these things are not, individually and of themselves, unique or supreme in any quality except that of being part of London; but with that they acquire a charm of their own which distinguishes them from all other fogs, Sundays, 'buses, and railway stations. It is so of London statues. Is there any city in the world that contains so many statues ranging in quality from the utterly dull to the downright bad? Probably not. Yet they are a part, and a very characteristic part, of the London that is a picture in so many millions of minds; and a book about them, adequately illustrated, can hardly fail to be of interest to the true Londoner, native or

alien. Still less can such a book* fail when it is written by so experienced and masterly a critic as Dr. Borenus, and illustrated by photographs taken by one who interprets the technique of the camera with such sensitive knowledge and skill as does Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

It is a strange business altogether, this erecting of stone effigies and monuments to men who have been conspicuous in the life of an immediately recent time; and it is doubly strange among a people who are insensitive to art, in a climate wholly unsuited to the exhibition and enjoyment of open-air sculpture, and at a period when sculpture as a native art may be said to be wellnigh non-existent. Yet we must have our images. Protestantism has banished the saints from our churches, so we

* "*Forty London Statues and Public Monuments.*" By Tancred Borenus. With special photographs by E. O. Hoppé. Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.



Queen Anne's Gate

QUEEN ANNE

Artist unknown; early eighteenth century

put up the modern equivalent for them in our streets and squares; with what result a walk through London will reveal to the inquiring eye. Now, the man to whom such a monument is put up soon after his death is commonly one whose reputation is of so perishable and fleeting a nature that the monument is almost an expression of fear lest he should be forgotten. This apprehension of oblivion is almost the only eloquence of most of our London statues; it has been wonderfully justified; and among the fluttering autumnal leaves of our squares and gardens you may meditate, not disagreeably, on the utter futility of attempting to give physical permanence to that which is spiritually fugitive, vacant, dead. Even if the statue be a piece of living art, it will not preserve a fame that is in its essence momentary; for the statue will go on being alive, while the fame goes on being dead, until it will in time be utterly obliterated by its own living monument.

But the statue, unfortunately, is not always a piece of living art; and in that case statue

and fame go on being dead together. London streets are full of these dead things, and Dr. Borenius has had to pick his way very carefully indeed, even among the forty objects which he has selected for note and illustration, to find anything to say either about the sculptors or their subjects. Sometimes his page is almost blank—that dealing with Thornycroft's monument to Gladstone in the Strand is characteristic: "Erected 1905. Gladstone is shown in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The allegorical groups represent Brotherhood, Education, Aspiration, and Courage." Still more brief is his account of the same sculptor's statue of General Gordon in Trafalgar Square. The note consists of these words: "Erected 1888." But if his reticences about the dead are significant, those about the living are almost terrible. One can dimly guess, although one longs to read, what he really thinks about some of the monumental masonry erected in London in his own lifetime. He will give



LORD CLIVE

By John Tweed (1912)

King Charles Street

London Statues

you information, exact and sufficient, but of opinion hardly a word. It is thus refreshing and reassuring to find a line of deserved and generous appreciation of such a piece of work as Mr. Tweed's "Clive"—a thing which provoked no newspaper controversies, about which hardly a word was said when it was erected, but which is a living expression of a kind of dignity which was itself very much alive with us in the past, which is not wholly new to-day, and to which Mr. Tweed is capable of feeling reverence and giving expression. Dr. Borenus is of course much too polite to look gift horses in the mouth, or to criticize the statues of their heroes with which other nations have presented us. Otherwise I could wish to have a page from him on the "Abraham Lincoln" in Parliament Square. How few sculptors are really happy in the treatment of frock coats, boots, and trousers! And as great men very often had bad tailors, the business of turning wrinkles, as well as folds, into stone becomes formidable. The Lincoln statue is either a statue of a chair, with a figure posed before it to show what it is for, or a monument to the artless industry of the American village tailor—I can never be sure which; but I never pass it without wishing that Mr. Lincoln would sit down.

It is to the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries that we must turn for the best of our statuary. Scheemaker's "Edward VI," in front of St. Thomas's hospital, is as graceful and harmonious a figure as we possess, and stands well against its new background. And the two Charleses, in Trafalgar Square and Chelsea Hospital, are of course our highwater mark;



WILLIAM III

By John Bacon, jun. (1808)

St. James's Square

although to me, personally, the anonymous "Queen Anne" in Queen Anne's Gate, and Bacon's "William III" in St. James's Square—both so beautifully placed—give almost as much pleasure. The rather embarrassed and clumsy "George II" (from the demolished Canons) in Golden Square is not without a charm of its own; but otherwise, for the most part, our Williams and Georges came off badly. I am glad that Dr. Borenus has a word of tolerance for the Albert Memorial as a distant object; I have long been addicted to it, and now even like to approach it boldly and closely. He says nothing about Captain Adrian Jones's Quadriga on the arch on

Constitution Hill. I suppose it cannot be critically praised, although to me it has always been a gallant, magnificent, triumphant note over the jumble of Hyde Park Corner. It is a pity that the horses, instead of being a team, are rather like a collection of circus performers, each anxious to show what it can do on its own account.

To look down the contents list of this book

is to realize how few really great men are commemorated in London statues that are worthy of notice. The small men depart and are forgotten; but their statues remain and accumulate. What are we to do about them? There is much to be said for the idea of preserving all the good pedestals, and changing their occupants from time to time. Who is worthy to be posed for ever on the magnificent Duke of York's column? Not the Duke of York, certainly. Why not bring him down,

and put up Lord Kitchener, or Mr. Kipling, or some other truly national figure for a time? Or better still, and to avoid the expense of changing a figure which must from its position be unrecognizable, why not leave it there, and say, "That is Mr. Kipling," or "Lord Kitchener"? I feel sure that we should enjoy our statues more if there was not about them that painful assumption of immortality in fame—which is only a convention, is certainly a pretence, and would be a terror if it were true.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

By C. CAMPBELL CROWTHER

THE highest common factor in modern tendencies is their apriorism. Search the nervous arabesques of Picasso, or even the sublimated colour-rhythms of Matisse, and in both there appears an effort to force into syllogistic bondage a creative urge that somehow evades a premeditated conclusion. They are consciously uneasy; their premises, theoretically sound, have a way in practice of colliding with the empirical mysteries of emotional impulse; they issue in an uncertainty whose value a century hence is more likely to be evolutionary than absolute.

Better that than the sleek optimism of objective pot-boiling. Ours is a hair-splitting, egocentric age, whose spirit defies closer definition than the label "subjective." And the artist is but the prophet of that spirit. It is not his fault if, in reversing the mental processes of an earlier generation, his art has lost something of its serenity, if it is a little too logical, if intellectual honesty has damped that spontaneity of emotion which marks an age of all-compelling faith. We have not even the Philistinism of a Koran to solve the problem of individuality for us. Collective faith we have none, and in the multitude of our systems chaos lurks.

For these reasons, if for no other, it is well to recall the value to self-expression of an accepted evangel. In this seven hundredth year from his death Art renders its due to one who changed the spirit of an age, yet in changing it made possible the heart-searchings of this disillusioned generation. Renan has called

St. Francis the father of Italian art, but it is scarcely half the truth. There were other artistic greatnesses than that of the Italian *Trecento*, and the hand of St. Francis is upon them all.

It seems a paradox that the gentle, yet impassioned vagabond, so mistrustful of the ecclesiastical splendours which were the medieval breeding-ground of art, should be named among its sponsors. The whole of his relations with authority were a battle for the soul of his bride—Dame Poverty—a battle that was wellnigh lost before he was in his grave. The grandeur of Assisi was a spiritual defeat for the Poverello. Not that he was a Philistine. Poetic imagination has rarely excelled the "Canticle of the Sun"; there was something pagan in this "Jongleur de Dieu"; Theocritus simpers beside his passionate kinship with Nature. In Franciscanism, as conceived by its founder, there was infinite love of beauty, but there was no room for the leisured paraphernalia of art and patronage. There were flowers in abundance at the Portiuncula, but life was too strenuous for any but Nature's embellishments. St. Francis would have disowned Giotto's record that he called the birds his little sisters.

The key to his secret must be sought elsewhere than at Assisi. In the vast sanctuary of the Sacro Speco at Subiaco there is, amid the later accretions of the Church Triumphant, a chapel of St. Gregory which St. Francis himself may have seen arise. There you will find a portrait of St. Francis, side by side with

St. Francis of Assisi

one of that Cardinal Ugolino who as Pope Gregory IX came near to killing Franciscanism with kindness. Tradition, not to be lightly condemned in such matters, ascribes both to the same hand. Certainly both were painted soon after the completion of the chapel in 1227. Yet, apart from the tradition, they have little in common. Ugolino is Byzantine enough to defy the efforts of even Italian critics to read into it any characteristic of a Roman school. Large-eyed, hawk-nosed, with fringing beard, he is the ecclesiastical type which looks down from the walls of countless Romanesque churches. The satellite who holds his crosier is stereotyped to a semblance of blood-relationship with him.

After all, people did not expect to sit for a portrait in those days. A portrait was a symbol of rank and calling, not a record of personal peculiarities. But in that of St. Francis some quite different force was at work. True, it has an affinity with the Byzantine formulæ accepted by the Roman school; the long, narrow face with its serious expression is redolent of the mosaic. But it is at least an attempt to depict a living man. That it was painted by one who had known the saint is probable from the absence of aureole and stigmata, which date it from before his canonization in 1228. That the painter knew he was not like other holy men is certain from the individuality of the portrait. Evidently mere symbolism would

not suffice for one who had felt him as well as seen him. And the result is a naturalism which vindicates both the saint and the sensitiveness of the painter.

With all its crudity, this is the Francis of the "Fioretti," of the "Cantique du Soleil"—the Little Poor Man.

That is his secret. Something there was which survived him and breathed a new joy into a despairing world. Not the opportunity which the Franciscans gave to Giotto, but the fact that Giotto painted as he did is the achievement of the Poverello. The critic may account for the frescoes at Assisi by collation with the rude efforts of the generation which preceded Giotto; there was a rustling in the dovecots of Roman tradition through most of the earlier *Trecento*. But it is more than coincidence that in the shadow of Rome the spiritual glory of St. Francis found its consummation. One cannot help linking the portrait at Subiaco with that in S. Francesco at Rome, and, again, with that of Berlingheri's in Tuscan Pescia. All three have in common a clumsy, but unmistakable, naturalism that seems but a prelude to the dramaturgy of Giotto. There was no stifling this impulse to mark out the spiritual father of the age, and

the Franciscan tradition became the starting-point of a new vision and a new technique.

This is not the work of mere Franciscans. Mundane competition to assert the supremacy of a founder over his rivals does not nourish



Alinari photo

Subiaco, Sacro Speco

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS,
1227-8

the divine fire. And the building of Assisi was little more than that. It marks the victory of the organizer over the evangelist, of Elias over Francis, of that conscious frailty of ideals which seeks oblivion in a passion of systematization. St. Francis was no organizer like his contemporary St. Dominic. For him discipline proceeds from inward conviction, not from imposed authority. That is why the figure of Francis stands apart, while that of Dominic is merged into the ecclesiastical polity for which he battled. The Dominic of art and legend is a conventional wonder-worker, a wielder of spiritual weapons, inconceivable as human. The man who sponsored the Inquisition could not free art from its shackles.

It was the humanity of St. Francis which captured his age. He was the first to give direction to a time-spirit already writhing in the bonds of formalism, the first great democrat in a feudal world. Waldenses and Patarini had struggled out of the rut, only to sink into a slough of pessimism that was but a prelude to anarchy. Church and critics alike had lost the significance of faith in a frenzy of *a priori* argument which stifled all spontaneous self-expression. The very success of Cistercianism is an index of human failure. Its asceticism was a summons away from the worst of all possible worlds, an attempt to purge the errant human out of humanity. Not without poetic justice did the basilica of Assisi become the greatest monument to Cistercian influence on Italian building. For it was St. Francis who fashioned hope out of Cistercian despair and brought holy living from the cloister to the market-place. Frederick II, half-mystic, half-pagan dreamer, bore witness in the ruin of the imperial Hohenstaufen to the inability of men to build a new order upon their inner consciousness. Rome herself, with a millennium of expertise in the manipulation of human emotions, could do no more than reassert the discipline of which humanity was perishing. Pope and Emperor waged ruthless war over the dry bones of scholasticism, while a bewildered and spiritually hungry world stayed its pangs with a fervour of romanticism, and sent little children to perish in the quest of Jerusalem—truly a world in which one-half was driven to delirium by the pedantry and indifference of the other.

Upon this world broke St. Francis, with his call for a ministry to the voiceless people,

with his tacit denunciation of ecclesiasticism and his avowed distrust of learning—above all, with his fervid socialism that made even inanimate Nature his kin: a novelty in any age, but all the more so when men knew themselves as mere grain between the millstones of a lawless feudalism and a church militant. To the lasting credit of the Church be it that she still had elasticity to incorporate Francis and his mission. The knowledge brought by these brothers of the poor that the Church still cared for her own was worth centuries to the cause of Christian unity.

Democratization of faith implies a democratic expression. With the coming of the Poverello the monopoly of the initiate broke down, imperceptibly, but inexorably. It was but fitting that the scanty verses of the saint himself should be among the first records of modern vernacular literature. All over Western Europe men learnt from the lips of friars to frame for themselves the spiritual aspirations which a negligent sacerdotalism dismissed with arid formulæ. The very hostility of the secular priest to what he regarded as spiritual poaching bound the friar to the peasant of whom he sought his lodging. Churches arose on a scale hitherto undreamt of, for, little as he liked it, your secular was not slow to make what he could from the boundless enthusiasm of his flock for evangelical preaching. Consider the transition from the fortress-churches of French Romanesque, with shy, secretive openings, to the eloquent triple portals of primary Gothic, and a whole process towards spiritual democracy is laid bare. If the Abbaye aux Hommes is a monument to the pride of feudal aristocracy, Amiens is a church of the people, planned and built in their midst by men who had learnt anew that faith respects not persons. Its very grotesques are sermons. Ever since the dreaded first millennium a voiceless uneasiness had governed Europe; there were things that all wanted to say, things that all wanted to create, yet none knew how, nor even exactly what it was that cried for expression, so complete was the schoolman's monopoly of literary, and the ecclesiast's monopoly of artistic, media. Those grotesques are among the first gambollings of the realization that true creation is independent of external authority. Henceforth each spirit had a voice and language of its own. The spell of formalism was broken for ever.



San Francesco - Asti

Don. L. B. B.

St. Francis of Assisi

Strangely enough, this refoundation of a world-faith bore within it the seeds of its own corruption. For the faculty of individual expression is the basis of all criticism, and the spirit of Franciscanism spared not even itself. The story of the movement is that of Christianity in epitome—a ceaseless war of individual interpretations. What wonder that in the secular sphere it sowed the seed of self-determination and revolution, that it established a canon of intellectual honesty which rove the time-spirit asunder, and in the duality of Puritanism and Humanism left the individual at the mercy of himself! It is not without significance that the passing of St. Francis almost coincided with the birth of St. Thomas Aquinas, that bulwark of ecclesiasticism whose “*Summa Theologia*” became its last line of

defence, in whom the old order vindicated for awhile its dominion over the secret places of the heart.

I think we have so long vindicated our own right to those secret places that they have ceased to exhilarate us with their mystery. As in the days of St. Francis, we need a sign, but our heads have asserted a control over our hearts which has left us colder and more reticent of our enthusiasms. We are capable of explaining away the very sign we may be seeking. Some day an ingenious person will demonstrate the logical necessity of Cubism from the intellectual torments of Descartes. Yet even he, who taught men to doubt, owes something to him who gave to poor men the Kingdom of Heaven.

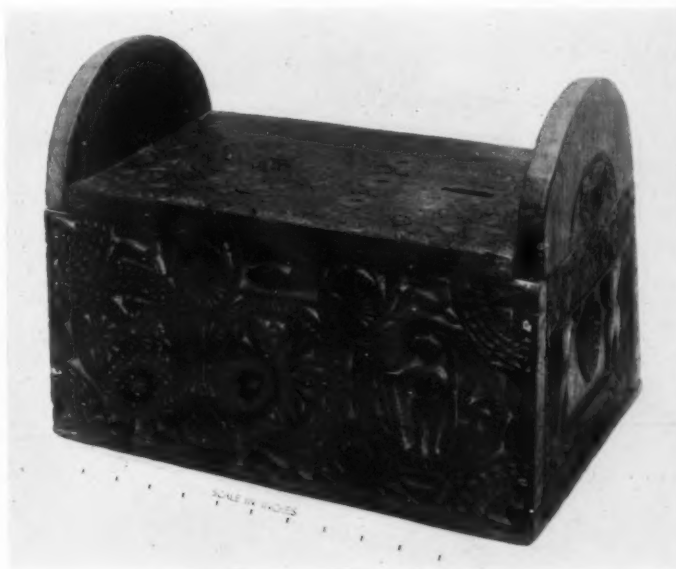
THE ART OF THE MACHINE

By HUNTLY CARTER

THE advance of science and the machine is one of the most prominent features of to-day in England. The “engineering mind” and the “engineering of life” seem to be the phrases now generally in use in this country. The columns of our newspapers and periodicals are filled with accounts of mechanical triumphs. Whole supplements are published by our great newspapers devoted to the history, nature, value, and processes of new machinery and mechanical contrivances. Quite recently the “*Times*,” and then the “*Manchester*

Guardian,” published big artificial silk numbers. The scientist, engineer, merchant, tradesman, art and craftsman, financier and journalist, each contributed, from his own point of view, to the almost marvellous story of “the trans-

lation of the silk-worm into terms of chemical engineering,” as Mr. Holbrook Jackson put it in the “*Times Supplement*.” Inventors and technicians have, as another contributor pointed out, between them produced an intricate mass of machinery, and “contrived to give it an organism which performs the functions of the silk glands of Nature, and enables it to produce filaments so



FRISIAN BOX IN CARVED WOOD



A PAIR OF FRISIAN PIN BOX SUPPORTS

white and glossy in appearance, so soft and silky to the touch, that the most self-respecting silkworm would be slow to disown it." In fact, the human ingenuity, skill, patience, energy, and industry that have gone to the undertaking is simply extraordinary. The reason for this particular conquest over Nature is said to be the necessity of producing a commodity on a great scale to meet a great popular demand, and at a price not possible under the old conditions of limited silkworm production and manual craft.

The feature of the coming century will probably be the gradual conquest of Nature by the translation of its living forms and their operations into terms of mechanical science. Such a conquest is held to be inevitable, and enlightened persons recognize that it is essential for the current and ultimate purpose of science (that of contributing to the rebuilding of society on a permanent basis of peace and beauty) that imagination on a great, as well as on a small, scale should be applied, not only to the translation of natural living forms and processes into mechanical ones, but also to the

production by mechanical means of visible objects of use and æsthetic service. In other words, if human beings must become machine-ridden (as Ruskin might say), imagination could, and should, deliver them from the horrors of machine ugliness. We all, no doubt, pray to be delivered from the kind of machine ugliness which Mr. Sean O'Casey has caught and exposed with so much skill in the tenement setting for the first act of "Juno and the Paycock." As the curtain rises its stark, brutal realism hits the spectator with extraordinary force.

The desired step towards making machine-made objects good and sightly can be taken with the help of artists. Such helpers may be relied upon to apply imagination and the principles of art to the desired end. There is, indeed, a widespread opinion that artists should be encouraged by all means to exercise imagination and other fine qualities upon the ends of countless mechanical operations. "Industrialism and Art," "Commerce and Art," "The Machine and the Artist," are, for example, three subjects that have occupied much attention of late. Most of us are aware that an overwhelming number of letters appeared in the newspaper press called forth by Sir Joseph Duveen's letter appealing to the Prime Minister on behalf of British artists. Sir Joseph's object was to suggest a remedy for the present precarious position of artists, especially the painter and sculptor.

This general sympathy is not curious, as considerable interest in art survives in spite of the effect of the war in diverting the attention of the nation from spiritual pursuits to political, military, and economic realism, and, as it is now generally recognized in (and perhaps out



FOUR CARVED ICELANDIC BOXES



The Art of the Machine

of) artistic circles, the painter of easel pictures and the studio sculptor cannot live by their painting and sculpture alone. Something more is required to keep the pot boiling. The hurricane of the war, the urgent need of reconstruction, and the mechanical developments of post-war times have increasingly affected the artist's position. They have removed many of the circumstances which were favourable to monk-like isolation in studios and the exclusion of life-centred interests, and have introduced others which require artists to be of direct service to the community, as were those of medieval times. That many easel picture-painters are aware of this is proved by their entering upon the business of harnessing art to utility, or the reverse (whichever is correct). Their growing activity in poster-craft is, for example, evidence of a serious start at the application of the principles of art to commercial requirement. There is abundant evidence also of a movement towards the use of art principles in the service of the community.

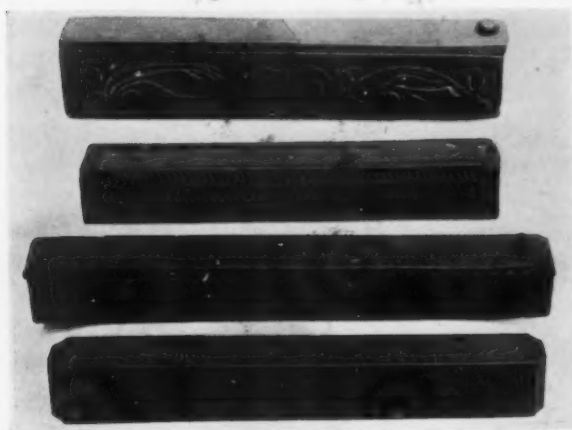
In this attitude we may, perhaps, see the beginning of a new ideal. The artist to-day finds himself in a neo-medieval period of social reconstruction. But it is a period entirely lacking that peculiar element of religion which was predominant in the Middle Ages, and which bred a common aspiration towards, and led to a common achievement of, the highest order. There has arisen, however, a "new faith"—a common faith in the power of the machine to alter England and the community to a desirable pattern. The application of electrical science and mechanical ingenuity will, it is generally



THREE DANISH MANGLE BOARDS

believed, effect this transformation by raising myriads of human beings to a position which will confer on them exceptional power of self-development. The business of the artist must be to assist in creating a communal pattern which shall be good, beautiful, serviceable, and permanent, and at the same time can be carried out largely by mechanical means.

The new ideal in action has its peculiar demands. It should be the function of the artist to supply the vision and imagination of the new industrial world. He must carry his emotions into this world so as to influence design, form, workmanship—anything, in fact, that is likely to fashion public taste, to mould public opinion in favour of good things. For this purpose he must be equipped with the power of creating or providing endless designs and forms of beauty allied to usefulness, as well as with an understanding of some at least of the technical processes by which his ideas will be translated into objects that shall serve the spiritual and material needs of the many.



FOUR CARVED ICELANDIC NEEDLE BOXES



CAKE AND BUTTER MOULDS, DUTCH AND
NORWEGIAN

The necessary sources of inspiration are not far off; they are both within and without him. There are the personal ones of, for example, vision and imagination; and there are the traditional ones contained in rich and varied collections of forms of art and craft, as at South Kensington. And there are many technical schools and other centres of education where he can obtain instruction, elementary and other, in the technicalities and limitations of machine production.

Probably among the richest stores of traditional inspiration which may be of utmost use to the artist-mechanic, those containing examples of peasant art and craft occupy first place. These objects are the outcome of necessity and of circumstances of their times. Though they were made for use and æsthetic service and not for sale, the principles underlying their workmanship are in many cases applicable to the peculiar requirements of to-day, that is, use and æsthetic service and saleableness.

An exceptionally striking illustration of this fact is provided by the collection of objects contained in the Peasant Art Museum at Haslemere, the property of Mr. Joseph King.

It is a collection to which artists and craftsmen may turn increasingly as a source of inspiration giving them innumerable ideas for form and design and decorative work of all kinds.

The museum contains between 600 and 700 examples of peasant art and craft production. It is arranged in sections to show the various aspects and activities of life in a rural, agricultural, and pastoral community. The sections include objects related to house and home, farm and country, dress and jewellery, arts and crafts, specialized industries, religion and public life, and music. There are, of course, subdivisions. For example, the hand-made, home-made equipment of a peasant's household falls naturally into two classes—objects of wood made by the men, and textiles woven by the women. In the first class are washing implements, mangle-boards, rollers,



SWEDISH WALL DECORATION

The Art of the Machine

beating and pressing mats, and a large number of other things. It is noteworthy that some of these things have given place to manufactured goods, such as mangling and washing machines, which are, however, comparatively ugly and lack the spiritual characteristics of the hand-made objects.

Looking at this collection one is struck by the significant ideas which they are capable of contributing towards the beautifying of manufactured

political (strength of the peasant element in a nation), sociological (family relations, festivals, etc.), utilitarian (service not sale), economic (making things for themselves, use of inexpensive materials and of inexpensive energy, as in self-decorated homes).

Most peasants and primitive men employ their decoration to convey information. This is pointed out by Dr. A. C. Haddon in the chapter on "Information" in his very important work on "Evolution in Art." At the Haslemere Museum we see that the Laplander scratches a reindeer on his bone-knife handle. Swiss, Hungarian, and other peasants paint their trinket boxes with the



SWEDISH WALL DECORATION

Elijah ascends to Heaven

The Resurrection

The Annunciation

Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins

goods. One idea is, that art helps technique to find "ideal" forms for things of use and æsthetic service. Purely technical means are inadequate to produce an object with an "ideal" form, that is, a form which nicely relates material and purpose. By purpose is meant use and æsthetic service. The production of such an object requires both imagination and taste. Another idea is that art embellishes the form and so imparts a meaning and a message to it. The meaning or message may be historical (a message from one age to another), religious (faith, creed, etc.), psychological (personal), æsthetic (beauty),

tulip. This brilliant flower is not only a symbol of spring promise, but it tells us that the Lent and after-Easter season is the time for marriage. The Runic and scroll lettering designs on Icelandic carvings and needle-boxes are also records and messages. The historical motive conveying information to later generations is seen in the design of Norwegian drinking vessel handles on the lines of Viking ship prows.

There is ample evidence that certain traditional classic and elaborate forms have much value in suggesting a common use and æsthetic service. The magnificent *pozzi* (well

heads cut by the Italian masons for villages, farms, courtyards, cortiles, or modest dwellings) have the acanthus foliage of the Greek Corinthian capital and the columns. Anyone who knows how the average Italian, even of the worker type, is responsive to the art traditions of Italy, must be aware of the value that may be obtained by bringing together good motives for civic or social use.

Traditions in dress—costume and materials—have largely disappeared under the development of mechanical methods of manufacturing textiles. But certain important influences survive; for example, Scotch tartans, Spanish and Italian lace shawls with very long fringe and certain constant patterns, and the peasant or native dress of Germany and other European countries. In these the traditional motives in line and colour show that dress has both a national and spiritual value.

Perhaps one of the most important messages on peasant implements and utensils is that of suitability.

Decoration must suit the object. Nothing insists upon this more than peasant pottery which, with its charm and gaiety and rightness of decoration, offers such a great contrast to so much vulgar and offensive machine-made pottery.

The shapes of much pottery struck out of moulds are not only bad but unhygienic, on account of the difficulty of keeping the vessels

clean. This may be due to a search for novel shapes. Recently an eminent writer observed that the technical conditions of ceramic art and craft have produced all the possible useful and beautiful forms, and there is no hope of creating or inventing new forms. Hence good traditions in ceramics are essential.

Again, these old and good things remind us that certain forms of decoration are not in use or are much neglected to-day. The Dutch mantelboards and Icelandic boxes are masterpieces of good lettering, of the use of mottoes, inscriptions, figures for dates, exterior and interior labels, spaced divisions, and so on. The Italian inscriptions on certain materials—tablecloths, dusters, hangings, furniture, etc.—are very instructive and suggestive. The Italian weavings of Perugia, in particular, suggest the use of decorations with monograms, mottoes, dates, etc.

It is not necessary to detail other examples. But a word may be said with regard

to a source of inspiration other than traditional. This is to be found in our own civic and social life, in our philosophical, religious, æsthetic, political, economic, and other activities, some of which may reasonably be put on record on, say, porcelain and stained glass. Not long ago "The Londoner" devoted one of his charming topical essays in the "Evening News" to



NORWEGIAN CHAIR



SWEDISH HORSE COLLAR

The Art of the Machine

the consideration of a new "Golfers' Window" in the church of St. Nicholas, Wallasey. In this window men clad as golfers are set on record. Without expressing an opinion on this particular subject one may say that there is new and good work in stained glass to be done. Again, one of Selfridge's advertising essays in the "Times" was devoted to the practical æsthetics (if I may put it so) of the Sunbeam car which broke certain records at Southport. In the writer's opinion the design

(which had considerable beauty) and the technique combined to produce the desired result. The translation (or should it be the transmutation?) of living objects into mechanical ones—the bird into an aeroplane, the fish into a submarine, the silkworm into a filament spinning machine—are of equal value to traditional objects in suggesting the creative industrial use of good line and colour. Both sets of objects are capable of making considerable contributions to the development of the art of the machine.

NOTE.—The illustrations to this article, from objects in the Peasant Art Museum at Haslemere, are reproduced from photographs by the Dryad Works, Leicester.

"LA SCALA"

By PERCY COLSON

I CAME across a very interesting article on "Il Teatro della Scala" in an Italian magazine the other day which caused me to realize for the first time how much musical history it has made; there can be few opera houses in the world with so long and distinguished a tradition. Before it was built, opera and ballets in Milan were given at the "Regio Ducale Teatro," which was burnt down in 1776. The subscribers then obtained permission from the Empress Maria Teresa to build an opera house at their own cost on the site of the suppressed church "Santa Maria della Scala," and it was opened with great ceremony on August 3, 1778, and although it has of course been enlarged, modernized, and redecorated at various times since then, it still remains substantially the same, which is in itself very remarkable.

At the opening performance an opera by Salieri entitled "Europa Riconosciuta" was given. The list of works performed during the first thirty years or so of its existence makes rather pathetic reading and forms a striking comment on the vanity of human ambitions. Where are now the operas of

Salieri, Paisiello, Paer, Cherubini, Alessandri, Sarti, Tarchi, etc.? As well ask "Où sont les neiges d'antan"! Their very names are forgotten, as are for the most part the names of their composers, almost the only exceptions being Cherubini and Cimarosa, whose operas, "Matrimonio Segreto," and "Le Astuzie Femminili," are still heard occasionally.

The first famous name which appears in the list is that of Mozart, whose "Così fan tutti," or "La Scuola degli amanti," was given on September 19, 1807. The next of his to be sung there was "Il dissoluto Punito," or "Don Giovanni," which was performed in October 1814; in this year, too, Rossini dawned on the horizon in a work called "Aureliano in Palmira," and within a very short time obtained an enormous popularity, no fewer than nine of his operas being mounted in the year 1823. Rossini was soon followed by Donizetti in 1822, and Bellini in 1827. We first find the name of Verdi in 1839, when his opera "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio" had its *première*; it is a far cry from this modest work to such operas as "Rigoletto," "Otello," and the immortal "Falstaff"

EUROPA RICONOSCIUTA
DRAMMA PER MUSICA
 DA RAPPRESENTARSI
 NEL NUOVO REGIO DUCAL TEATRO
 DI MILANO
 Nella solenne occasione del suo primo aprimento
 nel mese d'Agosto dell'anno 1778.
 DEDICATO
 Alle LL. AA. RR.
 IL SERENISSIMO ARCIDUCA
F E R D I N A N D O
 Principe Reale d'Ungheria, e Boemia, Arciduca d'Austria,
 Duca di Borgogna, e di Lorena ec., Cesareo Reale
 Luogo Tenente, Governatore, e Capitano
 Generale nella Lombardia Austriaca,
 E LA
 SERENISSIMA ARCIDUCHESSA
M A R I A R I C C I A R D A
B E A T R I C E D' E S T E
 PRINCIPESSA DI MODENA.

 IN MILANO.
 Appreso Gio. Batista Bianchi Regio Stampai
 Colla Permissione

A SCALA PLAYBILL (1778)

produced in February 1893, when the composer was more than eighty years old.

Among the many famous works that have had their first production at "La Scala" are "La Gazza Ladra," "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Mefistofele," "Andrea Chenier," "Otello," "Falstaff," and "Madame Butterfly." Wagner's music took a long time to get to Italy, the first of his works to be heard at "La Scala" being "Lohengrin," which was given in 1873, just twenty-three years after its first performance, and the second "Die Meistersinger," which took twenty-one years to arrive there. I was much amused to discover that a favourite *prima donna* of the middle nineteenth century in Milan was a Madame Defries, afterwards called "La Colson." There were two other Colsons singing there at about that period, so the family must have been musical once at any rate!

"La Scala" has seen many political changes, including the Austrian and the French dominations in Lombardy, and with delightful impartiality has given gala performances in honour of each political or military hero of the moment. Almost since its opening its artistes have been much sought after for the various opera seasons in London, and many of them took part in the last two we have had at Covent Garden, which, artistically at least, were as brilliant as those in pre-war times.

The citizens of Milan are extremely proud of their opera and with reason, and unlike our own musical amateurs are quite willing to make personal sacrifices in order to maintain its efficiency. The boxes at "La Scala" have always been private property, and during the

difficult times that followed the war their owners consented to return them to the theatre and to pay an annual rent for them, which is fixed at the beginning of each season, and they are paid the sum of four per cent. on their capitalized value. It would be an object lesson to our own rich men who, whilst generous enough in contributing to hospitals and such charities, are with one or two notable exceptions mean with regard to

art, if they could see the list of subscribers to the funds of "La Scala" which is exhibited in the foyer and which represents every class of the community.

"La Scala" is administered by a committee which includes a member of the company of box-holders, and an official of the Municipality of Milan. This committee chooses both the artistic and the general staff and collaborates with them in the management. "La Scala" has no State subsidy, but it receives a contribution from the rates and nobody grumbles that it should do so, the Italians being intelligent enough to understand that such an institution, apart from

the prestige it gives their country, is an immense source of pleasure and education. I do not think such a theatre would be possible in London, where "Grand Opera" is an exotic, but if one could be founded and run on somewhat similar lines for the production and performance of light operas, I am convinced that it would be enormously successful. English musicians have a very real talent for this type of music, and the public love it. It would also be of immense benefit to the musical profession that has such a desperate struggle to live, and the repertory that could be drawn from is endless.

AVVISO



Attesa la compita Vittoria, il
concluso Armistizio, e l'ar-
rivo in questa Città dell'incli-
to Eroe, e Liberatore dell'Italia
BONAPARTE, l'Amministrazione
Municipale invita tutti i Cittadini
ad una generale illuminazione della
Città per questa sera. Sarà pure il-
luminato il Teatro grande alla Sca-
la. L'Armistizio verrà quanto pri-
ma pubblicato.

Dalla Casa del Comune li 16. Giu-
gno 1800.

MARLIANI PRESIDENTE
RUGA

Sacchi Segretario.

A MUNICIPAL MANIFESTO (MILAN, 1800)

UNKNOWN PAINTINGS BY SIMONE MARTINI AND HIS FOLLOWERS—I

By RAIMOND VAN MARLE

THE public interest in painting of the fourteenth century is ever on the increase, and, consequently, the number of productions of this art that are unearthed from their long-forgotten hiding-places, or that pass from inaccessible corners of the earth into public or private collections, is added to every day.

This explains how a recent journey across a large part of Europe revealed to me the existence of many pictures, particularly of Sienese origin, of which I was entirely in ignorance three years ago when I finished my volume on the Sienese school of the fourteenth century.*

The finest work that I discovered was a little picture by Simone Martini; the lucky proprietor, Monsieur A. Stoclet, Brussels, was convinced of this attribution even before I gave him my opinion on the subject.

The painting represents the Madonna of the Annunciation (Fig. I) and, doubtless, formed



In the collection of M. A. Stoclet, Brussels

FIG. I. THE VIRGIN ANNUNCIATION

By Simone Martini

part of a diptych of which the other half, showing the angelic messenger, has, unfortunately, disappeared. The attitude of the Virgin and the gesture she makes are the same as those we find in the celebrated Annunciation of 1333 in the Uffizi, Florence, and which we see once more in the painting of this subject that belonged to the collection of the late Count Stroganoff. Another point in common between the latter work and the painting in question is that the Virgin is seated on a cushion on the ground; also the decorative borders of the two panels are similar.

I should say that there cannot be much difference in the date

of execution of the one and the other of these two pictures. It was certainly after 1333, the moment at which the Gothic tendency in Simone's art culminated in the Annunciation of the Uffizi. On the other hand, it must have been prior to the execution of the "Return from the Temple" of 1342 in the gallery of Liverpool, which is conceived in the much heavier forms and proportions

* R. van Marle, *The Development of the Italian Schools of Painting*, ii, The Hague, 1924.



Oxford, Christ Church

FIG. II. AN ARCHER
Drawing

characteristic of the works of the master's old age. The Stroganoff Madonna, however, is already marked by the incipient features of this tendency, and when Simone executed the picture now owned by Monsieur Stoclet, I think he had taken a further step in this direction.

That the drawing of the Oriental archer in Christ Church Library, Oxford (A 2, Fig. II), is possibly a work of Simone's, had already been pointed out by Sir Sidney Colvin when he published it together with the other drawings in the same collection. We are dealing here with a work which at least once has been brought before the public eye; nevertheless it is so little known that I am convinced there are but few amateurs of Siennese painting who are aware of its existence.

I am not absolutely decided about the attribution to Simone of this beautiful drawing, but I think, all the same, it is probably correct. It is difficult to make a comparison between it and Simone's other works in which his figures are always depicted in less energetic attitudes and attired in long togas. Certain similarities, however, will be discovered if we compare the profile of the archer with those of the figures depicted to the right in the scene of the death of St. Martin in the chapel decorated by Simone in S. Francesco, Assisi, or, again, with that in the portrait of Robert of Anjou in the St. Louis panel, Naples. The curious shape of the feet is found in the figure of St. Martin in the scene of the saint leaving the army and, again, in the miniature of the Virgil in the Ambrosiana Library, Milan. I think this illumination offers us a better opportunity of comparison than any of Simone's pictures, for here we find other points in common such, for example, as the very low waist-line and the rather protruding hips which give a somewhat peculiar outline to the man's form.

My other discoveries include several works of considerable importance belonging to Simone Martini's school. I shall not speak here of the three, until now, unknown paintings by Barna da Siena, as I have devoted a special study to them.*

Among the anonymous works I should like to mention, apart from a painting, a gilt glass in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge (Fig. III), which was bequeathed to the collection by Frank McClean in 1906.† The central figure is that of the Virgin enthroned with the Child on her knee; she is seen in the midst of SS. Peter, Paul, a young saint, and an angel. The form of the throne and the appearance of the Child Jesus, with His curly hair, are similar to those in Simone's *Maestà* of 1315 in the Palazzo Publico, Siena. Below, the two figures of the Annunciation are depicted. The position of the Virgin seated on the ground with her hand to her breast is the same as that in the pictures of the Stroganoff and Stoclet collections. The attitude of the angel, on the other hand, resembles that in the Annunciation in the museum of Antwerp, which is one of the master's late works.

* R. van Marle, *Nuove attribuzioni a Barna da Siena*, *Rassegna d'Arte Senese*, xviii, 1925, p. 43.

† O. M. Dalton, *Fitzwilliam Museum, McClean Bequest*, Cambridge, 1912, no. 76.

Unknown Paintings by Simone Martini and His Followers

Nevertheless, the style of the figures in this piece of gilt glass bears more resemblance to the productions of a much earlier stage in Simone's career.

Some very curious features borrowed from Simone Martini's art are seen in a small panel which seems to have formed the front of a coffer in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London (493-1902, Fig. IV). To the left of the lock are represented St. Peter kneeling before the Saviour, as in the scene of the "Navicella," by Giotto, and St. Christopher carrying the Christ Child on his shoulder; to the right are St. Mary Magdalene and two other female saints whose emblems have been effaced. I even think it possible that the painter of these little figures was not even Sienese; the proportions and the faces particularly of the two last figures to the right, which are not without resemblance to the miniatures of the "Biadajolo" of 1335 in the Laurenziana, Florence, make us think that the artist was more probably of Florentine origin.*

However, the Gothic line of the drapery is reminiscent especially of Simone Martini's figures of the saints in the arch of the chapel of St. Martin at Assisi, but in this case the effects are slightly exaggerated. In making a comparison between the figures on the panel in London and those frescoed at Assisi, it will be noticed that two of the figures are actual copies; the Magdalene carrying the recipient and the saint of Royal mien to the extreme right are true imitations of the St. Mary Magdalene and the St. Elizabeth in the entrance arch of the chapel in Assisi.

To the works of the hypothetical Donato I should like to add two paintings. Donato was the brother of Simone Martini, and I have identified him—following the example of Prof. Adolfo Venturi—with the artist who collaborated with Simone in the decoration of the chapel of St. Martin in Assisi, and whose masterpiece is the series of half-length figures in the right transept of the Lower Church in Assisi. Elsewhere I have attributed to this painter the half-length figures of St. Louis of Toulouse and St. Francis in the gallery of Siena (Nos. 40 and 41); a Madonna which recently passed from the collection of Mr. Langton Douglas to that of Mr. P. Straus, New York; a Madonna seated on the ground nursing the Child Jesus, in the Museum of

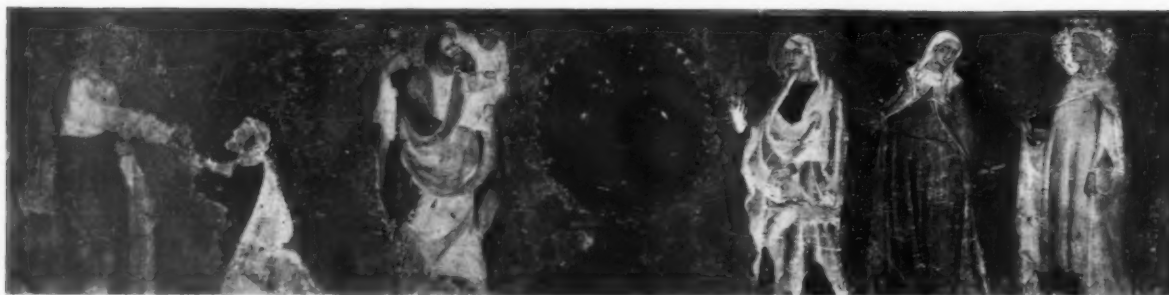
* R. van Marle, *op. cit.*, iii, p. 651.



Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

FIG. III. MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS
School of Simone Martini

Berlin (No. 1072), of which a replica exists in Rome; and another of similar composition to which on another occasion I have made a



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. IV. CASSONE FRONT

brief allusion, but which is reproduced here for the first time (Fig. V).^{*} This picture also belongs to Monsieur Stoclet, of Brussels. The Child reclining on His Mother's lap seems to have been disturbed at His meal, because He turns His head away from the breast and looks

^{*} R. van Marle, *op. cit.*, ii, p. 222; iii, p. 449.

towards the spectator with a faint expression of inquiry on His face. The spandrels are adorned with medallions enclosing half-length figures of prophets holding scrolls.

Of this composition, which is called the "Madonna of Humility," there are many examples in Sienese art of the fourteenth



In the collection of M. A. Stoclet, Brussels

FIG. V. MADONNA AND CHILD

By Donato



FIG. VI. MADONNA AND CHILD

By Andrea di Bartolo

Unknown Paintings by Simone Martini and His Followers

century. By Donato himself we have, as well as the Stoclet Madonna, the painting now in Berlin, but in the second half of the century this subject was commonly represented. From this point of view Donato had an imitator—almost a copyist—in the person of Andrea di Bartolo, the son of Bartolo di Fredi. I know of at least two Madonnas by this painter which seem to be directly inspired by Donato's picture in the Stoclet collection. One which is signed, and not long ago was to be found in Paris, is in a very bad state of preservation, but it corresponds even in the details with the panel in Brussels. The other formerly belonged to Signor Paolini of Rome,* but I do not



Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum
VII. MADONNA AND CHILD
Attributed to Donato

know its present whereabouts (Fig. VI).

We notice at a glance the difference of quality which exists between the two reproduced pictures, one of which seems to be almost a copy of the other. Still another work which, I think, should be ascribed to Donato is a half-length figure of the Virgin in the museum of Berlin (No. 1511), in which the Madonna tenderly rests her head on that of her Child (Fig. VII). The surface of the panel is somewhat damaged. The decorative borders are characteristic of the works of Simone and his immediate followers. Moreover, Donato invariably attired his Madonnas in a robe threaded with gold under a plain blue

mantle, as she is depicted in this instance.

(To be continued.)

* Attributed to Andrea di Bartolo by G. De Nicola, *Rassegna d'Arte Senese*, 1921, p. 12.

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

AN ETCHER OF THE HIGHLANDS

IS there any print-collector, I wonder, who at mention of the name of Ben Ledi would be likely to call to mind an actual vision of the lovely and romantic mountain in the Western Highlands rather than the solemnly beautiful print that Sir D. Y. Cameron's enchanting dry-point made of it some fifteen years ago, with a wistful thought for the rare and practically unattainable thing the market's high appraisal has since made of that?

No masterpiece of art, however, can claim copyright in a masterpiece of nature, and however closely we may connect in our minds the

natural beauty of Ben Ledi with the romantic glamour of Cameron's pictorial interpretation on the copper-plate, the immemorial mountain itself, with all its lonely loveliness, mystery and majesty, with all its endearing associations of far-off romance, poetic imagery, and actual memories, remains the freehold of all who really know and love it. Mr. William Renison is one of these, and in the impressive print reproduced here he gives us a "Ben Ledi" that justifies itself with the fresh beauty and poetry it has inspired. A native Scot, he has known every crag, every knoll, every cleft, of this mountain since his childhood, has lovingly watched from all points its changing aspects



14" x 16"

BEN LEDI

Dry-point by William Renison

under varying lights and falling shadows, and learnt the beauty and significance of each, and so we may be sure he did not take his dry-point in hand until he saw Ben Ledi upon his copper-plate in such an aspect that the beauty of the place must win fresh lovers. And here, "where Teith's young waters roll," and the Leny burn joins them, we look across the stream's gleaming surface to the shadowed knolls, and see in its proud dominance the noble mountain with the late evening light glinting its lofty crags, and the cloud-rack following the length of its rugged shape and the neighbouring hills away to "huge Ben Venue." In his fine print Mr. Renison shows us the "lone hill-side" in less sombre mood than that to which Cameron's famous print has accustomed us, yet he also interprets the spirit of the place with an intimate intuition scarcely possible to a Sassenach artist, however

much he may be stirred by Scotland's scenery. So this "Ben Ledi" might for me have been verily the scene of ancient Beltane festival, it might have witnessed the Cross of Fire or concealed in copse and heath "the bonnets and spears and bended bows" of Roderick Dhu's warriors in Walter Scott's poem, just as to-day it may be the enchanted boyhood haunt of Scottish poets and artists yet to be. Mr. Renison owes everything to the love of beauty he has imbibed from scenes such as this, consequently the Scottish lochs and mountains appeal to him naturally as subjects for his copper-plates; and as his conceptions of these in their infinitely diverse moods of light and atmosphere are influenced as much by their expressive tonality as by their structural aspects, he has favoured the dry-point's line with its rich implication of tone rather than the clean-bitten line of the needle. In

A Gossip about Prints



8 1/2" x 11 1/2"

A SOLWAY FISHERMAN
Etching by Joseph Simpson

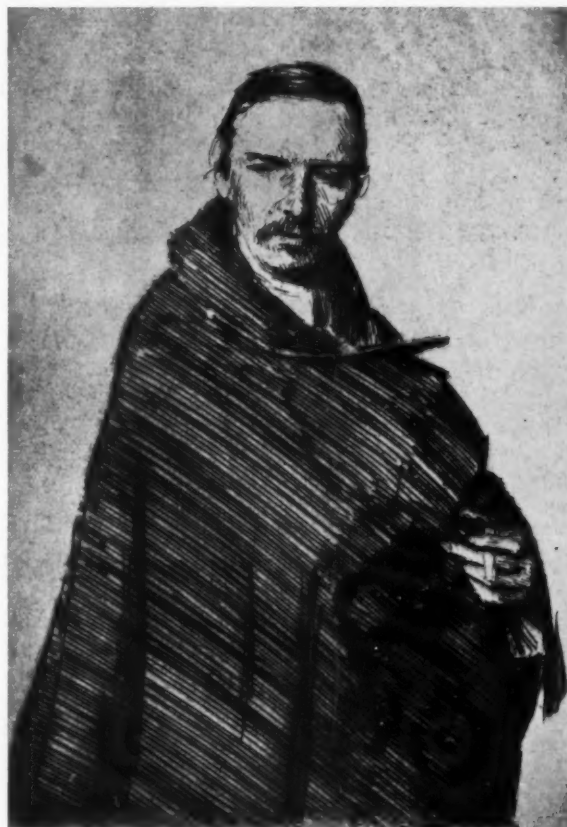
the series, then, which Mr. Wishart Brown of Glasgow is issuing, of which "Ben Ledi" is an appealing example, the subjects are to take us through some of the most beautiful Scottish scenery from the north-east to the south-west, and they will comprise also "Lochnagar," "The Cobbler," "Ben Venue," "Ben Lomond," "The Cairngorm," "Suilven-Assynt" near Loch Inver in West Sutherlandshire, and "Loch Maree." Mr. Renison, who, by the way, is a native and Freeman of Glasgow, has been honoured by the Paris Salon for his architectural etchings, and is permanently represented by one in the Luxembourg, as occasionally he has been in the Royal Academy; but picturesque old Rouen many others can etch, while it needs the Scottish heart, as well as the vision and talent of an etcher such as Mr. Renison, to get at the soul of Highland scenery.

A NEW PORTRAIT-ETCHER

A few months ago a new portrait-etcher of vitally expressive power was introduced to Glaswegian collectors in the work of Mr. Joseph Simpson. This was in an exhibition at the gallery of Mr. Wishart Brown, and so immediate, so pronounced was the success, that Messrs. Alexander Reid and Lefèvre lost little time in bringing Mr. Simpson's remarkable prints to London. Rumour whispered that this new Scotch-born etcher suggested the influence of Zorn, a superficial suggestion emphatically disputed by a clear-sighted

connoisseur who came to ask me what I thought about the new work. I had not seen it, but I was avid to do so, for I had read Frank Brangwyn's brief preface to the Glasgow Catalogue. And now that I have seen Mr. Simpson's etchings and realized how artistically alive they are, how instinct with the expression of personal character and temperament, and how true to the linear significance of the etcher's art, I feel I cannot better the master's comments. "The success of these studies," he says, "seems to lie in the fact that Simpson approaches his subject in a dual but at the same time perfectly harmonized personality—the Etcher and the Painter, for his work gives

me the impression that he sees his subject in colour while reducing it to line, to masterly line devoid of every superfluity. Simpson's fine



9 1/2" x 6 1/2"

THE BOHEMIAN
Etching by Joseph Simpson

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dramatic sense gets full play in his etchings, and there is, all through these examples, the same strong personal note. He works with rare reticence. He has brought together a strength and economy of line balanced by a delicacy that must satisfy the most fastidious, and through it all he maintains that most desirable quality of breadth without which the efforts of the finest craftsman become banal."

I have chosen two characteristic examples to illustrate what Mr. Brangwyn says, and these by their very contrast indicate the range of Mr. Simpson's intuitions. Here, in "A Solway Fisherman," we

see the virile open-air type, the man who lives by the sea's living products and is in perpetual conflict with the hazards of the elements to win his livelihood. Yet what risks have ever daunted the spirit behind that rugged, bearded, weather-beaten face, those clear, steady, far-seeing eyes, the nerve of that strong arm?

But it is almost another world we seem to look into in the thin, pale, sensitive face of "The Bohemian," with those half-closed, dubious eyes, that nervous, sensual mouth. This man, with the long, lean body we imagine hidden under the affectation of that ample cloak, with the long-fingered attenuated hand holding the inevitable cigarette, through what exotic experiences has he lived? No wanderer in the open air is this "Bohemian," for him there has been no "wind on the heath, my brother!" But what a completely interesting, living personality the etcher has made of him! And this he has made of each subject we see in his portrait-etchings—not least his two self-studies, palette in hand, or that of Mr. Brangwyn with his paint-brush, in "A Priest," "An Old Lady" smiling on the world, a chubby child in a "Fur Cap," a graceful girl in "A Shawl," "Rozinka" and another Russian Lady Disdain. Every plate has its own character, its own distinction.

AN ETCHER OF RURAL ENGLAND

Mr. Ian Strang is not an etcher of the impulsive sketchy school; there is nothing of the spontaneous impression in his rendering of a landscape. On the contrary, when he has selected his subject, often, as in "A Sussex Windmill" reproduced here, some aspect of quiet English landscape, with an old building of picturesque character and definite function the dominant feature, he will plan his picture on the copperplate with an orderly deliberateness that at first sight may give the impression of austerity. He will render the material texture of the central

building as faithfully as his craftsman's skill can support his artist's conception, and making this, perhaps, the main motive of his etching, he may incur the charge of "dryness"—a charge apt to be brought against any etching that tends toward the severer, more deliberate effect of line-engraving—a growing tendency by the way—rather than the fluidity of



A SUSSEX WINDMILL
By Ian Strang, A.R.E.

the impulsive line of sketchy suggestion. But Mr. Strang—as the son of his distinguished father well might be—is an artist of independent vision and manner, and, as he follows the gleam in his own way, his landscapes and his buildings on the copper take the sunbeams and the shadows with an austere serenity which I find a distinctive charm. An old windmill makes as sympathetic an appeal to Mr. Strang as to most etchers, and this Sussex mill he has evidently enjoyed drawing with a vision that seems to have seen the very foundations, so firmly, so deeply the building appears rooted in the ground, while every line that records the structure of the sails carries its tale of weight as the wind urges it on its creaking revolutions. That lonely mill among the Sussex Downs, with the sky as full of wind as of sunlight, stands for immemorial England, and Mr. Strang has taken a happy artist's way with it, he has treated it in his own way.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XV

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

WHEN writing upon domestic architecture of the Elizabethan era in a recent issue of this magazine, I asserted the poorness and artistic inferiority which characterized the work of the opening years of the seventeenth century, and the period which extended for fully fifty years after, in comparison with Gothic or the later development of Renaissance which reached its maturity in the hands of Sir Christopher Wren and others.

If one were to except the architectural works of Inigo Jones and all with which he was associated, one might almost say that this was a time of general artistic dullness almost without equal in the history of English domestic art.

Whenever I discover a room which owes its origin to this uneventful epoch, my first impressions are that its execution must have been left to the tender care of a collection of workmen, untrained architecturally, who rejoiced in carving coarse details on every available surface in a slovenly manner. In general proportion and unstudied application of ornament, too, nothing seems to suggest greater ignorance. Of course, I know there are exceptions which are generally found in the large "mansion" type of house, such as "Hatfield," etc., to which this criticism does not so fully apply; however, it is my intention to pass over this period of fusion and for the present discuss a few examples of furniture and decoration which belong to the last quarter of the century when the art of skilled cabinet-making advanced simultaneously with the expansion of architecture and other arts.

Fine specimens of Charles II and William and Mary furniture are of greater value to the collector to-day than anything of their kind



Holm Lacy

FIG. I. CARVED OVERMANTEL
By Grinling Gibbons

constructed for fully a hundred and fifty years prior to their manufacture. A long time!

The interiors of many English mansions would have been dull and uninteresting had a certain infant who received the name of Grinling Gibbons failed to survive the Civil War. Born in 1648, he was destined to achieve a remarkable reputation in designing and woodcarving, and was Royal woodcarver to Charles II and his successors until his death in 1721. The first illustration of his work is from "Holm Lacy," and a very fine example of his craft. As a panel it is unobtrusive and of fairly equal value in every part. In works of this character the eye is so often distracted by bunches of

protruding fruit, flowers, and birds, etc., so that continuity of design is imperilled.

Here only the eagle with the oak twig is prominent, and being a crest or emblem that is just as it should be. The lines of the festoons and swags are in exactly their right places: the monograms become important by the difference between the lettering and the foliage, and there is a delicacy of treatment which makes this type of work very acceptable. Strangely enough, the work of Grinling Gibbons has, in recent years, fallen into disfavour and become somewhat *démodé*. It is not surprising when one considers the misuse minor decorators and architects have made of this type of ornament. For the last twenty years or so there has been hardly a room designed which was supposed to represent this phase of work and called "Georgian" which does not betray some form of swags and drops of unhealthy-looking fruit, etc., above the chimney-piece. Thank goodness it is gradually dying, and one feels that the most advanced

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stages of "modern decoration" are even preferable!

Perhaps more continuous development is shown in the English bedstead during the seventeenth century than in any other article of furniture. The cost of them was enormous, the greatest expense being occasioned for the hangings, which were sometimes of Venetian cut velvet with cords, tassels, fringes, etc., of the finest materials.

A bed now in the Venetian Ambassador's bedroom at "Knole" has curtains of velvet, a very rich cornice with shields and supporters at the angles and middle which contain the Royal Arms of England, and the initials of James II. It was presented with the furniture by William III to the Earl of Dorset. Queen Anne's bedroom in Warwick Castle (Fig. II) is less splendid than the "Knole" apartment; the bedstead is less imposing, and is hung with red velvet, now faded and tattered, but there is an air of the stately past about it, surrounded as it is by souvenirs of the Queen. The ceiling in this room calls for attention by its good design and bold relief; the tapestries, too, are interesting, but that which most calls for admiration are the beautiful fringes and ruches which edge the pelmet. Work of this description has never been finer or more elegant than at this period.

In the second half of the seventeenth century there was a notable increase in the types and varieties of chairs. Stools and forms were less in use and, to quote a military term, chairs in general were invested with greater "mobility." The reign of the Merry Monarch brought several new methods of decoration into England through importations of furniture

in considerable quantities from Portugal and the Far East. China dishes and textiles were known early in the century, and doubtless some examples reached England earlier still. Chinese junks traded in the Red Sea in the fifteenth century, though two hundred years had to elapse before the "Chinese Taste" reached an important stage. The process of lacquer, however, was new to English cabinet-makers of the middle of the Stuart period; inlay underwent such great development that

it became almost a new art; even turning was greatly influenced by furniture from Goa, and spiral turning was much in fashion.

The Commonwealth chair, with modifications, persisted after the Restoration, as in Fig. IV, in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Its very appearance is an expression of stability. The legs have been turned from a square timber, which remains untouched at the intersections; the middle portion is spirally turned as a column with a circular capital and base. The feet are spherical. The front and back stretchers have turned balusters in the middle, the

side stretchers are spirally turned. The arm-rests are carved with figures of ladies gaily clad in stomachers and short sleeves gathered at the elbow (by the facial expression of the young lady on the right one might imagine that something "terrible and frightful" is about to happen!). From the early type to which the foregoing belongs we pass to the taller and stately seats of the later time.

Rich carving takes the place of the turning as decoration as in Fig. V, which is also in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The back supports are slender pillars sustaining a crest



Warwick Castle

Country Life

FIG. II. QUEEN ANNE'S BEDROOM





FIG. III.



FIG. IV.



FIG. V.

THREE RESTORATION CHAIRS

Victoria and Albert Museum

composed of two foliated and voluted scrolls flanking a lambrequin on which are scrolls arranged in shell shape, the whole resting on an arched base. The splat, pierced and carved, is of great beauty. A flower-pot carved with a trellis and gadroons contains a lily plant, and is placed on a baldequin. Foliated scrolls and ornament and architectural details are vigorously carved, while the perforations are artistically arranged.

The fore-legs are graceful and turned in baluster shape, tapering towards the intersection with the side baluster stretchers. The knee is swelled out into a modified "bulb," the upper part being skilfully carved with gadroons; the cross stretcher is inserted into the sides near the front. In most of the chairs of this design it rises to considerable height, and is carved with foliated and voluted scrolls, architectural details, and ornament with perforations. The feet are of

vase shape, while the back legs and their stretchers are plainly-turned balusters. The seat calls for proper trimming. The whole design reveals a strong Netherlandish influence which, as in the early part of the century, long before the advent of Dutch William, pervaded our furniture.

A fine type of cabriole is shown in Fig. III. Here the knee projects and is carved with a projecting knob, while near the ground a break occurs and pronounced ribs are carried downwards. In some chairs these lead to an incurving volute. The under-frame is in three pieces, ridged and channelled, but the striking part of the chair is its hollowed back and its excellent design carried out in crisp and spirited carving. The top is a broken pediment, whose graceful flow of line encloses an urn and stand, and produces an agreeable play of light and shade which the caned panels, simple splat, and frame accentuate.



Messrs. Lenygon and Morant
FIG. VI. LATE-SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ARMCHAIR

This piece also belongs to the Victoria and Albert Museum, but a chair in the Thursby Pelham collection has a back of the same pattern with minor differences in detail.

The earlier armchairs have their particular interest, as in Fig. VI. There is a suggestion of movement in the downward and outward sweep of the long arms, while the drooping volutes repeat the action of closed hands, into which the line of the arm support flows gracefully. These are fluted and panelled. The side supports are carved in full relief with an unusual pattern of scrolls and isolated strings of ball-like calyx and flower. Great scrolls outline the inverted arches of the top: at the corners are motives like bearded heads, while rich foliage towers above the apex. The panel now of velvet was, doubtless, once caned. The legs are interesting. Their fronts have a swelling at the knee and are very richly carved; the lower part and foot show the influence of Daniel Marot. Three large and boldly-designed scrolls and foliage form an imposing front stretcher; those at the sides are serpentine—altogether a very rare and beautiful example.

The influence of Marot on English furniture was very great, and it is well to illustrate an original work by him (Fig. VII). It is a very rich stand, slightly gilded in parts, pierced and carved with exuberant ornament, foliage, flowers, and bunches of grapes. On the legs are caryatid figures merging into foliated scrolls which sweep downwards and inwards to compressed spherical feet carved



From the collection of Sir Charles Allom

FIG. VII. STAND

By Daniel Marot

in radiatory gadroons. The vigour and decision of the craftsman throughout the work extends to the rich stretcher. The small casket of oyster-shell walnut with brass mounts does not belong to the stand, which at one time may have supported one of lacquer or needlework, but is, nevertheless, quite harmonious. Both in design and execution this beautiful stand may well be described as one of the finest examples of its kind in existence.

Style and technique cannot be confined to any one century. They cannot be forced to cease

or to pass into a new form on the first day of January because the year ninety-nine has entered the limbo of past centuries. So it is no error to classify the coat of arms in carved wood of Queen Anne (Fig. VIII) with woodcarvings of the late seventeenth century. This remarkable and spirited panel is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The heraldic beasts are indeed more spirited than beautiful. The lion support does not lightly wear his crown, though he is apparently more at ease as a crest. The mantling, however, is well-designed and of great technical excellence. In the shield the Scottish lion seems too closely confined within his double tressure, and the English lioncels appear to be struggling to maintain their correct attitudes in a gale; the figure on the harp is despondent. Even the fleurs-de-lis seem troubled, but its decorative value is great, while it is a survival of interest.

(To be continued)



Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. VIII. COAT OF ARMS OF QUEEN ANNE

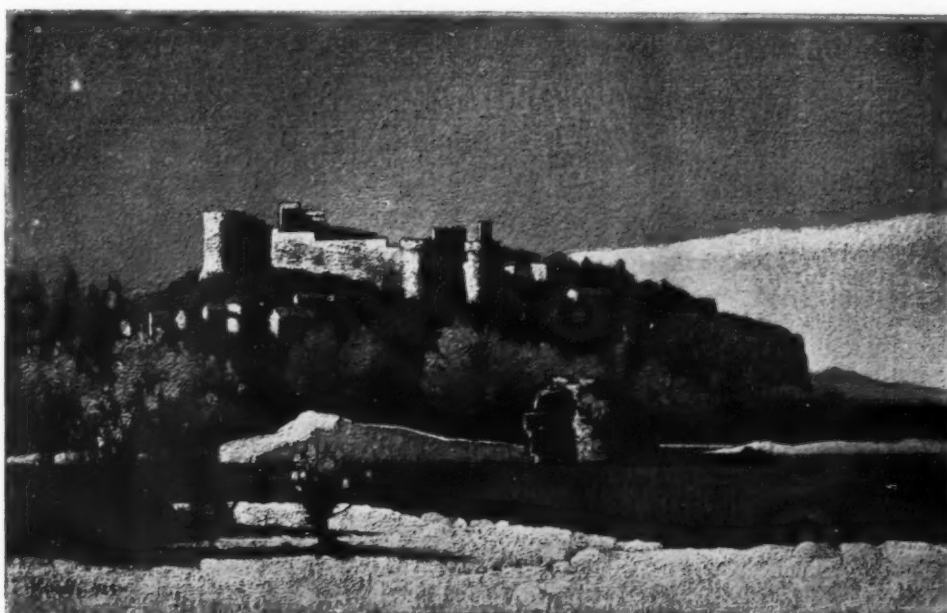
BERTRAM NICHOLLS

By R. A. WALKER

THERE almost appears to be a rule in England that all our men of mark and genius are the sons of middle-class parents. In France the peasant class seems to supply the statesman, soldier, artist, and scientist, but with us the sons of merchants and professional men are those

while Mr. Nicholls's elder brothers carry on the business abilities, foresight and usefulness of their father, the younger brother becomes a painter.

Mr. Nicholls's recent second exhibition at Barbizon House in June last will enable us to review shortly his achievement in landscape,

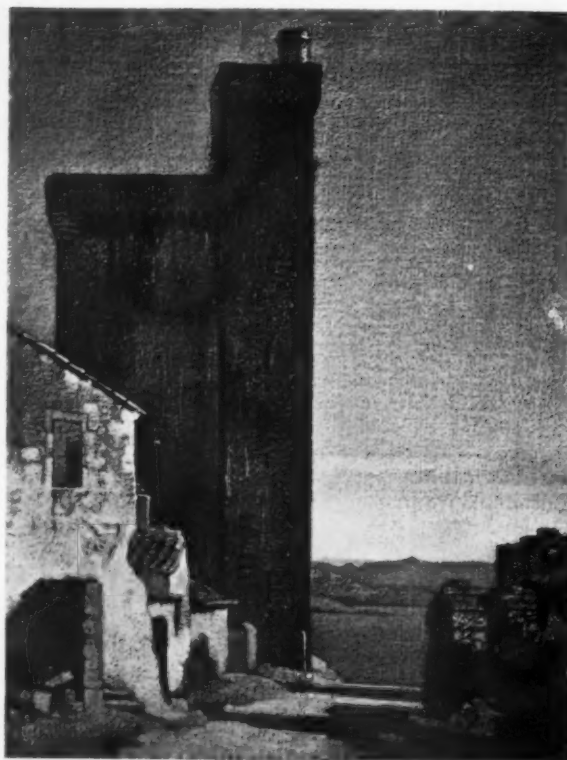


THE FORTRESS OF VILLENEUVE

whose exceptional powers raise them out of somewhat formal and unimaginative surroundings towards high destinies. Mr. Bertram Nicholls is no exception to this rule, coming from Manchester, that city of so many brilliant business men, and from a household of sturdy business folk. His future business would, therefore, seem to have been a foregone conclusion. But here, once more, we are confronted with this insular phenomenon, the artist (may one say the man of genius?) springing out of a *milieu*, if not hostile, at least completely foreign, to a life devoted to the manufacture of articles of beauty as compared to the manufacture of articles of utility. So

and to reproduce some of the paintings that were there on show. Since his first exhibition in November, 1924, there can easily be detected a definite advance. He has, so to speak, stabilized, but not standardized, his compositions. He is now very near to, if not actually at, the apex of his career. His work has always had a fine unity; his parentage, one likes to think, has given him that fine judgment to attempt only what he is certain he can achieve. It is as valuable an asset to the artist as to the business man. In either case a lack of it always spells failure of some sort, glorious though the failure may be. Mr. Nicholls's work is singularly free even from the failures

of youth. Perhaps this is largely accounted for by the comparative slowness with which he works, his pictures having nothing hurried about them either in content or in technique. They are for this reason all the more companionable. After all, a permanent and personal object in one's home, be it book or picture, should have nothing about it that is not restful, static, and deliberate. Such objects cannot be created except by a deliberate and unhurried craftsman. The low tone and rather restricted colour of his paint is in itself restful, as in the work of the best Dutch painters. His canvases are not meant to strive for notice, any more than a fine vase, an old binding, or a mahogany bureau is meant to assert itself. Rather, they "create the taste by which they are to be enjoyed." They must all be appreciated, not by comparison with dis-



16½" x 12½"

PHILIPPE LE BEL'S TOWER

similar objects, but by long contemplation and constant familiarity.

Although Mr. Nicholls's art has often been associated with the names of some of the masters of our own Norwich School, yet strangely, it is more to France and Italy that he looks for his most congenial subjects. Those recent paintings of Volterra, Martigues, and Orvieto show his powers at their highest. He is most vitally interested in the quality of the objects he is painting, and in the quality of his own paint, and he invariably arrives at an astonishing unity that it would be difficult to equal in any other painter to-day. As

Mr. Frank Rutter has so admirably said, his paintings "are romantic in their feeling, though classic in their fine sense of order."

With all his restraint of colour, absence of movement, and seeming simplicity, he is yet



9½" x 12½"

FISHING QUARTER, MARTIGUES



12½" x 16½"

PORTA MAGGIORE, ORVIETO



never dull as many a more flamboyant colourist and clever figure-painter often is. The explanation is possibly the immense thought and care spent in the choice of subject, as also perhaps in that inborn sense of order and balance in each one of us which makes us instinctively sympathetic to good composition. The elements and the bases of every picture he paints are permanently settled before the work is begun. He can, therefore, use much smaller canvases than would be thought possible, and yet never crowd his compositions. Indeed, it would hardly be possible for another living artist to convey such dignity and power on canvases 15 in. to 20 in. square. His paintings can truly be called gems, for they have that jewel-like quality of colour one can only see in the work of Diaz or Dupré. Indeed, only in the reproductions of the Barbizon School can one find serious rivals to Mr. Nicholls's work.

It is of interest to note that Mr. Nicholls has a great admiration for Mathew Maris, and he has, indeed, this artist's strong emotional powers, but these are more duly controlled by his medium and by the basic facts of Nature from which he takes his inspiration. Perhaps a better parallel is that of Corot, whose obvious joy in the soft and exquisite hour of early dawn is set forth with so justly controlled an emotion. It is, in fact, the old difference between the artist who conveys his emotion through the controlling medium of his craft, as distinguished from the artist under the power of his emotions seeking to free himself from the hampering restraint of his medium.

In the reproductions which accompany this article his great power in painting stone and rock can easily be seen. Such examples as "Porta Maggiore," "Philippe le Bel's Tower," and "Fishing Quarter, Martigues," need only be mentioned as well as the classic "Ville-neuve-les-Avignon," recently purchased by the Manchester City Art Gallery. The values are, however, hard to come by in mechanical reproductions. The beautiful colour of his skies is apt to look heavy and hard in black and white, and the subtlety and breadth of the back grounds and soft distances can only be really appreciated in the originals. In the age-worn fortress town of Volterra, with its almost prehistoric Etruscan walls, he has found many a congenial subject, and our only regret is that it has deprived us of some of his lovely studies of trees near his Sussex home. In each he excels, and in each can be found that balance, co-ordination, and spiritual restfulness which is the nearest approach to perfection to which frail humanity can attain.

Two drawbacks only to his work (if such they be) are known to the writer; his paintings must be *looked into*, not glanced at, for his art is of the kind that penetrates the intelligence slowly, but deeply, and they require very careful lighting on account of their precious and rare quality of paint. With these two notes of warning the happy spectator, and still happier owner of his paintings, will find a wonderful fascination in his art that grows and deepens, and his compositions, quiet though they be, haunt the imagination long after more bold and striking work has been completely forgotten.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

IN this month of August, when going from Montparnasse to the Parc des Princes in the Bois de Boulogne, through the rue La Boétie, where certain painters feel more secure in the vicinity of the dealers who sell their pictures, you find that all the studios are shut up.

Indeed, the painters have not waited for the closing of the last salon to flee far away from Paris.

Some twenty years ago it was not necessary to scour the roads of France from one or other of the four cardinal points to find the best representatives of the modern school "*devant le motif*," as old Cézanne used to say.

It was only necessary to steer for that Breton Finistère of which the academic school had given us such an artificial sentiment, and where good M. Legout-Gérard, who was one of the official glories of the "Salon des Artistes Français," had some *motifs gardés* that were like private preserves, where the poachers of oil-painting would never have ventured without running the risk of having an information drawn up against them by the police.

Since impressionism had revealed fresh and joyous colours by dissipating so many academic fogs, Brittany had become the country of predilection of the art of the vanguard. Its advantages were principally due to Paul

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Gauguin, who settled down there between his two visits to Tahiti, where he was fated to die, and to the foundation of the school of Pont-Aven.

That happened in 1888. Tourists searching to-day for artistic emotions will find there but few evidences of Gauguin and his disciples having passed through Pont-Aven, which only owes its prosperity to the mediocre Breton composer of songs, Théodore Botrel. The studios with which every hotel had crowned their buildings have been transformed into halls for physical culture. Only the Hotel Jullia has retained some heroic foreign clients, among whom the citizens of the United States predominate, and is obstinately faithful in its remembrance of impressionist symbolism. The last representative of this glorious phalanx, a painter with white hair, still watches all the summer the arrival of the trains from Paris. This phenomenon is old Jourdan, who arrived there for thirty days in order to breathe the same atmosphere as the master, lost his return ticket, became attached to the life of the peasants, is now the father of two big girls who wear the head-dress and the sabots of the peasants, and has never since returned to the banks of the Seine!

But the representatives of the artistic Left, who are now past forty and enjoy the favour of the lovers of art, all began by repeated pilgrimages to Pont-Aven and to this inn of Pouldu where the Americans from the West came to admire the ceiling that Gauguin has left there. The remembrances of the local school were still alive when Georges Braque and André Derain began to paint while trying to find themselves.

What was the school of Pont-Aven? It consisted of those around Paul Gauguin; the misunderstood Ernest de Chamaillard, a fluid landscape painter, a former attorney whom Gauguin had drawn away from the legal fraternity; the forgotten Charles Laval, who had lived in Martinique when Gauguin was there; and Paul Sérusier from whom more than one British artist can remember having had lessons in Paris at the celebrated "Académie Ranson" in Montparnasse; there was the Dutchman de Hann, who offered Gauguin the religious veneration which he was only too ready to accept; there was Emile Bernard, who was very intimate with Cézanne and Van Gogh, and published their correspondence, and who, after having fought violently both with brush and pen as an extremist for the most independent art, became in his old age the champion of a neo-classicism which led him to exhibit huge compositions of naturalistic-Biblical subjects (man's spirit loves contradictions) in the blackest of bitumen in the "Salon des Orientalistes," which ought to have been an annual fête of light. Lastly there was Maurice Denis, highly cultivated and famous to-day, who was awakened to art by the impressionist doctrines of sunlight. He was greatly influenced by literary symbolism, though also sensitive to the examples of English æstheticism, and he drew from it the elements which are, together with the painting of Maurice Devallières, the only Catholic art of any value in our time.

In 1890 the group of Pont-Aven received a delusive telegram from Paris. Van Gogh's brother, who was salesman at Goupil's, wired that the celebrated dealer wanted to buy all the productions of the young school. Alas! Van Gogh junior preceded his celebrated brother by several years into the abyss of madness! Fortune was only to come later.

It was under the influence of Henri-Matisse, the

master of "Pure Colour," the propounder of "Colour Volume," and the uncontested chief of the "Fauves," who reigned from the "Indépendants" to the "Salon d'Automne" until 1908, the year of the Cubist "scandal," when the younger artists were definitely carried away from the Armorican seduction. Then it became the fashion to go and plant your easel at Collioures, in the light of Roussillon almost at the gates of Spain, although it was to the profit of painting that was anything but Spanish in character. Collioures is almost abandoned in 1926. Only a few Polish painters from the "Ecole de Paris" continue to pass their laborious vacations there.

André Derain and Emile-Othon Friesz have started a movement towards the south-east, which is still increasing. André Derain, who with Vlaminck constitute the whole of the "Ecole de Chaton," left the still Parisian banks of the Seine and went in search of a pure and personal colour at Cassis, near Marseilles, or at Cagnes where the great Renoir multiplied his violescent nudes of abundant popular proportions. Friesz left Matisse, and after having listened to Cézanne's lessons at the Jas de Bouffon in the district of Aix-en-Provence, he also settled down at Cassis, the Cassis of the "Calendal" of great Frédéric Mistral.

Picasso appeared. The Spaniard, who was to overturn the whole economy of modern painting, settled at Sorgues, near Avignon. He was followed by Georges Braque. Both did good work there (for Picasso it was the eve of cubism, the end of the pink period, the success of his famous picture, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon"), so that Braque was able to say, when at last the influence of Courbet began to show itself: "Provence stands for fresco, Burgundy for oil-painting."

After that there was a return to the south-west, and the great vogue of Céret between abandoned Collioures and Perpignan. But at Céret, Picasso, who had soon to escape from his too numerous disciples, had only demanded a frame for a sort of cubist college, and had but little use for Nature.

They were soon to return, and for ever as it seems, to the south-east; to "Cézannian motives" on the Riviera. This explains the "factory" style of modern landscapes, those severe, geometrical buildings, burnt by the sun, when they are not treated by cubists. There are even some who have never gone lower than the Loire who paint them in that way.

During this summer of the year 1926, the Riviera is like a prolongation of Montparnasse and of the rue La Boétie. London is also represented there. Nobody is surprised when they see Mr. Roger Fry in a large vine-dresser's hat, and very much at his ease in the blouse of a fisherman, appearing on the quay of Saint Tropez. Surrounding him and Charles Vildrac the poet, who is also a dealer in pictures, you find Luc-Albert Moreau, Dunoyer de Segonzac, and their younger comrade Villebœuf; Barat-Levreux, Camoin, Mouillot, and Jacob-Hians, some of them painting before the sea, while others have slender models posing in the lovely gardens beneath the orange and the eucalyptus trees.

At Antibes, Picasso, who never works anywhere but in his studio, can meet Picabia, with whom the detractors of his entirely poetic art try, with somewhat deficient malice, to compare him—Picabia the intelligent mystifier, the burlesque painter of machinery, and with him Jean Crotti the precursor of super-realism and Susanne Duchamp-Villon, in whose tender eyes Nature is more virginal nearer

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Nice than even Gauguin could have found it on the shores of Oceania.

Charlotte Gardelle, whose naturalism touches the most savoury expressionism, is to be found at Le Lavandou. In Sanary, the little town with the fine fountains, not far from the sea, with its allegorical marbles overgrown by reeds, Kisling is resting from his deep study of sad humanity, of dramatic childhood, beautiful as all the sources of menaced life, by painting landscapes as variegated as Renoir's, but observed with the profoundness of Courbet. Near him are a number of artists come from Central Europe with the hope of discovering the secrets of the man who has become one of the best representatives of young French painting. Not far from those the German, Rudolph Lévy, who was formerly one of the errand-boys of the "Académie Matisse," perseveres in his work successfully; there is also the master of delicate nuances, Otto de Waetjen, and other of the "pensioners" of Herr Alfred Flechtheim of Berlin, all good painters of whom Dr. Oscar Bie has often spoken in these pages.

André Derain, who has returned from Italy, where he was confronted by the highest tradition and the Nature that had conditioned it, as rediscovered by Corot, has settled down in Saint-Cyr-la-Cadière. Georges Braque is quite near. Meanwhile Pascin—at the same time so sensual and so near to the most aerial poets, those most submissive to Ariel, if he really has abandoned his studio on the Boulevard de Clichy, after having been tempted to return to California, to Havanna or to Salambo's Tunisian shores—does not leave the quays of Marseilles. He has nothing in common with the Marseilles school that was instigated by the poet and critic, Joachim Gasquet, and of which the best representatives are Girieud and Alfred Lambard. On the other hand, the young literary men of Marseilles, who are very much alive—the group of the "Cahiers du Sud," headed by André Gaillard and Marcel Brion, have founded a method of criticism that has been able to arouse to appreciation of art the merchants of that town—render him all due honour. They draw him away from that Point Rouge which is an untouched corner of popular antiquity in the mazes of the Saint Jean quarter of the town, the tragic thoroughfare where the Orient peeps in and the outskirts of Europe seek or offer artful voluptuousness. Pascin has been entirely reborn there.

If Leopold Lévy, who made of the commercial quays of Marseilles a vision that is purely French, has settled down at La Ciotat between the forest of enchantments and the repairing docks, the other Lévy, the citizen of Strassburg, Simon Lévy, continues to guide those who tend towards Aix-en-Provence in search of Cézanne, of his memory and his lessons.

In Renoir's Cagnes, not very far from the radiant roadstead of Villefranche, where the poet Jean Cocteau, who is now converted, has come to recover from his intelligent frivolities, a group of artists of much promise is working. The two painters who are most certain of a future are Christian Bérard and Léonide Berman. Christian Bérard finds, in the light of the south, tender accents that ally him to the Swede, Nils de Dardell. We can applaud Léonide Berman for the originality of having come to the sea coast specially to paint seascapes. This fact, however much one may be astonished at it, is so unusual that it is well to point it out. Berman's ships affect as much the amateur of good painting, the friend of the plastic fact in itself ("fait plastique en soi") as the cubists say, as well as a

navigator who is also an artist, such as the doubly appreciated engraver and yachtsman, Herbert Lespinasse—the pride of St. Tropez. Berman's boats make a sailor's heart beat. It was for Léonide Berman that the young poet René Crevel wrote:

A l'exil de nos désirs
L'amour des pays brutaux,
Saura-t-il-jamais tenir
La promesse des bateaux?

Odette Renault, seeking for gradation, is at Sainte Maxime, and Pierre Charbonnier, who from his youth was one of the first and one of the most penetrating observers of the coast, has been tempted this year by the little isolated port of Brux, near Ollioules, a real Brittany canton in the land of Provence.

However, the ocean is not quite deserted, as André Lhote is still faithful to the port of Bordeaux which made him celebrated, and the sculptors Lipchitz and Chana Orloff study "Volume" at the bathing hour at Picquay in the docks of Arcachon, where the Norwegian painter Peer Krolig (who at thirteen had been a fag in a Parisian studio and now purposes nothing less than a series of French ports) is working this year. And the English Channel? It certainly has Deauville—the Deauville of international luxury, of the full ardour of society. And Deauville cannot do without van Dongen, this painter of the highest elegances, who is always able to remind us by the pipe he smokes in the *Cercle Privé*, better than in any other way, that he had been first of all a severely anarchical draughtsman. The chronicles of elegant society describe with the same gold fountain pen van Dongen's simple sweaters and the mother-of-pearl coloured bathing costume of Jasmy van Dongen, a *baigneuse spirituelle*.

You must visit the fashionable seaside places, leaving the Paris theatres to their dull summer seasons, in order to make an amusing study of the variations of taste in dramatic art. The theatres of the watering-places continue to live, one does not know why, on the bourgeois repertory of thirty years ago. Indeed, in this way one can not only study the alterations of taste but also the changes in morals. What an antediluvian idea would a foreigner, who is our guest in 1926, have of a middle-class French home when he sees Sardou's "La Famille Benoiton" acted in the theatre of Cabourg, that Cabourg which Maurice Proust has described as Balbec? Who knows if that other "antiquity," "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie" by Pailleron, the great resource of the casinos, is not a sort of pale prefiguration of "Du Côté de Guermantes" by that snob of genius, poor Proust?

Summer brings us the "Théâtres de la Nature." But one must confess they have neither regained the fame nor the vogue of pre-war times. Then the fascination of the "Chorégies d'Orange," acted in an ancient Roman theatre, was considerable. Ten thousand Parisians would cross the plains of Soissons under a torrid sun in order to applaud the "Iphigénie" of Jean Moréas in the ancient theatre of Champieu (near Compiègne), a circus of which, however, so few stones still exist that it was found necessary to cover them over with benches made of quite fresh timber. At Champigny near the gates of Paris, in a beautiful garden that has not the slightest reminiscences of Rome, tragedy attracted every Sunday a sufficient number of spectators to make it possible for the enterprise to exist. That was also the time of the fine days for tragedy and the lyrical drama in the Hispano-Languedocian arenas of Béziers.

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To-day there is greater poverty. The two enterprises that resist the best are the performances in the "Arena of Saintes" (Charente Inférieure), and the Popular Theatre (one ought to call it the Peasant Theatre) at Bussang in the Vosges—Bussang from which the sweet-scented pipes in cherrywood come. At Saintes, M. Suberville produced "Simon de Montfort." This drama, representing the bloody wars carried on by the Knights of the North against the Albigen heretics, was magnificently conceived for some out-of-door theatre in the south. It would have been more striking surrounded by natural scenery at the foot of the formidable pink cathedral of Albi, that reflects the Tarn, and having as its background the lower stories of the Palais de la Verbène, where, let it be mentioned in passing, the admirable Toulouse-Lautrec museum has been formed.

Under the sun of Languedoc one would have been more sensitive to the purring sound of the Alexandrines with their jingle rhymes, of a poet who is not troubled by any metaphysics.

M. Maurice Pottecher of Bussang has been reproached with having edifying (that is as much as to say anti-artistic)

intentions with his theatre. One might pardon the poet of the "Diable marchand de goutte" a certain taste for sermonizing on account of the wit of his peasant theatre. Here, perhaps, we can find the secret of the rebirth of the open-air theatre. Claudel might have his "Annonce faite a Marie" acted there. The son of Charles Péguy might supervise an adaptation of a "Charité de Jeanne d'Arc" for some Orleans festival.

Assisted by his wife, Mme. Georgette Camée, who was one of the collaborators of Paul Fort in the Théâtre d'Art, and of Lugué Poe in "l'Œuvre," Maurice Pottecher had "Amys et Amyle" acted in the sweet valley of the Moselle, and it had quite a legitimate success.

And the poet, Paul Fort, who had found there his old pupil, had perhaps the wish to transport his "Louis XI" from the "Comédie Française" to the gates of Peronne!

The open-air theatres console us for so many absences by their musical adaptations which are, in general, delicate. In Paris all harmony is suspended. The casinos have monopolized all the executants without any profit for art. The composers have all fled. Georges Auric is in London for many long weeks.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE war has frustrated the plan of reorganizing the museums of Berlin on a magnificent scale. A provisional arrangement is now being made that requires more patience than money. Mersel's building, that wonderful monumental creation of purest style, is being slowly and economically completed as it had already been begun. It had aroused a great deal of discussion, but now it is already possible to judge of the final form. The main question is the purpose of a museum. Is it a scientific institution or a show-place? For scholars or for the public? In my opinion it should be both, a combination of the requirements of learning and art, just as the theatre is not pure literature or merely an entertainment, but that peculiar blend of both elements that constitutes its specific character. It is necessary to realize this point. Museums require a special art of collection and display, and there should be museum genius which in each case would intuitively find the right solution. Such genius has not yet appeared, and we are at present too much inclined to go to extremes.

The Ethnological Museum has just been arranged only from the point of view of display. Bastian, the founder, began collecting. The collection grew to such an extent that to-day Berlin beats all the museums in the world in ethnology. The museum cannot show everything—it would be excessive. The bulk of the objects have been sent to the storehouse in Dahlen, but the finest ones from Asia have been arranged on the ground floor, those from America on the first and from Africa and Oceania on the upper floor, so as to give prominence to the artistic rather than the scientific interest. Eastern Asia has been arranged apart in the transformed old Museum of Industrial Arts, the collections from which are now in the Palace. First-class artistic productions can be seen here that cannot be compared with any other collection. It is a phenomenal effect,

but rather at the expense of science, just because so much art has been displayed.

The Museum of Antiquities in the new building must necessarily adopt a different standpoint. It has unique and interesting things to exhibit, but not all are of the highest artistic quality, having found their way there in the course of acquisitions and finds. Therefore it lays stress on the scientific aspect, on the complete representation of the periods, on the logic of showing the original groups and buildings, but conceals this scholarship by means of effect. That is the opinion of the Director of Antiquities, Wiegand, and therein will lie his success.

The new building consists of two massive wings facing the Kupfergraben, and a central portion, the Pergamon Museum, standing back, consisting of a magnificently lighted court where the front of the famous altar has been effectively re-erected in its original height with staircase, colonnade, and altar court to which the little Telephos frieze has been affixed. The principal reliefs, those of the front, are in position; the remainder of the frieze runs round the room. Thus it is partly a reconstruction of the original, partly a display on the wall, typical of the compromise of the museum problem. The optical effect will be sensational.

The Greek court to the left contains the reconstructed doorway to the temple of Athena in Pergamon, an entire compartment of the colonnade from the temple of Athena in Priene, and portions of the temple of Artemis in Magnesia. These were built by Pythios and Hermogenes, the principal masters of the Ionic style. A corner of the town hall of Miletus is also being reconstructed, which shows a mixture of the Doric and Ionic styles. A powerful tribune for an orator dating from the same time marks the centre of the hall.

The court on the right shows the Roman period up to the transition into the Moorish style. The great market

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gate from Miletus, the pride of Wiegand, will be reconstructed here. It is an interesting piece of ancient Baroque architecture, with an organically constructed wall with arched doorways, groups of columns, projecting tabernacles, broken pediments consisting of two stories of richly profiled and shadowed polyrhythm of late classical theatre walls. Four-fifths of the pieces are original, and small restorations are always to be welcomed in the course of such reconstructions. The work of the period of Antoninus Pius no longer shows the fine elegance of Hellenistic art; the workmanship shows industrial routine and is calculated for a coarse, distant effect. Nevertheless, it is inspiring to have such an original of the Pompeian wall-decorations as a building before one's eyes—perhaps one day a classical play will be given in front of it, and the hall of the temple of Trajan from Pergamon which has been re-erected opposite, beside some other late Roman pieces of architecture, will be used for the stalls.

I cannot enter here into the philological battles that have raged on the subject of these reconstructions. In any case the reader will see that the remains of ancient buildings have been put to a very original use and are presented to the public not only as curiosities but in all their visual effect. The starting point was the discovery of the altar of Pergamon as a plastic building. It gave the Berlin Museum of Antiquities that local character which it has been attempted to carry out in the adjoining halls as well, after Mersel's building had provided the necessary space.

The right wing of the new building has been reserved for the Asiatic collections, the left wing forms the German Museum according to Bode's original arrangement with Mersel. This contains a Romanesque hall decorated with a blind arcade and a Gothic one with cross vaulting. Hoffmann, the present inspirer of the building, does not seem to be very much in favour of these period-elements, and may yet make alterations.

But, honestly, it cannot be said that these few suggestions of style would make the museum into a theatre. They are the remains of the naturalistic point of view concerning museums, which the purely functional outlook of to-day cannot abide. But it is scarcely worth while making such a row about it, and annoying Bode. On the question of the museum building the Ministers and the directors, the architects and the directors, and the Ministers and the architects are all at loggerheads, and yet the end is already determined. The directors are now ready to begin arranging things, but the architects want first to build the connecting gallery between the two wings along the river, as originally planned, or even the long extension of the river front which is to establish the communication with the new museum. But, good Lord! it must be finished some day! In a few years it will be the hundredth birthday of the old Schinkel Museum, which introduced this museum-forum of Berlin. Let us pray that on that day the public will at last be admitted to see what it has already heard so much about!

* * * * *

The new Haller Revue in the "Admiralspalast" shows once again the dazzling character of this form of entertainment. With it the Berlin season opens in such a magnificent fashion that world connoisseurs declare nothing similar has been seen either in London or Paris. It remains for the history of literature to discover why this entertainment is called "An und Aus"; anyone can think what he pleases about it, and it will probably be the right thing.

It must be admitted that Haller understands how to choose his material in such a way as to offer something to everyone, and not least of all to the lover of art. It has been done with perfect taste, the eye is delighted in the grandest way, and as usual a little more than the ear, but on the whole one can clearly see an attempt to be cautious in making concessions to popular taste. The revue is now in such a high state of development that it knows its refinements and drawbacks to perfection, and draws with enviable technique on all branches of the stage to produce its intoxicating effects.

Let us look into the matter more closely. Almost every modern revue has the want of subject for its theme. It plays itself out and reveals its mechanism maliciously. The more irony it employs in doing so the more witty it will appear. Here the brilliant idea has been arrived at of making the police prohibit any coherence in the higher interests of art, and the policeman and fireman interfere every time the plot threatens to gain any sense or connection. That is the red thread round which so much ridicule and irony of life have been woven that it would be impossible to imagine anything better.

The irony, in other words the root of the matter for better people, is more tellingly introduced in a series of interpolations than ever before. Since the poets can write no more plays the matter is handed over to a tailor who invents a tragedy, the subject of which consists in putting on various costumes and is accompanied by remarkably stupid music which recommends each new costume to the spectator with the same childish melody. Further, as the poets never know whether to make their plays tragedies or comedies, a play entitled "The Fatal Letter" is given in such a way that at every climax the public has to decide if the matter is to end well or ill. There is a splendid ironical sketch in which the comedian Lilien mimics a false Russian singer, and in doing so develops such acrobatics that the action collapses in an outburst of infernal laughter. Finally, there is a representation of a wireless plot, a joke that has already often been made, but never so pointedly as this one, where Lilien accompanies a terrible tragedy with the noise of the wireless, thus revealing all its stupidity.

The connecting scenes before the curtain are an important side of the revue. Here Morgan distinguishes himself. He reads press notices of the piece written after famous models or political tendencies. The public is in fits. These are the critical scenes of every revue. But there is no lack of ideas in this case. Sometimes a naïve girl stands before the curtain, and declaims a silly poem in a high voice, whereupon the orgy of the raised curtain produces redoubled delight.

The great galleries of costumes in this revue produce the greatest transport. All sorts of motives have been found for them. Luxurious figures symbolize the various drinks at a bar. A garden of love introduces all the great flowers staged by Mistinguette, who is in Berlin at the moment but unfortunately only as a spectator. The famous paramours of history, Pompadour, Dubarry, Lady Hamilton, Lola Montez, down to the sporting girl of 1926, form a delightful museum of costumes. The precious stones are represented in a sparkling ensemble of glittering costumes and head-dresses. Even the German *Lied* makes its national parade, but happily without sinking into cheap sentimentality, but seasoned with jokes, good temper, bravado and travesty.

And what dancing! The dance, as the surest means of the revue, has an entirely international character on these

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nights. The group of girls still reigns supreme. It is the modern dance chorus. In addition to his permanent company Haller has got the Tiller Girls, who are unsurpassed in exactitude. The most brilliant turn is a file dance up and down a staircase. A couple of Parisian exotic examples belong to the dance characters of the world, and a gymnastic group consisting of a pliant, snake-like lady, supported in her acrobatic movements by a man, and introduced into the play in some Oriental fantasy, which are in this case Mitty and Tillio. Russians are also indispensable, and some gifted pupils of Eduardona are included. A trick is also required, and a monster slides down from the ceiling and embraces a dancer. Nor can a pair of sisters of the English type be missing. This time it is the Dodge Sisters, who are remarkably attractive in the parallelism of their innocent art.

The painter Ludwig Kainer, who designed the costumes and drop scenes, has given the whole show an artistic brilliance. It reveals oceans of imagination. Kainer has at last found his true field. The contrasts in the costumes, their harmony with and against the body, the accords of colours, the employment of light in perspective, the freedom and breadth of the frequently changing drop scenes, all deserve to be retained. The same cannot be said of Kollo's music. It jizzes in the usual jargon, without extending the practice to art. It lasts over four hours and people have never enough of the play of legs, dresses, words, and tones. At one time there is a march of iron girls—the patriotic nerve is quite decently touched. At another time Herr Odeo comes from Paris with a pig that sniffs, blinks, and rocks more attractively than any pig I have seen on the stage. In this sense, dear Haller!

BOOK REVIEWS

DIE GOTISCHE HOLZFIGUR, by HUBERT WILM. (Leipzig: Verlag Klinkhardt and Biermann.) 4to, pp. x+188+illus. 196+86. Marks 36.

This is modern German bookmaking at its best. Thorough and authoritative in treatment in its text, the author, taking the rôle of expounder and historian rather than that of critic, leaves the illustrations to speak on their own account. It is a good plan, and might well be followed in England, where so many books, supposed to treat of a phase of art, are mere vehicles for the airing of unimportant views by their authors. The illustrations of the Gothic wood statue are surprising. Altogether 312 pieces are shown; some are the greatest works of their kind, some just good carving, but none uninteresting from any point of view. Much greater attention than is usual in books on sculpture has been drawn by Hubert Wilm to polychrome work, and the only regret that could be felt over such a book as this is the absence of a coloured illustration of an important piece of coloured and gilt figure-carving. The art of the painter who applied the colour and gold to the images—the Fassmaler—is dealt with more particularly than has hitherto been the case.

To the student of sculpture the book is a storehouse of treasures; some of the pieces are delicately beautiful, such as the St. Elizabeth of 1505, in the Nuremberg Museum; some of considerable detail, like the slightly later altar group of "The Descent from the Cross," by Jörg Syrlin, at Stuttgart; some are crude and rude, some are naturalistic. Such a collection of illustrations is a pictorial history in itself, and no one who does not read German need fear to get the book on that account, for the illustrations speak for themselves. To English readers it will be a welcome supplement to the useful book on "Wood Sculpture," by Alfred Mafkell, which Messrs. Methuen published in 1911.

KINETON PARKES.

THE DRAWINGS OF CLAUDE LORRAIN, by ARTHUR M. HIND of the British Museum, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Oxford. (London: Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd. New York: Minton Balch and Company.) 30s.

Both the editor and the publishers of this volume will be thanked by every lover of art for this most delightful

volume; the publishers for the care which they have bestowed upon the printing of the text and the seventy-two plates, and the editor for his scholarly introduction and arrangement.

To anyone who has not had a previous acquaintance of Claude as a draughtsman, this volume of faithful reproductions will be not only a revelation but an inspiration. There are drawings by this master that are of thrilling and exciting beauty, revealing as they do not only the intense love of trees, sunlight and distance, which this master possessed, but, in addition, the superb *unconscious* skill of his hand. It is of some importance to distinguish between his conscious and his unconscious activities. Where his intellect was at work, as in many of his drawings and all of his paintings, we gain a glimpse of his genius, his "infinite capacity for taking pains," and our heads will offer him a greater tribute than was offered by the last generation who are responsible for underrating and misinterpreting the value of "finish." Our hearts, however, will go out to his sketches done in hot response to the passionate appeal of Nature as she stood bathed in sunlight in front of his eyes. Such a thing as "Woodland and Sunlight," in the Teyler Museum, Haarlem (plate 11), is a very miracle of thrill and responsive capacity; so also is the rendering of evening light in "Pine Trees and Campagne," in the British Museum (plate 48), or the hot-moist atmosphere in "The Dome of St. Peter's," from Christ Church, Oxford (plate 27), or the "recession" in "Willows Skirting a Country Road," from the British Museum (plate 12), to mention only a few examples by their outstanding qualities, though they have many more.

In this *finished* work, whether paintings or drawings, Claude is only Claude; but in his direct sketches he embraces Titian, Rembrandt, Turner, Constable, Corot, Cézanne, and a host of others who have felt the rapture of seeing. This volume is truly a source of delight.

H. F.

THE ARTWORKER'S STUDIO. New Series. Vol. 27, Part I. (London: B. T. Batsford.)

The present issue of "The Artworker's Studio" contains several items of great interest, the whole contents of

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the number being drawn from various German museums, among which the Castle Museum at Berlin is specially prominent. We note a series of Limoges Champevé enamels on copper (Plate II); six pieces from embroidered orphreys, German work of the fifteenth century (Plate III);

and a couple of Maiolica plates, one of the fabrique of Faenza, c. 1530 (not 1350 as stated in the list of plates), and the other by Nicola Pellipario, of Castel Durante, c. 1525 (Plate XIX). All the twenty reproductions are in colour.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

The Promenade Concerts.—One evening last month, as I was sauntering up the broad pavement between Oxford Circus and the Queen's Hall which has been trodden by the feet of innumerable musical pilgrims, I suddenly found myself looking for the first time in my life at the spire of All Souls'. It clove the murky twilight with a clean precision; it tapered with a sort of vital *élan*; it pointed, in short, to heaven. The amazing marriage of Gothic and Greek had at last become sanctified, for the colonnade or peristyle—I am doubtful what one should call it—had lost its incongruity and seemed to encircle the base of its aspiring companion in the most natural way in the world. Even so might a man of genius, a composer maybe, or an American millionaire, live happily with a competent and commonplace wife. Or it might symbolize the antithetical qualities in man's nature, the idealism and the worldliness which in the most fortunate people have a working agreement with each other. St. Francis, Beethoven, Henry Ford, were all examples—but I need follow no farther the train of ideas suggested by the spire of All Souls'. In any case it was soon interrupted by my arrival at the Queen's Hall, and I have mentioned it only to show how strangely the human mind works when we do not ride it on the snaffle. For I have seen the strange house of God which stands across the top of Regent Street many hundreds of times, and if I have thought about it at all I have been distressed at its silly attempt to make the best of both worlds. I have always heard it abused. I have no doubt abused it myself, probably shall abuse it again. But that will not alter the fact that, on a certain wet evening in September 1926, it seized my imagination and gave me the thrill of mingled pleasure and pain, that *frisson* which the Puritans declare to be very bad for the moral nature. Or to use the language of cricket, it bowled me out. And I believe the happiest, and so the best, listener and critic is he—more usually she—who is most often bowled out.

The Prejudices of Listeners.—After all, prejudice is an absurd thing, and I find plenty of it amongst those who go to the Promenade Concerts. The unforgivable sin of the critic—using the word in no professional sense—is to blame a thing because it is not something else. Thus we find fault with Tchaikovsky for being rococo, with the young Mozart for being "slight," with Elgar for being Elgar. Schumann has the reputation of being an indifferent orchestrator, and so when we listen to a symphony of his we are on the *qui vive* to find fault with the way he handles his wood-wind—the touchstone of good orchestration—whilst some strong-minded souls prefer to quaff coffee in the buffet to sitting out a Brahms

symphony. Well—there is no accounting, I suppose, for tastes. It may be a good thing, on the principle of contrast, to have one *bête noir* in our gallery of the masters, and we cannot like everything. "Shallow souls run to rhapsody." Nevertheless, I have felt that if only I could listen, say, to the second Saint-Saëns Piano Concerto with the same simplicity of mind with which I looked at the spire of the church of All Souls', Langham Place, life would be much more exciting. It is true that music is full of what Americans call "bum stuff." But so is life, and the art of successful living consists in extracting the sweets from the second best. In the same way, I believe the art of listening to music—a difficult and exacting business it can be too—consists in finding everything good after its kind, instead of impatiently fiddling with one's programme or lighting another cigarette. Women are much wiser than men in these matters, and I here and now pay tribute to the patient and calm way in which they receive music of any school. So, I believe that in spite of Mr. Aldous Huxley's Grace Peddley they make good, though inarticulate, critics. So, by the way, do composers. One meets quite a number of them at the Promenades, and they sit very still and never smoke cheap cigars.

Mozart and Others.—With this plea for breadth in taste—and one could find no better place for exercising this than at the Queen's Hall in September—I can proceed to confess my own prejudices, to assert my belief, my unadventurous belief, in Haydn, Handel, and Mozart. One evening towards the beginning of the month Mr. Egon Petri gave us a marvellous version of the Mozart C Minor Concerto. The trouble about most pianists is that they regard Mozart as a museum specimen. Towards him they are careful, restrained, a little frightened. They handle him with such care that they frighten us as well, so that we are left with an overwhelming impression of his brittleness. Mr. Egon Petri, indeed, is perfectly restrained. He, too, knows that he is handling rare porcelain. But in his clean phrasing, and his extraordinary crispness, a crispness which derives in part from sheer muscular control—the whole business of piano tone consists in the speed with which the keys move through a distance of about one-sixteenth of an inch—and partly from a *flair* for the most delicate shades of rhythm, Mozart lives. His world has ceased to belong to Sèvres. He lives and feels, and Mr. Petri gives one the impression that the well-spring of emotion in eighteenth-century music is deep as well as clear. Since then much water has flowed under our figurative bridge. And the well-spring may have been muddied, or canalized, or harnessed—it depends how you feel about it at the moment,

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whether in fact you have noticed any spires pointing to heaven. But this is beside the point. It is my business to record that Mr. Egon Petri is a master and that he wears the mantle of Busoni with natural dignity. He has inherited with the virtues some of the failings of that great pianist. He did not leave the text of Mozart without touches here and there, put in one suspects by the same itching hand which rewrote the "Forty-Eight."

A detestable habit is this refurbishing of the masters, as Sir Henry Wood's rescoring of Handel's Fifth Organ Concerto impressed upon us. Many people, including some who ought to know better, will persist in mistaking noise for music. If organ builders, in order to satisfy the public demand, have to make even louder and more blaring organs, that is no reason why Handel's perfect scoring should be raised to a similar degree of blatancy. After all, there are quiet stops on modern organs, and Mr. Kiddle is the gentlest of his tribe.

This, however, is but an aside. For Handel has stalked magnificently through the Promenade season hitherto, and will assuredly go on stalking magnificently to the end. He has the surest touch of all the masters, the surest because the most economical. Thrift is a great virtue, no matter what form it takes. Haydn, too, has never failed on Tuesdays to make us more pleased with him and ourselves, though he and Mozart have not carried heavy enough guns to hold audiences for the hour and forty minutes that the first half of the Promenade programmes last, and more powerful artillery in the shape of Tchaikovsky has been brought up. But I have fallen into a Tchaikovsky shellhole before now. I don't think, indeed, that Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra have been particularly impressive in those three familiar symphonies. The "Pathétique" in the first and last movements was gloomy in a dull, prosaic kind of way, and suggested the sort of emotions engendered in a Galsworthy play. The

"Pathétique" is really a kind of musical gin. It should make one want to have a nice, comfortable cry, with all one's faculties of ratiocination pleasurably lulled into quiescence. Nothing more than common sense is wanted for Handel and Haydn; the Queen's Hall strings are admirable for these masters. But they seem to think the flamboyant pessimism of Tchaikovsky rather shocking, as it might be if musical concepts could be expressed in words.

Façade.—Miss Edith Sitwell's poems are *sui generis*, and the composer who is moved to create music for them needs to tread lightly and warily. He must suggest their colour and vivacity without detracting from the aloofness, the remoteness from the ordinary standards of sense which is not a little of their charm. Mr. W. T. Walton has ventured to walk over their delicate surface and to write musical settings for a selection of them made, I believe, by Mr. Osbert Sitwell, which have caught, or rather do help to illustrate, the allusiveness of these poems. How Mr. Walton manages it is his secret. He keeps his rhythms very taut—even for the speaking voice which recites the poems—and he is as economical of his material as Miss Sitwell herself. His scoring is effective in its simplicity, and the combination of instruments he uses, generally flute, clarinet, saxophone, trumpet, percussion, and 'cello has the slightly bizarre flavour which is required. Not that Mr. Walton is "jazzy"—he is much too austere for that. Still, his setting of "Old Sir Faulk" is a sort of transcendental foxtrot that might appeal to the more modern spirits amongst the angels. He deals in many dance measures—polka, valse, tarantell', are all represented. I have seized the opportunity of mentioning "Façade" because it was broadcast from 2LO early last month, though it has been given previously once or twice at the New Chenil Galleries. It is certainly one of the most interesting and successful musical experiments to which I have listened lately.

THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD

By J. F. PORTE

THE new electrical recordings naturally give a new effect on all existing gramophones, but sometimes the change may not appear to be for the best. The chief objection appears to be that the tone of massed strings is converted to massed wires! I think that this fault is often not so much in the records as in sound-boxes. The latter need re-tuning for the new records. Fibre needles seem to be coming into favour owing to the great amount of volume in the new records, which may sound too shrill with steel needles; but here, again, it is a question of sound-box tuning. I do not think that much more than a soft steel needle is now necessary for a modern gramophone and records. The "Vocalion" soft needle is very good, and stands up well to heavy vibrations found on orchestral records. For singers, fibre needles seem almost necessary. The new "His Master's Voice" gramophone was designed to cope with the new recordings.

I have lately had a chat on the whole matter of the above with Mr. E. M. Ginn, the well-known producer of hand-

made gramophones for connoisseurs. He agrees that a specially designed and tuned machine is necessary for securing the best effects from the new recordings, and has himself designed a gramophone for this purpose. Concerning this his remarks are interesting. He said: "I have put this machine to many tests and reviews of records and found that, although the improvement was most noticeable on the new electrical records, there was also a distinct improvement in the older type. This was rather a surprise, and upon going further into the matter we decided that the improvement was due to the fact that, before designing the machine, a special study was made of exactly how the new recording is carried out. The cubic capacity of the interior of the machine is in strict accordance with the rules governing the true expansion of sound, and presumably these rules apply to all types of recording." Mr. Ginn's new machine is certainly quite remarkable.

It is, of course, very likely that some gramophone possessors may not be able to discard their old machines for more scientifically correct models. In these cases a

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sound-box tuned for the new electrical recordings may be tried. Mr. Ginn can supply specially tuned boxes for either steel or fibre needles. Another important point is correct track alignment. If your machine is wrong in this respect, the case is hopeless until the matter is corrected. Here again, consult an expert. The error may be detected by the Orchorsol track alignment indicator, which is easy for any amateur to read. The above advice as to compromises will, I hope, be helpful, but the fact remains that where possible an up-to-date machine is the most satisfactory solution of getting the best out of the wonderful new recordings. The latter have come to stay and are constantly being improved.

I have not yet heard the new "Apollo" gramophone (Craies and Stavridi), but understand that this now has its only weak feature, the sound-box, improved. This being so, the "Apollo" will be a high-grade machine for the electrical recordings.

The "His Master's Voice" records continue their high standard. I hear that Mr. Eugene Goossens has been making several orchestral records. A peculiar mistake was made in the recording of actual performances of the recent season of Russian Ballet in London. The sound of the dancers' feet was overlooked, and thus spoiled the recordings which have had to be scrapped.

It is good news to know that "Parlophone" records are to be "electrified." It is through these that we may hear Dr. Weissmann and the Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, and such fine German artists as Fritz Jökl, Emmy Bettendorf, Robert Burg, and others. I hope to write about these records next month. We are also promised "Vocalion" electrical recordings, made in association with the Marconi Company.

OPERA

The Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has discovered a new and very young soprano "star" in Miss Marion Talley. Her first record contains *Caro Nome* from "Rigoletto," and *Una voce poco fa* from Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (DB. 943). Despite the brilliant but somewhat superficial singing in the latter, and the obvious advantages of the new recording, I do not think Miss Talley to have surpassed even the old recording of the inimitable charm and art of Mme. Galli-Curci in the same extract (DB. 261).

Elisabeth Schumann's first record is solely Mozart, *Batti, Batti*, from "Don Giovanni," and *Voi che sapete*, from "Figaro." She is a fine artist and records nicely (DB. 946).

"Mefistofele" (Boito). The Prologue, Finale, was recorded during the actual performance at Covent Garden Opera House on May 31 last. Chorus (in Italian) and orchestra are conducted by that extremely capable operatic director, Vincenzo Bellezza. The second side of this record is the best, and the orchestra throughout seems finer and better recorded than the chorus. The atmosphere is highly effective, particularly in the weird finish (D. 1109).

"The Mastersingers" (Wagner). In English. *Walther's Prize Song* is sung by Tudor Davies and *Hans Sachs's* panegyric on German art by Robert Radford, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Eugene Goossens (D. 1021). Albert Coates conducted the former record of this music, and I prefer the readings of Goossens in this particular

work. It is an improvement to have now included the chorus parts in the *Prize Song*. The recording is far less effective than that of the "Mefistofele." Tudor Davies is good, but Robert Radford agrees with the interpretation of the whole in the fact that he too sadly lacks the German traditions of "Die Meistersinger." I find nothing to recommend in this record but the music.

ORCHESTRAL

Sir Edward Elgar, O.M., conducts the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra in his "Cockaigne" concert overture (D. 1110-11). Sir Edward seems to get the effects he wants without exaggeration. The playing is brisk and extremely well recorded. For a guide to this jovial picture of London on a Bank Holiday, I would refer the reader to Mr. Ernest Newman's "Elgar," or my own "Sir Edward Elgar." I have a very fine reading of Mozart's E Flat Symphony on "Polydor" records (69833-34-35). Dr. Strauss here conducts the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra, and as he is perhaps the finest Mozart conductor in Europe, these recent German electrical records are worth getting. The playing shows how much we fall short of a first-class Continental orchestral standard.

ORGAN

Herbert Dawson plays the *Hallelujah Chorus* and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* on the Kingsway Hall organ (C. 1271). Despite some good tone in the march, I find the record unsatisfying.

CHORAL

"Mass in B Minor" (Bach). At last portions of this great work are for the gramophone. The records were made during the performance by the Royal Choral Society in the Albert Hall on April 24 last, conducted by Dr. E. C. Bairstow. *Patrem Omnipotentem* and *Crucifixus* (D. 1113), and *Qui Tollis* and *Hosanna in excelsis* (D. 1114) are the two records. Recording not always successful.

VOCAL

The great Chaliapine sings *The Two Grenadiers* (Schumann) and *Midnight Review* (Glinka). Perhaps not the ideal man for the Schumann, he is unapproachable in the Russian song. In both he is the intense dramatic singer, actor, and artist (DB. 933). A record issued some time ago has not received the attention it deserves. This is Arthur Hackett-Granville singing *Do not go, my love*, a movingly beautiful song by the American composer, Hageman, with words by Tagore. This is a "Columbia" record (3887). Another record that is worth remembering is that of Bessie Jones singing *With Verdure Clad* from Haydn's "The Creation," and *I know that my Redeemer liveth* from Handel's "Messiah." This is a "Zonophone" record (A. 299). Miss Jones is perfectly charming in oratorio, and avoids traditions of dull respectability.

INSTRUMENTAL

Marcelle Meyer, who is, I believe, Cortôt's brilliant pupil, plays two modern Spanish pianoforte pieces, *Sous le Palmier* (Albeniz) and *Danse du meunier* ("The Three-Cornered Hat") (De Falla), in her typically French style. The Albeniz piece is played with lovely delicacy that is always crystal clear—a record for lovers of modern tone poetry of a refined order (E. 434). Heifetz plays the violin in some Bach, Couperin, and Debussy. I find the French pieces delightful, well played and recorded (DB. 945).

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Summer Exhibition at the Twenty-One Gallery.

A late "Summer" Exhibition has just opened at the Twenty-One Gallery. Its contributors are mostly well known, but the fact that works of different dates are shown makes fair comment somewhat difficult. Mr. J. D. Fergusson, for example, is represented by three or four paintings which apparently belong to a period round about 1908; that at least is the date one of them bears. One's first impression, however, was that he had gone back to his earlier technique, whereas Anne Estelle Rice, at one time technically a pupil of his, had manifestly progressed. "The Bouquet" and "Staffordshire China" combine a sense of colour with a firm but not obviously distorted design. Mr. Hay's low-toned "The Japanese Figure" has certain resemblances to Orlando Greenwood's still-life, though it is more subtle in treatment, if a little wanting in design. Mr. R. Austin, the etcher, surprises with two water-colours of the Dolomites—both skilled performances in a to him, I believe, new technique. "In the Dolomites" is very fresh and pleasing. The design of "Spring, Cahors" is a little confused by the light-green foreground. There are a number of agreeable landscapes: "Siena," by W. H. Allcot, a water-colour, and several oils, e.g. "In Yorkshire," by the late Spencer Gore; "At Cahors" and "The Silver Shore," by E. Stewart Wood; "Off Chelsea," by F. Footet—strictly speaking a river scene; "Mount Etna," by Henry Bishop. They are all painted by accomplished and not "old-fashioned" artists, yet none of them seem to have been sure whether they wished us to look at their work as seen through a window or whether the frame was to be a border to a flat composition. In other words, either the picture space is lacking in recession or in pattern—in horizontal illusion of space or in vertical decoration of space. This would hardly be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that one now so frequently meets with this indecision—despite Hiroshige and Cézanne. Mr. Ernest Jackson's "The Flowered Gown" is a charming little "cabinet-piece," delightful in colour, firm in design; his "Portrait" has something of John's force as well as technique—or is it the other way about, Mr. Jackson being the elder? The late Austin Brown's picture, "Mother," has the effect of an old Dutch master, but the key of the design—the child's white bonnet—fails in its function: it does not hold the picture together. What Mr. Hartrick's "Darhula," a profile of a woman lost in flowery bushes, aims at is a little difficult to understand. Mr. Sickert is represented by a very slight but pleasant pastel, "The Yellow Door," and a very dark-toned oil "Reflection." It represents a middle-aged lady unencumbered by any sort of garment, and the painter in the act of recording his impression of the scene. One misses the point. Etchings by Graham Sutherland, Robert Austin, Alexander Walker, Paul Drury, and W. Larkins are also on view. Mr. Larkins's work needs special mention because it is as yet little known. It is not difficult to prophesy that this young artist will make a name for himself, for, despite hints of many influences, ranging from Rembrandt and Méryon to W. L. Griggs and perhaps the Belgian, De Bruyker, he has a distinct point of view and a technique that is full of variety.

The International Office for Information on Culture and Crafts

is the title of a new bureau of information under the aegis of the Marchese Pucci in Florence. The objects of the Institute are as follows: "(a) To give information on cultural subjects; (b) To help students, collectors and lovers of art in their research work, which for greater clearness may be summed up as follows: historical, philosophical, literary, artistic, musical, archival, genealogical, etc.; (c) To make known through the magazine various artistic or cultural manifestations, folk-lore subjects, national feasts."

The Marchese is desirous of establishing a London branch of this bureau as soon as possible, to correspond with branches now being formed in Rome, Paris, and other centres of European culture. The bureau is not intended as a commercial enterprise, so that a satisfactory service will entirely depend on the number of members and on adequate subscriptions and donations. Its usefulness can, however, hardly be minimized. It will save research workers a great deal in time and in money; it will enable them to obtain authentic information as a matter of course and not, as is so often the case, under a sense of obligation to the informant. The Institute, moreover, is affiliated with the "Circolo degli Artisti" in Florence. Members of the Institute therefore become *ipso facto* honorary members of the Circle, and the project is to form a network of affiliated clubs all over the world so that members of the Institute may establish, when travelling, immediate contact with persons who share their interests. The Institute also publishes a review in which interesting news is given on all cognate subjects and in which members may insert requests for any information they desire. I shall be pleased to give further details on application (c/o APOLLO).

HERBERT FURST.

Mr. Louis Wherter's Etching, "The Church of San Francisco, Assisi."

Many of our readers will doubtless like to possess further copies of the attractive etching by Mr. Louis Wherter, R.B.A., which accompanies this number (facing page 152). A limited number of hand-pulled copies, signed by the artist, can be obtained by applying to the APOLLO office, price one guinea each.

The Magnasco Society.

The Third Annual Loan Exhibition of the Magnasco Society will open early in October at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street. As is well known, this Society exists to further the study of seventeenth and eighteenth century painting, and we understand that an interesting collection of examples, lent for the occasion from various sources, will be on view for about a month.



TWO PAINTINGS BY PAUL VERONESE

By PHILIP HENDY

IN September Baron von Hadeln mentioned in *APOLLO* six canvases by Veronese which have appeared in the London market within the last few years. Two of these he reproduced and described, and in this number are reproduced two more pictures by Veronese, not among those mentioned by Baron von Hadeln, and not, so far as I am aware, noticed elsewhere before. These are "The Astronomer" (Frontispiece) and "A Man with a Patriarchal Cross" (see page 187) in the possession of Messrs. Agnew. The two pictures are almost certainly pendants, since their measurements ($54\frac{1}{2} \times 43\frac{1}{2}$) are identical, and they may well form part of a larger series which has been dispersed. An instance of such a series are the four big allegories, from the Orléans and Darnley collections, in the National Gallery. These two pictures also are allegories, though of a less complex kind.

In the first, astronomy is represented in a manner which had become traditional in Venice. Sixty years at least before Veronese painted this figure Giorgione had created a very similar being in his "Three Philosophers," now at Vienna. The central figure in that picture, who is plainly an astronomer, wears an Oriental costume in deference to the science of the East. His turban and his long robes are very similar to those worn by Veronese's figure, but the resemblance becomes striking in the facial type of the two. The same dark, drooping moustache and slight beard fringe features which are almost identical. Veronese's astronomer might well be the other grown—not older, for abstract beings do not age—but graver with the weight of sixty years' astronomy. In the interval Venetian painting, too, has ripened, and the two figures have for us the added significance of witnesses of the change. Giorgione's younger hero stands erect and untroubled in the calm of early-sixteenth-century Venice, of those lyrical days when Giorgione, the youthful Titian, and

Palma Vecchio were joined in the creation of a pagan care-free world.

Before the second picture was painted all three were dead. The youth of Giorgione and Palma belonged to the forgotten past, though Titian's feverish old age was still a recent memory. It has left its mark strongly upon Veronese's picture, in the broken painting of the quivering hands, and of the loosely moulded rock upon which the astronomer leans. The passionate spirit of the "Pietà," which Titian was painting when he died, lingers in the melancholy look of the astronomer, and pervades the whole of a scene unusually dim. Titian's late work has, indeed, touched an unaccustomed chord in the heart of the Veronese painter, whose dramatic instinct usually drives him towards a clear light, emphatic gesture, and sweeping design. Even here the bold arc described by the leaning figure recalls "Unfaithfulness," the greatest of the Darnley pictures, and the cool yellows and greens of the robes belong wholly to Veronese.

The second picture was painted in Veronese's accustomed vein. The light is clearer and the colour paler; the gesture is freely rhetorical, the head and hands are squarely and emphatically drawn. The left hand might well be studied as a perfect instance of the painter's draughtsmanship. Its square shape, its architectonic construction have the superb manliness which one expects to quicken one's pulses when one looks at an Italian painting. There is a splendid virility in the architecture of the head, with its sweeping curve from chin to temple, its solid dome, and the same square construction of the eye and ear.

The emblem held up so prominently by this splendid being may yield some clue to the history of the two pictures. It is a patriarchal cross, emblematic, no doubt, of the patriarchal dignity. Perhaps this is the patriarch himself, climbing confidently to heaven with his token



Vienna Gallery

THE THREE PHILOSOPHERS

By Giorgione

of admission in his hand. Such ideas took frequent shape in sixteenth-century Italy, superbly self-confident and unselfconscious. We are all too respectable to-day to offer any painter such an opportunity. Venice had no patriarch of her own until the eighteenth century, but two lines of patriarchs had become by the sixteenth closely connected with the city, those of Grado and of Udine. Dr. Borenus has pointed out that Ridolfi * men-

tions an altar-piece commissioned by Giovanni Trivisano, Patriarch of Udine, for the church of S. Pietro in Castello, in Venice, and has suggested that these allegorical pictures may well be the commission of the same patron.

Perhaps we can hardly blame him for the confidence of his expectations. A city which offered anyone who asked for splendid decoration the choice of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese must have seemed very near heaven itself.

* *Le Maraviglie dell' Arte*, 1648, i, p. 328.

Two Paintings by Paul Veronese



54½" x 43½"

By the courtesy of Messrs. Agnew

A MAN WITH A PATRIARCHAL CROSS

By Paul Veronese

ELEANOR OF CASTILE

By the Hon. ELEANOR M. BROUGHAM

ELEANOR of Castile, consort of Edward I, closed her mortal eyes on the evening of November 28, 1290, at the house of Richard de Weston in the village of Harby, near Lincoln, where she had taken shelter, being unable to bear the fatigue of more travelling. She was then in her forty-sixth year, and was, with obstinate courage, attempting to accompany her husband on yet another inroad into Scotland, knowing instinctively by reason of the weariness creeping upon her that she would not live to reach the end of her journey. Thus it came about that the entire country-side was suddenly

startled by the sight of muffled figures trudging through the snow, reverently bearing the body of this matchless lady who had been so gentle a mistress and a lover of all things English. When they drew near to the ancient borough of Saint Albans there was a great pealing of bells. And the monks from the Benedictine monastery came slowly down the narrow, cobbled streets to meet them, and, taking the bier, laid it before the High Altar of the Abbey Church, there honouring it with sacred vigils all through the night. The next day it was



ELEANOR CROSS, GEDDINGTON

carried to Westminster for interment, where, under the cold and gloomy skies, the whole nobility of the realm waited, headed by the sorrowing King, who gave orders that in every place where the Queen's body had rested a cross of wondrous workmanship be erected, that prayers for her repose might be offered *ad perpetuum* by all who passed by, and on each cross he bade her image to be engraved. This being done, Edward, nearly out of his wits with grief, "having now lost the jewel which he most esteemed," withdrew for a space to the religious house of the *Bons Hommes* at Ashbridge, from which retreat this

solitary man wrote with astonishing beauty and felicity to the Abbot of Cluny of her *quam vivam care dileximus, mortuam non desinemus amare*—"whom living we cherished dearly, and being dead we shall not cease to love."

During the last twenty years his career had been one of enormous activity. Wales and Scotland were constantly in flames, and at home the interminable quarrel with the Barons dragged on. The Queen was his faithful companion upon all his expeditions. They lived, in fact, but one life, and two of her

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thirteen children were born at Acre, while she deliberately faced the innumerable trials and dangers of the Crusade, for "courage was cast about her like a dress of solemn comeliness," and no sacrifice seemed beyond her reach.

It was some thirty-four years since he first set sail for Spain, carrying letters from his father Henry III, accompanied by Eleanor of Provence his mother, and his uncle Boniface, the notorious Archbishop of Canterbury, who rightly thought that the old friendly relations with Castile might be restored if this lanky, undisciplined boy of fifteen, then known as "Lord Edward"—for in the thirteenth century a King's son was not a member of a special caste—were united in wedlock to Eleanor, the nine-year-old daughter of Ferdinand III, *El Santo*, one of the mightiest rulers of the old Spanish Monarchy. And so these Royal children, bravely attired, were married with the utmost pomp in the summer of 1254 at the famous monastery of Las Huelgas, a quarter of a league south of the city of Burgos, which in those days shared with Toledo the honour of being the residence of the reigning sovereign. Our knowledge of the young bride's upbringing is imperfect, but it was, presumably, of the simplest kind. The King had been singularly fortunate in his campaigns against his hereditary enemies the Moors, who some two centuries earlier, led by Tarik Ibn Zeyyad, Viceroy of Africa, crossed the Straits, landing in immense numbers at the foot of the rock Calpé. And with the rapidity which characterized all Arabian conquests they succeeded in subduing the most important cities of the south, thereby putting an end to the Gothic

Empire in Spain. However, now that Ferdinand—to whom the war of reconquest was the beginning and the end of everything—had with great cunning made a triumphant entry into Cordoba, the proud capital of the Mohammedan Empire, which had long been the centre of Western culture, it was hoped that the infidels would be driven back into the rugged mountains of Granada. These were the tales which Eleanor heard when she sat at meat or wandered about the ramparts,

gazing upon the immeasurable plains of Castile. But when she was seven years old there was a change. Her austere and illustrious father died in 1252 just as he was planning a great campaign in Africa, and for two brief years she was looked after by her step-brother Alonso X, who, permeated with Islam culture, found leisure not only to write history and poetry with unflagging delight, but also to compile laws and charters in the Castilian tongue, to lose himself in astronomy, and to dabble in mysterious, occult sciences which he had learnt from the Arabs. Moreover, he caused

marvellous manu-

scripts—still preserved in Madrid—to be drawn up under his care which, in addition to music and miniature work of almost uncanny skill, include his own *Cantigas de Nuestra Senora*.

Nor is it surprising that learned foreigners flocked to the ancient Palace of Burgos, where we see Eleanor, still so young, in the perpetual presence of the wisest men of her day—Jewish rabbis, preaching friars hurrying to establish bishoprics in Morocco, pilgrims bound for the famous shrine at Compostello, Italian troubadours and Moslem sages alike, which combination was hitherto unknown. Meanwhile, without the gates was



ELEANOR CROSS, NORTHAMPTON

all the characteristic confusion of a prosperous market town, for Burgos, where Fernan Gonzalez and the Cid once had their proud abodes, was now the busy centre of the trade carried on from the heart of "tawny Spain" to the seaports on the Bay of Biscay, whence goods were shipped as far north as Bruges. Enterprising merchants made their homes in this pleasant capital of Old Castile. Crowded fairs displayed pottery, reliquaries, images of the saints, dates and amber from Africa. Trains of patient mules might be seen daily, loaded with enormous bales of the fashionable Segovian cloth which was transmitted from here to distant countries, while in the background workmen were laying the foundations of the great cathedral wherein all the genius and enchantment of the Middle Ages were to be eternalized. It was into this remarkably civilized world that the Lord Edward was suddenly pushed by his mother, Eleanor of Provence, and his uncle the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Shortly after the marriage ceremony the wedded pair settled at Bordeaux, then the capital of the English dominions in France and the scene of all kinds of exotic gaieties, a year later travelling by slow stages to Dover, and so to London, where, thanks to Grafton, we catch a glimpse of them being "honourably received by the citizens, and the houses hanged with rich clothes of Silke and Golde." London was not yet the capital which Chaucer found "soe deare and sweete." There were dangers on every side. Pirates lurked upon the Thames, and, to prevent them from landing, the streets leading to the river had to be defended by chains. Moreover, the city itself was divided

into two factions, the Aldermen and principal citizens being faithful to the Crown, but the Mayor and population supporting the Barons, whose hatred of foreigners was intensified by Henry's prodigality to the intriguing relatives of his arrogant Provençal wife. Therefore, the Spanish alliance, at first, proved far from popular. What with bad harvests and exactions from Rome, money was scarce, and how could the impoverished Exchequer raise even the miserable sum of

15,000 marks necessary for the support of a new household? Small wonder, then, that men looked askance at this diminutive Spanish Princess and turned from her brother, the handsome Archbishop of Toledo, who as he rode through the streets ventured to hold up his hand in blessing. So it came about that life started on an insecure foundation for her who was to be honoured through a long succession of generations as the *Regina Bonae Memoriae*.

It was the King to whom the thought occurred, after the Queen's death, of "making a fair Marble Tomb adorned with her portraiture

of copper gilt, and sundry crosses also, in memory of her virtue and his great love," and he was more than fortunate in having the men who made it possible for him to carry out his noble project. During the preceding reign the most remarkable development of English architecture had taken place. Throughout the length and breadth of England, priories, monasteries and churches were rising up, and effigy tombs—invaluable on account of the light that they throw on the costume of the period—were now introduced. Not only was Henry III a mighty builder, but with an enthusiasm



ELEANOR CROSS, WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS.

Eleanor of Castile

which does him the utmost credit he founded a school at Westminster which rapidly became a centre of wide-felt influence. Eager students from the farthest ends of the kingdom thronged there to study ecclesiastical art under Henry of Westminster, John of Gloucester, and Robert of Beverley, great masters to whose genius we owe the grave dignity of the Abbey, which Henry, in 1245, "began to enlarge, pulling down the old walls and steeples, and causing them to be made more comely." Their direct successor was one Richard Crundale, *Cimentarius*, and to him Edward, who like his father was a lover and patron of art in all its varieties, entrusted the construction of the tomb. The design of this monument is that of a large chest formed by slabs of Purbeck marble, made splendid by the great bronze-gilt effigy which rests upon it—the work of William Torel, that most dexterous goldsmith, who, with singular felicity of touch avoiding a heavy realism, modelled, it is conjectured, a spiritualized and etherealized portrait of the Queen. To Thomas de Leighton we owe the grille which protects it, a magnificent sample of the wrought-iron work of the period. And despite the fact that the perishable part of the stonework is fast disappearing, and the elaborate paintings of Walter of Durham are now lost to us, faint shadows only remaining, we can well understand the surprise of the naïve traveller who, when he beheld this ancient tomb in all its freshness, lit by wax tapers and set with the jewels and enamels which the King had brought home from the East, cried out in wonder that "like the glory of the starry sky it exhilarated the soul with joyousness." Of the crosses—suggested, it is thought, by those erected in France to the memory of Saint Louis—time has spared but three: Geddington, Northampton,

and Waltham. The rest only come to us in sketches. From the accounts of the executors of Queen Eleanor it would seem that originally they were nine in number. But on this subject antiquarians speculate and disagree, some conjecturing that as many as fourteen existed at one time. Ten of these—Lincoln, Newark, Leicester, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham and Charing—are ascribed by tradition to the skill of Richard Crundale and his brother Roger, aided by Alexander of Abingdon and William of Ireland, two artists (*Imaginatores*) of renown who carved the statues, specially concentrating on the Cross of Charing, which, built of Caen stone with Dorset marble steps and lavishly decorated with paintings and figures, was, one regrets to record, voted down by the iconoclastic zealots of the Long Parliament, and removed in 1647. But it must ever remain a matter of regret that the names of the architects or builders of the crosses at Geddington, Stamford, and Grantham remain unrecorded. The first of these, perfectly preserved, is to our mind the most remarkable of the whole series, being differently planned to the others, and of a curiously remote and foreign aspect. As we contemplate the subtle and curious grace of the archaic figure of the Queen, her eyes fixed upon the road before her, we are gradually aware of a sadness that we do not care to analyse, for her unfathomable smile seems to hint at the infinite foolishness of man, caring, as he does, for pyramids, arches, and pompous monuments—though nothing is strictly immortal but immortality—and "tis

all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt, ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Ariadnus."



(From "Westminster Abbey"; by permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office)
EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELEANOR

THE PEASANT-MADE CARPETS OF FINLAND

By DONALD SMITH, F.R.G.S.

THESE things have escaped the collector's eye. But these lovely carpets of Scandinavia and the Baltic coasts seem to have eluded notice till the present. Carpet is a misnomer. Imagine what primarily was a bedquilt put to all uses that its warmth would suggest—a knee-wrap for sleighing, degenerating in its worn state to service as a horse-rug, a rug for the hunter or fisherman during cold night vigils, a warm backing and seat for the chair of honour, a wall-hanging for festal occasions—but never an article to be trodden under

foot. The name "Rya" (pronounced "ree-a"), the plural is "Ryor," is derived from the old Scandinavian "ry," meaning rough or shaggy, and is possibly a relation to our own Anglo-Saxon "rhye," meaning a shaggy covering. The name hints at an antiquity predating by far the introduction of Oriental rugs from the East by returning crusaders. Carpets were known in Spain about the year



Antell Collection, Helsingfors

RUG, DATED 1816

1300. They were fairly well known in Venice during the fourteen hundreds, but were rare in Italy. In England they were certainly unknown before the time of Henry VII (1485-1509), if not during the whole of his reign. We know that Cardinal Wolsey (1471-1530) purchased carpets from Venice. The earliest known reference (1451-2) to the ryor is found in a manuscript copy of the rules of the nunnery at Vadstena, in Sweden, where they are mentioned as bedcoverings. From that time references are common. In 1522 one Peter

Månsson (a Swede) wrote a treatise on the art of war, and recommended that, in case of walls being breached, the gaps might be filled successfully by ryor sewn together as sacks and filled with earth. Such a recommendation could scarcely be made if the articles were not so common as to be found in practically every house. There is every reason to believe that this particular textile product

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is genuinely indigenous to Central Sweden, that it spread thence to Scandinavian and Baltic Europe, and came to its pride in South and South-West Finland.

Few products of the hand-loom have a story so intimately bound with the life of the people. They were woven in the torch-lighted semi-gloom of fishing hovel, or peasants' log-built smoke-houses by the women, in the long, dark, winter evenings. The interior of these "smoke-houses" was stereotyped in its economy of space. There was the loom corner for the woman, and the sloyd corner for the man. The lighting was by thin split pine splinters, or from the open hearth, while a thick pall of wood-smoke hung over all. The carpet loom was so narrow that many of the oldest preserved examples were woven in two lengths and then sewn together. Possibly all were originally so made. The average size is roughly 4 ft. by 5 ft. The woof, weft, and pile of all the older rugs were of home-grown, home-spun wool, woven in the natural colours of white, black, or grey. Even to-day the smallholder of Finland keeps one or two black sheep with his small flock so that his grey homespun may need no dyeing and be a fast colour.

Certain simple technical details soon appear which differentiate the rya from the Oriental rugs. While the latter have one, two, and sometimes three but rarely more than three weft, or cross-threads, between each row of knots, the rya has at least three or four, while the commonest number is from ten to twenty. Again with regard to the knots, the loose ends of which form the pile of the weaving, the

number of these in modern commercial carpets varies from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five per square inch, in Oriental hand-made carpets from about three hundred to six hundred, while the rya has but from four to nineteen (or, more exactly, 66-304 per square decimetre). It is obvious from this fact that the rya would not give satisfactory service if used as a floor covering.

With regard to the length of the pile, it can be stated generally that the older the rya the longer the pile. Exceptional cases occur with a length of from five to eight centimetres; the late examples, however, vary from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half centimetres. A considerable number of older specimens were woven with a pile on both sides. Such a textile, woven entirely of wool, would naturally be somewhat weighty, and so it is not surprising to find that, later, flax and other lighter materials were used for the strong warp strands. The knot, in all cases, is some variant of the Ghiordes or Turkish knot. This does not imply, in the least, that the Scandinavian copied the Turk, but most possibly that a fairly obvious develop-

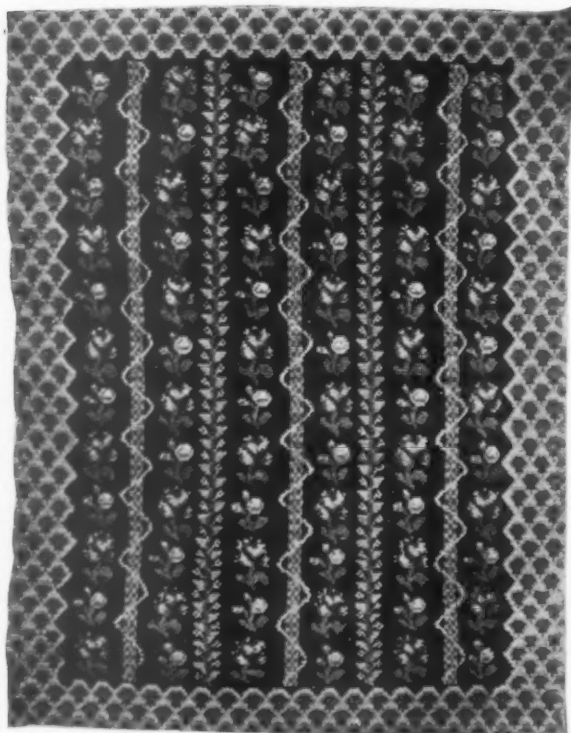
ment of the weaving process was arrived at quite independently by the two peoples, carrying on a tradition derived, it may be, from a common source in the dim past.

It was, however, with the introduction of colour into the rya that their value and interest took a sudden bound. An increased knowledge of vegetable dyes reflected the hues of heath and moorland, of marsh and forest, of the vivid summer, of the lakes and seas, of crimson berry and golden harvest into the rya. The



Messrs. Hörhammer, Helsingfors

RUG, DATED 1807



Professor Kajanus, Helsingfors

RUG



National Museum, Helsingfors

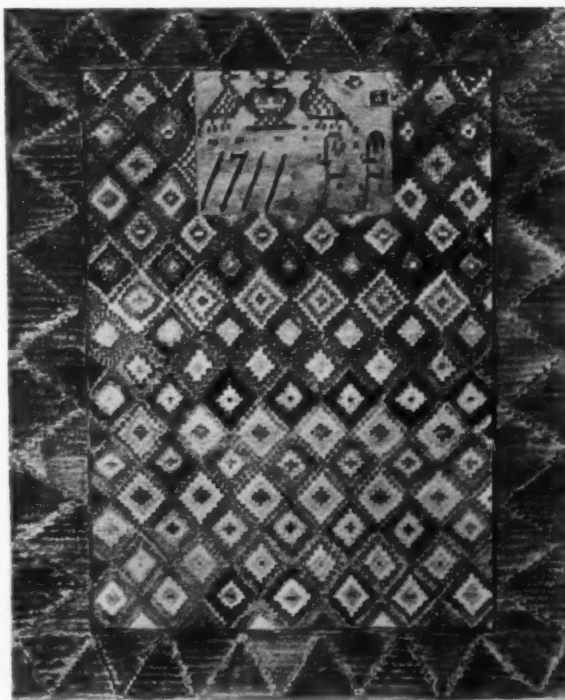
RUG WITH CRUCIFIXION SCENE

process was slow. Ryor are still made in Norway, Sweden, and Finland of the original white, grey, or black. Decoration began, however, by arranging these colours in chequer formation, in borders of alternate lines, of zigzags, etc., sometimes covering the whole field, sometimes leaving a central space blank. Then enters the first decorative motive, a cross, followed by attempts at heraldic representation or the initials of the owner. And then—colour. Since it is the lovely blending of tints, the wonderful freshness of the colour harmonies, the naïve directness of unusual contrasts, the virility and unceasing variety, or the colouring of the woollen pile, that constitutes one of the two chief claims for the permanent value of the rya, the source of the dye is worthy a moment's notice. The commonest of the dyes was yellow. Light yellow was extracted from young, sticky, birch leaves, a reddish-yellow from bog myrtle, and a brownish-yellow from blackthorn, etc. Brown and red-brown was obtained from madder, from boiled pine cones and various lichens. Black (a valuable colour for certain strong schemes) came from alder-bark and bog-mould, from iron-rust and from the silt from working grindstones. Grey came from the willow, and from birch-bark, blue from indigo. A true red could not be produced until the introduction of cochineal in the early seventeen hundreds. These were but a few of the sources from which the peasant woman, who made her own dyes and steeped her own wool, gathered the hues which were to flower in the dusk of her home. Quite literally the heather and lichen of the moorlands, the pine and silver birch of the forests, the willow and alder of the marshes paid toll to the calloused fingers that were to transmute their essence to the hues of a northern sunset or the robe of the passing seasons. It is interesting to note that sometimes the stock of dyed wool gave out before the completion of the rya, and a new stock of dye had to be made. As it was wellnigh impossible under the circumstances to match the old colour, or colours, the design quite frankly carries on with the new, approximate colours. The coloured ryor are mentioned first in the inventories of Castle goods (from the early fifteen hundreds), and are frequently described in detail. They begin, then, to be mentioned as entering into payments for farms and landed property. The very first mention of a rya in

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Finland (1495) concerns the purchase price of a farm by the nunnery of Nådendal. At times taxes were paid, in part or wholly, in ryor. They were the prized possessions of kings, nobles, archbishops. It seems as if the coloured rya was first produced in the sheltered workshops of the Royal domains, spreading to the manors of the nobility, and so on. During the eighteenth century numbers were exported. Up to this time the decoration, interesting as it was, remained lifeless. The cross was followed by crude efforts at coats of arms, by an increasing intricacy of the geometrical designs, by the introduction of the star-like rowel. When the rya—the coloured rya—reached the parsonage and the yeoman's (bönder's) farm, when the peasant himself begins to have interest in its making, as a possible possession for himself, then they develop beyond all thought. They become an important item in the bride's dower. In some cases the bridal pair actually stood upon the "marriage rya" (which afterwards covered the bridal bed) during the marriage service. And the same rug, sanctified by marriage life, became the unalienable property of the widow. These marriage ryor are to be distinguished by the introduction into the design of couples, hand in hand, while the dower ryor have the typical Finnish heart entering into their composition. The heart motif appears with almost monotonous frequency in the love gifts (distaffs, spindles, jewellery, etc.) of Finnish peasant craft. On high days and holidays peasants' and yeomen's homes became bright with ryor, their gay colours hiding the rough-hewn logs of the walls, or the scrubbed cleanliness of trestle and board, but never were they laid upon the floors that their colours might be desecrated under foot.

Second only to the colouring is the design, quaint or restrained, bizarre or balanced. Period and locality do dictate to a certain extent, but no peasant work is more various in originality; no two ryor are alike. As the increasing intricacy of design implied an increase in skill and an increase of time in the making, certain itinerant rya-makers roamed the country, conveying and setting up their own looms in the loom-corners of farm or homestead, and working in pairs on the larger ryor. One can imagine the interest of the family as the pattern unfolded itself, the suggestions made, the introduction of the patron's initials,



Messrs. Hörhammer, Helsingfors

RUG, DATED 1711



Antell Collection, Helsingfors

RUG

or of a flower or girl's figure to please the lady of the house, of a lion or stag to please the master. Amongst the best of the ryor were those made in the pastor's home, frequently by his wife or daughters. In most cases these were women of refinement and culture. They were isolated in the parsonage, five, ten, fifteen miles from the next. The ryor made there reflect in a delightful simplicity the sampler work of the misses' fingers, the sprays and bouquets of the drawing-master, the floral luxuriance of French tapestry seen during long-remembered visits to Stockholm.

A rough classification of the predominating motifs only is possible. Following the purely geometrical, and the introduction of the rowel, came perhaps the heart. The double heart was naturally the symbol of wedded happiness. Then followed the tree—delightful trees, stiff and angular, "Christmas trees," though sometimes with pendant fruit or upstanding blossoms, sometimes over-arching the bridal pair, sometimes with birds perched on the topmost branch. A most interesting motive is an extremely conventional tulip.

This was taken for long as an indication of the Persian origin of the rya, but is now known to have followed the tulip mania which reached its height in Holland about 1630. The first known instance of the use of this flower as decoration in Finland is dated 1658. In so much peasant craft the habit of the workman in dating and initialing his or her work is of very great use in "placing" design or exemplar. Although in later use the tulip *did* lose its urn or vase, that article, though sometimes reduced to well-nigh microscopical dimensions, is remarkably persistent. The passionate love of the Finlander for flowers, and his delightful habit of making gifts of flowering bulbs in pots and vases at Christmas-time, explains the frequency with which the tulip appears in this, the most

remarkable of peasant textile products. Closely following the introduction of the tulip came the appearance of the palm as a rya ornament. And this seems to show that simple and unspoiled taste can distil good from things evil, for there is every possibility that the "palm" motif was nothing but the peasant interpretation of the debased rococo which ran through Germany in the eighteenth century. This rococo and a certain French influence (Louis XV) is responsible for a considerable number of meaningless borders and attempts at festoons, which are redeemed by an increasing introduction of animal (stags, lions, crowned and uncrowned, horses, dogs, cocks, etc.) and human motifs. The human figure is always interesting—sometimes a single man or woman, or a girl offering a beaker, sometimes several hand in hand, or pairs dancing. In connection with the female figures it is noteworthy that at one time the vogue of the crinoline did not miss Finland, and also the fact that so many are represented with arms akimbo. Such a short note must omit necessarily much that entered into the com-



National Museum, Helsingfors

RUG

position of the designs of the ryor. The weaver did not hesitate to introduce whatever seemed suitable in his own experience, from windmills to representations of the Crucifixion. The result was not always successful. It was sometimes clumsy, sometimes altogether without cohesion, too haphazard, sometimes too childish. Many of the examples are so obviously the work of spare moments and woven without plan, a fact which is nowhere so obvious as the fact that the border at the commencement is frequently not repeated at the end, and also that numbers are clearly brought to an end only by reason of the required length being reached. The lovely colouring of many, also, owes a good deal to the hand of the master colourist—Time.

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Still, when all is said, the one word that describes them is just—lovely.

It is pleasing to know that, although the introduction of chemical dyes, of industrial revolutions, of "social uplifts," etc., well-nigh killed the production of the rya, the craft never did die, and still carries on, although somewhat artificially fostered. Apparently unrecognized by the outside world, their value has been appraised by the far-seeing in Scandinavia, and particularly in Finland, and noble collections have been gathered by the museums and by private collectors. Worn-out specimens can still be seen wrapping the

knees of sleigh drivers. It is possible still to find good ryor in out-of-the-way places, but their number becomes rarer, and it seems possible that when their fame does reach to the Western world they may be unobtainable, and the opportunity of adding exemplars of this most interesting phase of the textile art to our museums be lost for good.

The writer of this article would desire to express his great indebtedness to the standard work on the rya, Professor U. T. Sirelius's "Finland's Ryor," issued in Finnish and in Swedish by the Otava publishing firm, of Helsingfors, Finland.

THE MUSIC OF THE VIRGINALISTS

"MY LADYE NEVELL'S BOOKE"*

By H. E. WORTHAM

IF the whole art of living consists in the killing of time, then the quality of your period depends on the way this is done. We have a thousand means of keeping ennui at a distance; the Elizabethans on the other hand had relatively few. Put yourself in the place of the châtelaine of your Tudor manor-house, where long afternoons and evenings brought inexorable hours that required to be humoured and petted. She could not for ever be reading the Italian romances and that thoroughly immoral poem, the "Ars Amatoria," though these filled not inefficiently the rôle of the library-banned novel of to-day. Nor would it be always possible to make up a party to sing madrigals or to use the chest of viols—indeed, I think we probably over-rate the general standard of musical accomplishment in the days of the Tudors. But as music was made for the recreation of man, and specially of woman, my lady would clearly desire to draw from the art the instruction, pleasure and emotion which Descartes has postulated as its end. So for convenience she would turn to the virginals. And when the candles were lit and the hearth was clean, I can imagine her in the intimacy of her closet playing over the latest compositions of Mr. William Byrd;

yes, and I can see her shaking her head, with delight or doubt according to her temperament, over the boldness of his harmonies and the difficulties of his figuration.

There were plenty of high-brows in those days, and the spirit which now dwells in Chelsea hung then over the breadth of Southern England, so that Byrd wrote for willing ears. But there was no Carnegie Trust to publish the works of living English composers. And the extraordinary thing is—or it would be extraordinary had not music been the Cinderella of the arts in this country—that this volume has remained in MS. until the present time. We want to live in Tudor houses, to eat off Tudor tables, to sleep in Tudor beds. Yet such has been our apathy about one of the most important aspects of polite life in the Tudor period, that "My Ladye Nevell's Booke," which opens a casement on one of its intimate sides, has only at this late hour, and then through the public spirit of a firm of music publishers, emerged at length from the cloistral existence of an MS.

I do not exaggerate its importance. At a time when every amateur made his own collection of virginal pieces, transcribing them, or having them transcribed, more or less inaccurately from other MS. copies which might also be full of mistakes, this volume enjoyed a special prestige, an unusual fame. Its scribe, John Baldwin, was a man of considerable distinction, a lay clerk in the St. George's

* "My Ladye Nevell's Booke": William Byrd. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Miss Hilda Andrews, Mus.Bac. With a Preface by Sir Richard Terry. (J. Curwen and Sons.) 3 guineas net.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Chapel Choir, and afterwards a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, something of a composer, even a little of a poet. What a beautiful musical script he wrote, the accompanying illustration of a page of the MS. sufficiently shows. Its fineness alone marks it out from such a well-known collection as the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, which is somewhat later in date. But it had other claims to pre-eminence. For it was an anthology of the pieces of the composer who, if he excelled in other branches of his art, was without an equal in Europe as a writer for the virginals. There is some evidence that William Byrd himself corrected the MS., and it is a legitimate surmise that he himself selected the contents of this volume which was intended for the Lady Nevill. Of this great lady's musical attainments we are ignorant. Evidently she was a patron of Byrd, and she may have been a pupil. But we do know that the jealous Gloriana was a virginalist and a lady who did not think it more blessed to give than to receive,

and the volume was presented to her by "Lord Edward Abergavenny, called (somewhat inappropriately) the Deafe." Perhaps because Queen Elizabeth was then getting on in years, she did not guard it with the jealousy one would have expected from so keen an amateur, for she ordered one of her servants "Sr. or Mr. North," to keep it, and in consequence it strayed from the Royal collection, being ultimately given back to a member of the Nevill family in 1668. Even then its vicissitudes were not over. Dr. Burney obtained it by some means or other—bibliophiles have easy consciences—and it did not finally return to the possession of the Nevills till about a hundred years ago. And 336 years after "Jo. Baldwin" finished his loving labours,

"My Ladye Nevell's Booke" begins a new and larger life in print.

One may hint how important that career should be by observing that in the development of keyboard music (apart from that of the organ) this volume holds a place comparable to the "Forty-Eight" and to Beethoven's Sonatas. Says M. Ch. van den Borren, who speaks with all the impartiality of a Continental expert: "Keyboard music owes much to England. At the time when in the other countries of Europe it still dragged in the wake of vocal and organ music, in the British Isles it acquired an individuality and a technique of its own which place it on a very high level

as a factor in evolution." Byrd was a man of his time, and it was natural that he should turn his attention to an instrument which then had an extraordinary vogue in all ranks of English society. The virginals were played everywhere; at court, in the houses of the great, in the very barbers' shops. For all we know it may have been one of the pieces in this



MUSICAL SCRIPT OF JOHN BALDWIN

volume, "The Barelye Breake" perhaps, which caused Shakespeare to immortalize his mistress's skill in the famous sonnet; though the more showy brilliances of "John Bull" go better with the conceits of this insincere poem. Jacobean England in any case went on its grave and merry way to the sounds of many virginals, and the music which even its lesser composers made for them has the virtue and grace of a great creative period. William Byrd's, however, has intrinsic qualities of its own, and it is high time that we recognized those qualities more generously.

But enough of antiquarian and evolutionary reflections. Byrd, as a writer for the virginals, has other claims than that of being the predecessor of Bach and Liszt. What strikes us,

The Music of the Virginalists

as we go through the pieces in this volume, is their restraint, that peculiar sense of poetic reserve which is, or was, an Englishman's outstanding characteristic. The Elizabethans could tear an emotion to tatters when they chose; for proof one need look no farther than the turbulent passion of their drama. But the drama is a civic art, and the Englishman, with his ineradicable preference for gentility and the life of the countryside, has never taken it quite seriously—Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan, Oscar Wilde, were all in their various ways typical of a national attitude. At any moment, indeed, I expect to read that Mr. Noel Coward has bought a place in the country. I need not labour my point, which is that the most racy qualities of the Englishman flower in the quiet detachment of the countryside, and that Byrd in this virginal music reflects with singular felicity its placid, quiet poise. There is tenderness and delicacy, and except in the curious "Battell" pieces, which are a crude attempt at programme music, an absence of exaggeration which I doubt not made them more popular with the Lady Nevills of the period than with the ladies of the lighter world. This is supposition. What is certain is that that personal cry, that note of individual unhappiness which runs through the music of later times from Bach to Wagner, and in the smaller men like Tchaikovsky and Chopin (Heaven forgive me for linking them together), becomes a neurosis—that note, I say, is absent from Byrd. The contemplative influences of the polyphonic school lie deep over these finely engraved pages which are a credit to modern English craftsmanship.

This is one reason of the charm this music has for us to-day. The wheel, indeed, has gone full circle, and composers in their desire to

escape from the diatonic scale, the square rhythms and the harmonic idioms which a predominantly vertical conception of music has fastened upon us, are faced with much the same problems which beset Byrd, though we approach them from the other side. Byrd was a master, and managed to fuse the two antagonistic styles, that of the weaving of the flexible strands of polyphonic music with the regular rhythms required by the use of folk-song and the cultivation of dance measures as a musical form. Note for instance, in Example I, a four-bar homophonic quotation from "A Fancie" (No. 41), which is mainly in a free contrapuntal style, how the two sections overlap at the end of the second bar. Such flexibility of rhythm, such subtlety of phrasing, was lost to music with the passing of the school of which Byrd was the most eminent member. And how boldly Byrd treated the whelp of harmony, to grow at last into the roaring lion of Richard Strauss, my second example shows.

It is impossible to do more than indicate a few of the beauties which are contained within the covers of this volume. They lie thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, from the delicious titles—"My Lady Nevel's Grownde"; "A Galliard's Gygge"; "Pavana the Sixte: Kinbrugh Goodd"; "The Passinge Mesures: The Nynthe Pavian"; "All in a Garden Grine"—to the comments of the scribe at the end such as "finis, Mr. W. birde," "Mr. W. birde, the galliarde folows," "Mr. W. birde, laudes deo," and once in the excess of his admiration, "Mr. W. birde, *homo memorabilis*." And that you may share Mr. John Baldwin's admiration there are one or two things to remember. I have already emphasized the impersonal quality in this music. To recapture this properly "My Ladye



Nevell's Booke" should be reserved for the virginals. But most people who live in Jacobean houses have electric light and bathrooms, and it would be fastidious to complain of anyone playing these pieces on the piano. Only if they do they must forget that it is a pianoforte and simply use masses of flat tone. Only avoid playing *con espressione* as you would the devil, and Mr. W. birde, the *homo memorabilis*, will do the rest. For in this music there are no *da capos*, no lazy repetitions such as crept into fashion later. No bar is ever exactly similar to any that has preceded it, and in the endless variety of Byrd's counterpoint one does not feel any need for the emphasis of what we call tone-colour.

The ornaments are a more serious difficulty. Much of the essential virtue of virginal music in general, and of these pieces in particular, lies in the correct playing of the ornaments. The most usual one employed here is indicated (as in the examples I have given) by two lines through the tails of the minims or the crotchets. There is still some doubt what they mean. Miss Andrews gives an explanation in her Introduction. Those who want to find out more can consult Mr. Dolmetsch's book or that of M. van den Borren. But even supposing you can make the authorities agree, you cannot cause the ornaments on the soft, woolly tone of the piano to sound as they would on the sharp, delicate tone of the spinet, much lighter even than that of the harpsichord, which to our modern ears, debauched with sonority and

noise, sounds "tinkly." What is one to do? Leave them out, as the conscientious editress recommends? *Sub rosa* I do, but in consequence I don't sleep calmly of nights. Too tender a conscience is, I know, a curse. And yet to try and put in all of these ornaments is too high a price to pay for a quiet mind. Being an Englishman, I compromise and insert such as I think I can play. The rest I ignore. And until someone, to stop this favouritism, presents me with a virginal, I see no prospect of doing anything else.

As for phrasing and *tempos*, these will come of themselves to any explorer of "My Ladye Nevell's Booke." It is well to remember that the galliard, which by 1650 had become a grave measure, was in Thomas Morley's time "a lighter and more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan." One contemporary writer remarks that the time-value of the minim was the beat of the heart, which strikes one as rather fast for the graver pieces; but there seems no doubt that the semibreve and minim had become longer in the days of Purcell than they were in those of Byrd. I have, however, said enough to call the attention of those who appreciate the fine art of music to a remarkable book, a book, indeed, which anyone interested in the still finer art of living should make their own. The spaciousness of the days of Elizabeth is a cant phrase; few things can bring home its meaning to one better than these virginal pieces which delighted the leisure of the men and, more particularly, the women of that time.

A HAPSBURG EMPEROR'S HUNTING CARPET

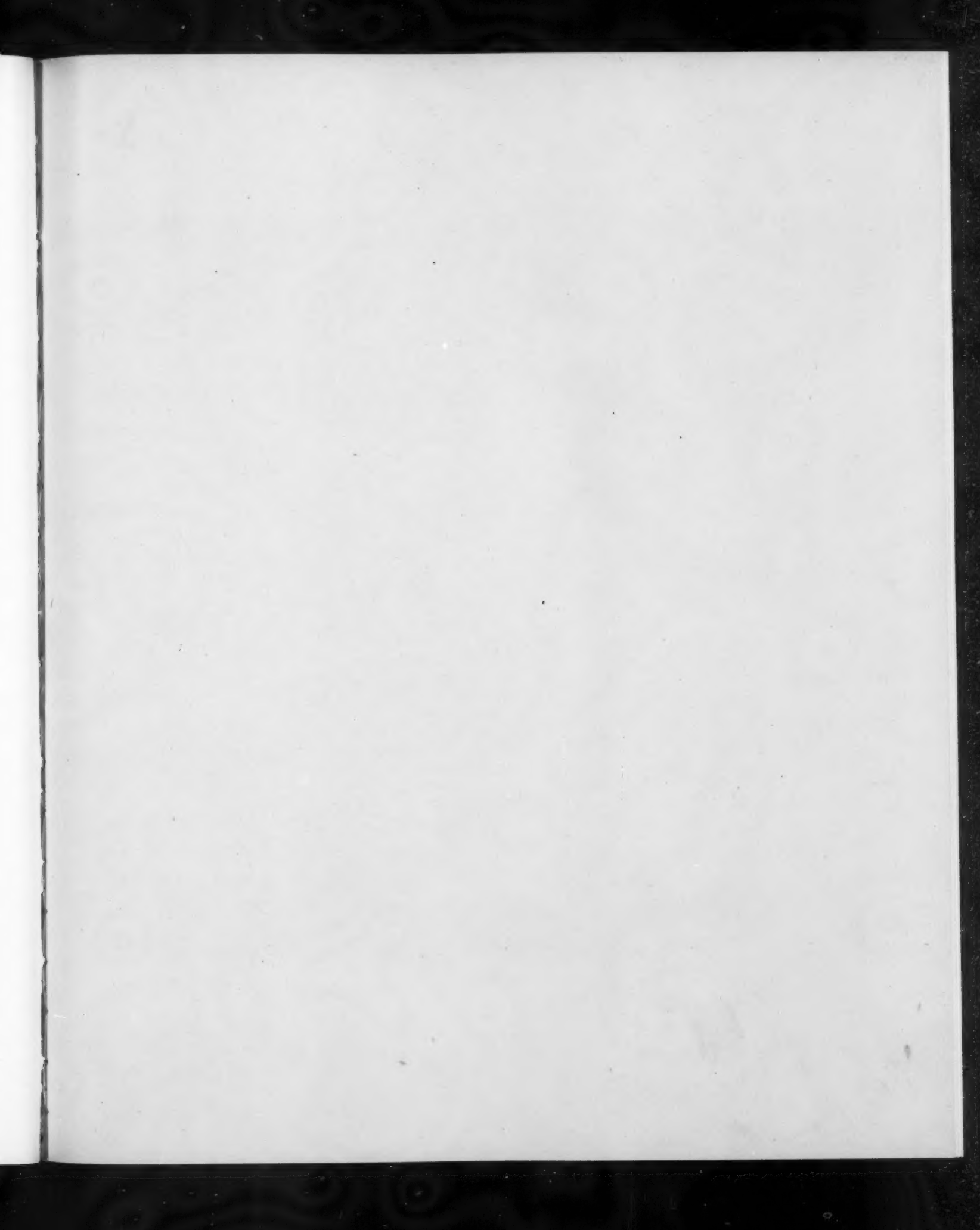
Woven in Persia, *circa* 1550

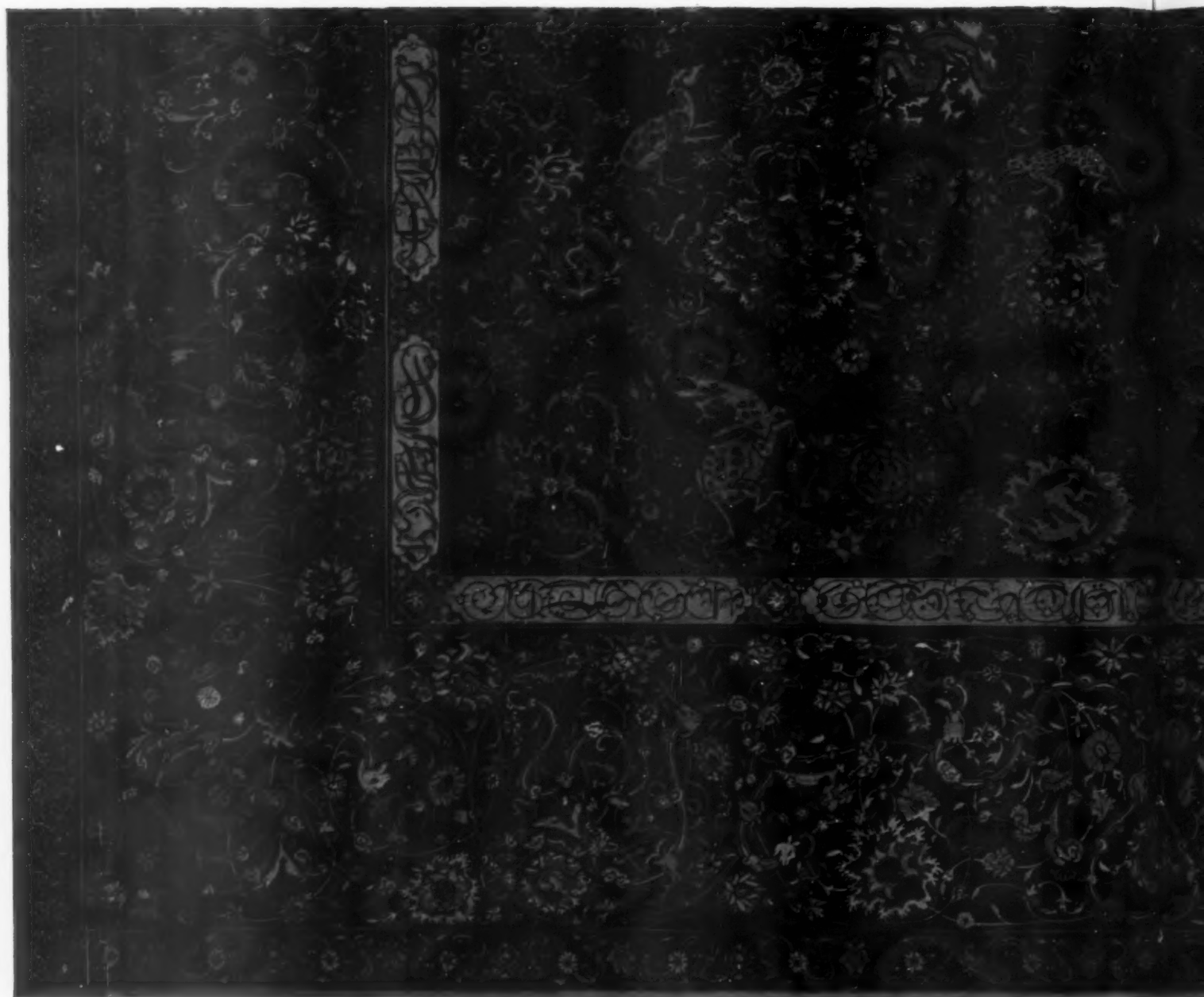
By W. G. THOMSON

IN an informal article on Persian Carpets in our issue of July 1925, in dealing with "Hunting Carpets" the writer touched the fringe of a highly interesting subject, in view of the fact that a specimen of the first importance had recently arrived in England. The Austrian Emperors possessed a magnificent collection of carpets and tapestries; after the Revolution this found a home in the National Art Museum, Vienna. To endow the museum, one of the Imperial carpets

had to be sold. This was done with the sanction of the Reparations Committee, and under the seal of the British Legation the Emperor's Hunting Carpet became the property of two of the directors of Messrs. Cardinal and Harford, London.

To amateurs it was already well known as one of the carpets of the world, as it had hung for a long time on the wall of the Great Staircase in the Imperial Castle of Schönbrunn, near Vienna. It measures 25 ft. by 11 ft., is





PERSIAN HUNTING C
Circa 1700



HUNTING CARPET
Circa 1500

By the courtesy of Messrs. Cardinal and Harford



A Hapsburg Emperor's Hunting Carpet

woven of fine wools and silk, and was finished about twenty years after the carpet from the Mosque of Ardebil, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is dated 1540. It is thus in the zenith of the poetic period of Persian textiles, for the weavers then were artists in the true sense of the word, poets in wool and silk and gold, who often worked verses from Hafiz into the design they were weaving—men who took infinite pains, who reckoned time as nothing, whose wants were simple and few, whose ideals were without limit.

In our large illustration the carpet speaks for itself, but it is interesting to imagine how the weaver-designer developed his idea. He had traditions of the past to guide him. First, he mused over a deep rose or ruby ground, into which any other hues could merge with soft and delicate effect, but yet remain distinct. His eye pictured great, sweeping, and thread-like stems on it, and these he wrought into spirals, connecting them with others and making them to blossom into palmettes, rosettes, and leafy ornaments of wonderful beauty in form and colour. Larger motifs were put in their appointed places; Chinese cloud-forms, drawn with vigour, giant leaves inhabited by floral details, and other flowers, half-artichoke, half-pomegranate. Some of these are of Chinese origin, for the *genii* of the Arts of China and Persia were intimate before the Mongol Conquest in the thirteenth century, although the great impetus came in the fifteenth. A vast host of smaller blossoms, buds, and flowers were added, until the ground became a maze of shapes, orderly though in apparent confusion—a veritable riot of bright, warm, and harmonious colours. To this jungle garden came pairs of birds in gay plumage, antelopes, and their kind. After them came the maned lions prowling, or leaping on their prey; striped tigers, and leopards; portrayed as if they had been copied from some old Sassanide silk. In the field of the carpet as a whole there is an atmosphere of mystery—it reveals, and it conceals. It is an allegory of the beauty of Aurora in the jungle garden.

This is made plain by a long inscription which almost fills the first stripe of the border. A ground of the most exquisite yellow, upon which a pattern of thin spiral lines is traced, forms an ideal setting for the Persian script. The latter contains a fine poetic image of the

forest at dawn: when the flowers which are opening, the birds of the meadow, the beasts of the woods, and the fishes of the seas—all pray for the Sultan of Sultans, and cry: "Be great and illustrious until the Eternal."

The main stripe of the border has a deep verdant green field, upon which is a pattern, repeating in many instances details of the ornamentation of the general rose ground of the carpet, only in the border no animal forms are used. It is, however, of magnificent design; the pliant vigour of its great cloud-forms interlacing with the spiral stems is unsurpassed. A narrow outside stripe repeats the general rose tint in its field, and by this binds the panel of the textile to the border, in general effect. The cloud-forms here remind one of their evolution from the Chinese dragon of the sky.

The best period of Persian craftsmanship in carpet weaving may be held to begin with the earliest existing specimens of the late fifteenth century, and to last for a century or rather more. This carpet shows all the best qualities of the time; the weaving is strong and durable, the wools and silk are of the finest, the pile is wonderful. The colour may be a little lighter in places that have been exposed more than others to the light of day, perhaps for generations, and the pile shorter where most trodden by feet long passed by; these are part of the story of the carpet—could we but turn the evidence into writing—and leave undisturbed the atmosphere of the past. We may give thanks that it has not been made uniform and mechanical by over-restoration.

Nearly all great works of art have a story of their past, real or imaginary, but generally tradition is mainly responsible for the earliest part of the narrative. And so is it in this case, which is quite a reasonable one. The carpet was woven for, and used at the court of, one of the Safidian monarchs of Persia, although it may not have been, as tradition avers, woven in Ispahan. A new chapter in its history opens with a journey to Europe as a present from the Shah to the then Tsar of Russia, probably at a period when costly gifts of that description might have had some influence on the political history of nations. It might have been sent by Shah Abbas the Great (1586-1628) or his successor, who presented a carpet of a different style to the Doge of Venice in 1603, which is now in the

Treasury of St. Mark's, and the "Coronation" carpet at Rosenborg Castle, Copenhagen, in 1639. When Peter the Great of Russia paid a long visit to Leopold I of Austria at Vienna, in 1698, he brought a carpet, or carpets, which remained in Vienna as a souvenir. Peter's gift became one of the treasured possessions of the Hapsburg Emperors, and, being esteemed too highly for use as a floor covering, was hung as a tapestry at Schönbrunn, their summer residence, until the Revolution. Another carpet from there, and entered as a gift from Peter the Great, is now hung in the National Art Museum. It shows a large

medallion in the centre and quarters in the corners, on a field covered with mounted hunters shooting arrows, within a border of winged figures. * It, however, belongs to another subdivision. The "Emperor's Carpet" we illustrate is, beyond comparison, the most excellent of animal hunting carpets of any period. In the course of the ages it has sojourned in Ispahan, Moscow, Vienna, Schönbrunn, and London; last of all—America. May it, at last, find a permanent home!

* Vienna—K.-K. Oesterr. Handelsmuseum. Oriental Carpets. English edition 1892. Pl. xci, xcii. Also, *Les Arts du Tissue*. By Gaston Migeon, p. 353.

A FOREIGN ELEMENT IN VERMEER'S ART

By W. P. GIBSON

EVER since Vermeer's personality emerged from the confusion in which his pictures were ascribed to one contemporary or another, the eminence of his position among the Dutch painters of his day has come to be recognized more and more. But the qualities for which he has been rated above his contemporaries, and around which the interest in him has chiefly centred, are qualities such as colour, the study of light, and the paint itself as such, and for these his contemporaries also might be prized, though to a lesser degree. On the other hand, a quality which is of greater value than these, that of design, which his pictures alone may be said to possess, has been largely passed over in the enthusiasm aroused by his superiority in the qualities which he and his contemporaries share.

To estimate Vermeer for the excellence of his handling of light is to underestimate him, not only because the quality of light is of less importance æsthetically than the quality of design, but because, while Vermeer alone gives us design as far as the quality of light is concerned, there is often very little to choose between him and other painters such as de Hooch. The treatment of light in the de Hooch interior at the National Gallery (834) is as successful as that in Vermeer's "Young Lady at the Virginals," even if de Hooch's paint, especially in the seated figures on the left, appears messy by comparison. But when the massing of the two pictures is compared the real difference between Vermeer and his contemporaries becomes evident. In the de Hooch the right-hand half of the picture is too empty to balance the left, and its emptiness is not



National Gallery

YOUNG LADY AT THE VIRGINALS

By Vermeer

A Foreign Element in Vermeer's Art



National Gallery

THE MUSIC LESSON
By Gabriel Metsu

satisfactorily filled by the figure of the servant so strangely haphazard in its relationship to the rest of the design. The group of figures round the table has no structural unity with the other half of the picture, and is, in itself, by no means a satisfactory group. The heads and shoulders of the two men placed at the same level, and of much the same general mass, are irritating, and this effect is emphasized by the strong line made by the lower edge of the map on the wall behind. Indeed, the map breaks into and destroys such rhythm as exists in the flow of lines connecting the figures.

How different the Vermeer! Here no object is introduced which is not an essential part of the structure; every object is adjusted exactly in relationship to the other masses. The two pictures on the wall, the lid of the harpsichord, and the chair in the foreground form a magnificent curve round and outwards through the picture. Stabilizing this curve, and

related to it through the receding lines of the harpsichord and its lid, are the strong, upright lines of the woman's figure, whose head, placed against the bottom left-hand corner of the larger picture, gives cohesion to the spaces into which the design is broken up. The full effect of the relationship of the verticals of the figure to the curve of the other masses is gained by the placing of the figure in the centre of the canvas. Any loss to the design by its division into two equal halves is prevented by the strongly-felt vertical lines of the window on the left, and these are unified with the rest by the diagonal line of the shadow cast from them and the feeling of the light streaming in through them on to the objects in the room. The woman's figure is further connected with the curve of the other masses by the echo in it of the blue in the picture on the left, the lid of the harpsichord, and the chair; and this rhythm is carried on from the chair to the tiles of the floor. Every object in the painting is the part of one rhythmic unity. The picture



National Gallery

THE DUET
By Gabriel Metsu

is well spaced, and the objects fall into large, simple masses, which can be felt as a beautiful design at a distance which excludes any discernment of detail.

Vermeer's contemporaries, on the other hand, with their interest lying chiefly in the telling of a story, have to rely on a more detailed examination for their pictures to be appreciated. Looked at from the point of view of the spacing of the masses, Metsu's "Music Lesson" (National Gallery, No. 839) is a mere jumble, and even in a picture such as the "Old Woman Asleep" (Hertford House, No. 242), where there is some feeling for the relationship of objects in the arrangement of the figures, the dish, the pail on the ground, and the cloth hanging from the table, the bottom corners of the canvas are not well worked out, and the details in the background, now happily scarcely discernible, bear no connection with the foreground. A sense of design is evident, but the design is not the prime motive of the picture.

Similarly, in the "Duet" (National Gallery, No. 838) Metsu has arranged the pyramid formed by the table and violoncello, the two figures and the dog, with a nice enough sense of their formal values. The picture in the background is built up in structural unity with these, and the centre of the picture has cohesion and architectonic value. But when the picture is regarded as a whole the effect of the central pyramid is ruined by the masses of the window and curtain on the left and the mantelpiece on the right, with their vertical lines cutting off almost equal strips of canvas to right and left. How Vermeer makes use of a somewhat similar arrangement as the woman and the table in building up a picture is shown

in the "Lady Seated at the Virginals" (National Gallery, No. 2568).

A Metsu in which certain of the masses are more similar to the latter is No. 240 at Hertford House, and may prove more useful to be compared with it. Here there is a similar arrangement of curtain and violoncello, and these are related to the lady writing at the table in much the same way that those in Vermeer's picture are related to the lady playing the virginals. The difference between the two painters is illustrated by the difference in their treatment of

these similar arrangements. Metsu's curtain is thrown into unnecessary and insignificant folds, while Vermeer's is simply draped over the corner of the canvas; his table is shapeless, and lacks substance when compared to the virginals so solidly conceived with their strong lines and well-marked receding plane contrasting with that of the curtain; and the shape and planes of the figure are not felt in relation to the shape and planes of the other objects as they are felt in the Vermeer.

Like Metsu, the other Dutch painters also show this feeling for structural unity to a varying degree. It is never felt, however, as

the predominant interest, but only as subordinate to the story to be told. Thus there is a sense of design in Maes' "Idle Servant" (National Gallery, No. 207) and Jan Steen's "Harpsichord Lesson" (Hertford House, No. 124); but no painter to whom the picture meant the pattern of the picture would have arranged those dishes like that in the foreground as Maes does, or been satisfied, like Jan Steen, with that half-curtained picture to carry on the lines of his standing figure.

Terborch alone among the other Dutch painters of interiors comes in a few of his



National Gallery

LADY SEATED AT THE VIRGINALS

By Vermeer

A Foreign Element in Vermeer's Art

pictures near to Vermeer in his preference of the design to the literary content. Indeed, the "Lady Reading" (Hertford House, No. 236) is so tightly squeezed between the screen behind her, the table at which she is seated, and the basket at her side that no story short of a miracle could account for her getting there. In this picture, as in those of Vermeer, the interest is at once taken up by the design; there is a definite feeling of structure in the placing of the seated figure, the basket, table, cloth, and screen, and by the echo in the bed curtains of the pyramid formed by these masses. In this picture, as in all pictures conceived for their structure, no object is introduced but for its importance as a part of the pattern.

It is interesting to note the difference in the last respect between this picture and the Metsu in the same collection. The fading of the details in the background of the latter is a gain to the picture regarded purely as a design, while the fading of the bed curtains in the background of the Terborch is a definite loss to the pattern, and it is only by making them out by careful examination and memorizing their relationship to the rest of the design that the picture can be appreciated at its true value. In the one, many of the details play no part in the design, indeed, the design is the better without them; in the other the loss of the least detail is the loss of a vital part of the picture, and by its loss the whole organic structure is maimed.

There are other pictures in which Terborch shows this interest in formal relationships for their own sake: perhaps as striking an instance as any is the "Duet" at Berlin, with its extremely

simple masses, and a feeling for plasticity in the foreground figure, and the harpsichord, which equals that of Vermeer. But Terborch was often content, as Vermeer never was, to paint the literary pictures in which his other contemporaries indulged, and it is only very rarely that this interest in objects for their form and the significance of their inter-relationship occurs in his work. When it does, one finds the same economy of detail, the same reduction in

the number of figures, from the multitude which fill a Teniers' interior to the one or two at most which Vermeer introduced into his pictures, and which take their interest, not from anything which they are doing, but from their relationship as form to the other forms of the design.

The Dutch interior painters of the seventeenth century were too competent craftsmen to put their pictures together haphazard; but although the part played by the design varies in its importance as in the instances given, their interest, with the exception of Vermeer, is illustrative, not formal. Terborch occasionally approaches Vermeer in the feeling for pattern; but it is not in seventeenth-century Holland but in

eighteenth-century France that we have to look to find a painter with a similar object in view, and making a similar use of the figures he introduces.

In many ways Chardin makes it easier to understand Vermeer and the difference of interest which separates him from his contemporaries in Holland. Chardin pushed his research into formal relationships farther than Vermeer ever did. As was natural in an artist primarily interested in such a study, Chardin began by working on still-life. When



Wallace Collection

LADY READING
By Gerard Terborch

latterly he introduced figures into his paintings these figures are felt, not as a painter of the figure for its own peculiar emotional value would have felt them, but solely for their formal values as objects in one of his still-life studies. The boy in the "Château de Cartes" (National Gallery, No. 4078), for instance, is felt as one of the masses of the structure just as the table or the cards he plays with. In such a picture as this Chardin dispenses with the attraction of light and sensuous colour which is always found in Vermeer's work, and which is apt to draw the attention away from his chief claim to importance. For this reason it is easier to understand Chardin's place in painting and his affinity to such a painter of the present day as Bracques.

When the "Château de Cartes" or the "Lesson" (National Gallery, No. 4077) is compared with one of Bracques' still-life studies, the similarity of outlook is easily apparent in the severity of the colours and the intellectual working-out of the design in a few simple masses. Chardin, on the other hand, also painted pictures, such as "La Fontaine" (National Gallery, No. 1664), which are in close affinity to those of Vermeer in their charm of colour and light. But the relationship of these in their underlying interest in the design to Chardin's severer pictures is made easier to understand by such an intermediate as his still-life in the National Gallery. Chardin thus links up the extreme instance in Bracques of an interest in formal relationships stripped of all other appeal and, consequently, more easily grasped, with the instance in Vermeer of a primary interest in structure to some extent disguised by the appeal of light and colour.

By sometimes discarding such accessory attractions Chardin avoided to a large extent the danger of his work being studied for nothing deeper. Vermeer never disregarded them and, in consequence, has suffered very largely. But if he is approached, not through his contemporary fellow-countrymen, but by his obvious similarity to the more sensuously attractive works of Chardin through Chardin in his severer moments and Bracques, his real significance becomes apparent, and his position in the history of painting is seen to be not that of, perhaps, the most distinguished of the group of illustrative painters working in Holland in the seventeenth century, but one in many respects unique, and related rather to French logic than to anything in Holland.

In his research into the relationship of pure form Bracques disregards the claim of any other appeal in his pictures. Vermeer was content to unite this interest with the appeal of light and colour, in the manipulation of both of which he was a master. Chardin approached the attitude now of one, now of the other. But for these differences the three painters are closely connected, and it is when studied in this connection that the significance of such pictures as the Dresden Vermeer, with its spaciousness and the large, simple masses of the curtain and figure equal in their feeling for

monumental grandeur, becomes apparent. It is in this connection that Vermeer stands out, not as a distinguished artist among his equals, but as the one artist who has united the highest qualities of the Dutch seventeenth-century school of painting in their perfection to something of that chastity of design and intellectual severity which is the underlying tendency of the best French art.



National Gallery

LE CHÂTEAU DE CARTES

By Chardin



THE CAPITOL AT ROME
By Canaletto

By the courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler

"THE CAPITOL AT ROME," BY CANALETTO

By HILDA F. FINBERG

AN interesting example of Canaletto's later manner has recently come to light, and is reproduced in this issue. It is a view of the Capitol at Rome, painted in London in 1755. Although the composition is somewhat formal, the colouring is fresh and pleasing, the handling is vigorous and masterly, and the picture is in a fine state of preservation. It is painted in oil on canvas, 20½ in. by 24⅛ in., or about 52 by 61 cm.

Canaletto (Antonio Canal) visited Rome for

the only time, so far as is known, about the year 1720. He stayed there long enough to make a number of sketches of the city. Whether he produced any oil-paintings while he was there is uncertain, but most of his important pictures of Roman monuments were painted from his sketches many years later. Those at Windsor Castle, for instance, were painted for Consul Joseph Smith in Venice in 1742, so there is nothing extraordinary in his having produced, towards the end of his stay

in London, a view of Rome at the request of another English patron.

The view shown is that of the Square of the Capitol (*Piazza del Campidoglio*), designed by Michelangelo, with the staircase leading up to it. In the centre of the *Piazza* is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The building on the left is the *Museo Capitolino*, containing the collection of antique statuary; that facing the staircase is the *Palazzo del Senatore*, while that on the right is the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, now used as a town hall. At the foot of the staircase, on either side, are fountains surmounted by Egyptian lions in marble, while at the head of the steps, at the angles of the balustrades, are the antique colossal statues of "Castor" and "Pollux" standing beside their horses. Next to these, on the right and left, are the marble sculptures misnamed "Trophies of Marius," while at the extreme right of the balustrade is the column known as the *Milliarium*, or milestone, which is supposed to have marked the first mile on the Appian Way.

It is interesting to compare with this picture Piranesi's view of "The Capitol and the Steps of S. Maria Aracoeli" (No. 38 in Professor A. M. Hind's catalogue of the *Vedute di Roma*), done in 1757. Although the view is similar, there are many points of difference. Piranesi appears to have exaggerated the length of the central staircase, while in Canaletto's picture the curved balustrade of the steps on the right of the staircase appears to be longer than that seen in Piranesi's etching. Piranesi shows a coach accomplishing a somewhat perilous ascent of the steps on the right, while Canaletto, who also introduces a coach, places it on safer ground. Canaletto does not show the church of S. Maria in Aracoeli on the left of the Capitol, nor the steps leading to it, but he has completed his picture by painting a curved balustrade on the left (which does not exist in Piranesi's view) to match the one on the right.

On the back of the Canaletto, attached to the stretcher, is the remnant of an old label with some writing on it. Unfortunately the label has been so much torn that only the following words remain: "The Capitol. Behind this picture on the original canvass is the following inscription by Canaletto. '*Fatto nel an . . . gni ma . . . gior atten . . . Cavaliere . . . Antonio C . . .*' It was . . . 1850, so . . ."

Before the label was torn this probably

read as follows: "*Fatto nel anno 1755 in Londra con ogni maggior attenzione ad istanza del Signior Cavaliere Hollis padrone mio stimatiss^o Antonio Canal detto il Canaletto.* It was necessary to new-line the picture in 1850, so the inscription is hid. John Disney, 1850."

We are able to complete it thus because similar labels exist, fortunately in their entirety, on Canaletto's pictures of "The Interior of the Rotunda at Ranelagh" in the National Gallery, London, and "Old Walton Bridge" in the Dulwich Gallery, with the difference that the date on these two pictures is 1754. They were painted for Thomas Hollis of Corscombe, Dorsetshire, connoisseur, traveller, and politician, and great-nephew of Thomas Hollis (the generous benefactor to Harvard College) whose property he had inherited.

Hollis, who was acquainted with Consul Smith of Venice, looked through Canaletto's sketches, and chose altogether six subjects of which he commissioned paintings. Besides "Ranelagh," "Walton Bridge," and "The Capitol," there were views of "Westminster during the Building of the Bridge," and "St. Paul's Cathedral from the West," neither of which has been traced up to the present, and "The Banqueting House at Whitehall, with the Duke of Richmond's House, the equestrian statue of Charles I, and Holbein's Gateway" (a *capriccio*), which is now in an American collection. It was, no doubt, at his patron's request that Canaletto added inscriptions on the backs of the canvases stating clearly by whom, for whom, when, and where his pictures were painted.

Thomas Hollis died in 1774, and bequeathed most of his property, including pictures, to his friend Thomas Brand, in consideration of which bequest Brand added the surname of Hollis to his own. Thomas Brand-Hollis, on his death in 1804, left his property and pictures, including those received from Hollis, to his friend the Rev. John Disney. When the latter died in 1816, Canaletto's paintings descended to his son, John Disney, barrister-at-law and antiquary, and while they were in his possession it became necessary to have them re-lined. The estimable Disney, therefore, made careful copies on pieces of paper of the inscriptions in Canaletto's handwriting which he found on the backs of the canvases, and after the pictures had been

"The Capitol at Rome," by Canaletto

restored he attached these copies to the stretchers in the year 1850.

Seven years later Disney died and left the pictures to his son, Edgar Disney. The latter died in 1881, and in 1884 his widow sold her collection at Christie's. Nine pictures by Canaletto were included in this sale as the property of Mrs. Disney, six of them being those commissioned by Hollis. Of the remaining three, one was a view of Milan and the others were views of Rome. One of the latter, "The Forum, with Figures," reappeared at Christie's in December last year, when it was sold as the property of F. A. White, Esq. Although described then as by "B. Canaletto," there is no doubt that it was painted by Antonio Canal, but it belongs to his middle period, and is similar in manner to his views of Rome painted for Consul Smith.

The views of "Westminster," "Ranelagh," "Walton Bridge," and "St. Paul's" were described in Mrs. Disney's catalogue as having been "painted in 1754," while "The Capitol at Rome" was said to be "painted in 1755." Referring to this last picture in "The Walpole Society," vol. ix, 1921, I wrote: "If it were certainly known that this picture also bore a copy by John Disney of an original inscription, stating that it was painted for Thomas Hollis in 1755, it would go far to prove that Canaletto

was still in London in that year." Since this was written, independent proof of his being in London in 1755 has been forthcoming: it has been found that a similar inscription exists on the back of a picture painted by him for another patron in London in 1755.

Disney's copy of the inscription is on the "View of the Capitol," as we have seen, but, unfortunately, the essential part—the date—is no longer legible. On the evidence of Christie's catalogue we may safely assume, however, that 1755 was the year when the picture was painted. It was purchased at Mrs. Disney's sale for £77 14s. by "Lesser," probably a dealer. The following year, 1885, we find in the Friesen Sale at Cologne that No. 28 was a "View of the Capitol, Rome, with the steps in the foreground, painted 1755 in London by Canaletto, canvas 52 by 61 cm." (Dr. Thomas Ashby and Mr. W. G. Constable in "The Burlington Magazine," May 1925, "Canaletto and Bellotto in Rome.") Judging by a reproduction of this picture in the catalogue of the Friesen Sale, it appears evident that the picture at Cologne in 1885 and the "Hollis" picture are the same. Its subsequent history is somewhat obscure. It was in Rome (probably for the first time!) in February, 1890. It was afterwards in Paris, where it was recently purchased and brought back to London.

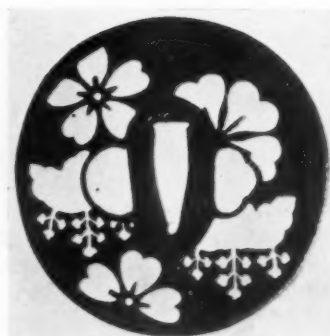
JAPANESE MARTIAL RELICS

By W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

IN the later years of the eighteenth century there lived at Osaka one Inaba Michitatsu, a dealer in swords. It is easy to conceive young men-at-arms swaggering into his shop and being very deferential to him. For in those times nearly every *samurai*, or member of the military class, took an interest in the decorative fittings of his weapons. He might want to know whether the adornments on a dagger, long in the possession of his family, had been chiselled by this or that famous master. And on such questions Michitatsu was a mine of information. In 1781 there appeared his book, "A Treatise on Sword Furniture." And with the fondness he showed here for flowery language, with his refreshing boyish enthusiasm about beautiful things, the

Osaka shopman might well be called the Swinburne of Japan.

No pioneer, however, was Inaba in writing on weapons. In 1729 there had been published "A Single Horseman," by Murai Daiyu Masahiro, his pages giving an account of each separate part of the cavalier's equipment. In 1737 there had been issued "A Study of Arms," by Arai Hakuseki, a noted statesman. Michitatsu, in his "Treatise," expressed admiration for Hakuseki, sneered at, conversely, by Sakakibara Kozan in "The Making of a Mediæval Nobleman's Vassal." This book on blades and armour was brought out in 1800, and Kozan's jibe was that Hakuseki, lacking experience in the actual use of weapons, had offered merely a scholar's



JAPANESE SWORD GUARDS

comments on them. In Japan there are several glorious collections of martial relics, perhaps the best being that in the Military Museum at Kudan, Tokio. What, then, is the record of development unfolded by the things there? What are the main outlines of the story, told in the above-named, and the many other books on weaponcraft in Nippon?

It is with the twelfth century that the definite history of arms begins. During a lengthy time prior to this, Japan knew comparative peace; but in 1156 a vast civil war broke out, raging long, and a wealth of fine things were worn by the men who served. The vizor was an iron mask, simulating a face of great ferocity; the helm was a low-crowned iron cap, sometimes richly sculptured. Plate-mail covered forearms and shins; knees were left unarmoured, presumably to facilitate movement; the corselet was made with a large number of small strips of iron, woven together with cords. In this way, too, were wrought the defences hanging over the loins, with those over the shoulders. Occasionally there hung

over either shoulder-defence an epaulette of iron, sculptured in relief. But armour was not burnished, the countless strips of metal being commonly black. Sometimes the interminable cords which linked them were of a rich colour, like warm blue or deep purple, the black forming a splendid background. Frequently cords of brightest red secured the helm under the chin; and flags were narrow streamers, say six feet in length—a gallant sight.

In the civil war officers carried fans, employed for signalling. Cut from a sheet of iron, the martial fan resembled in some cases a violin, and in others it was circular. The pike was in vogue with footmen, the lance with horsemen, but cavalry besides infantry used the bow. The sword borne by all soldiers of all ranks was a single-edged one, curving backwards slightly, which style of weapon was to remain in fashion till the nineteenth century. In the time of the civil war, the oval or circular handguard, known as the *tsuba*, was usually of copper. And as a rule the *tsuba* was pierced with a series of rectilinear



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Japanese Martial Relics

openings, their object being merely to make the sword lighter in the wielding. Often the blades of arrows were exquisitely sculptured, one variety of arrow being called the *kaburaya*, or turnip-shaped, which missile gave a whirring sound as it flew. The strange title of a book of the thirteenth century which chronicles the long wars of the twelfth, is "Records of Great Peace." And in the superb description here of the fight in 1185 at Danoura, near the modern seaport Shimonoseki, it is told how "the whirring of the *kaburaya* might have been heard far up in the blue vault above, far down in the blue sea below."

With the last shower of singing arrows, the internecine hostilities ended. Marking well how useless was the Mikado's government to deal with the disordered state of the land, the victorious commander, Yoritomo, established a military dictatorship. Himself was its head; his title was Shogun or General. And with this gifted soldier's death, the Shogunate was maintained, the Mikados no longer taking any part in legislation. In the twelfth century high renown was won by Myōchin Munesuke for fabricating suits of mail; in the thirteenth century wide fame was gained by Okazaki Masamunē for forging blades. But as yet there was little or no departure from the style of arms and armour in use in the civil war. In 1348 the office of Shogun became hereditary with the Ashikaga family. There were fifteen dictators of this line, and their seat of judicature was Kyoto. Hitherto there had not been a definite centre with makers and decorators of weapons, whereas now these men tended to congregate at the

Shogunal city. And, indeed, there was only too much demand for martial gear; for the Ashikaga Shoguns were nearly all incapable of preventing the nobles from waging vendettas upon each other. Sieges of castles grew common, and frequently the javelins hurled from the ramparts were beautifully sculptured with floral devices in openwork. Signalling fans were made of the folding shape, with a whole

series of little strips of iron; and often the edge-pieces of these fans were inlaid with dainty studies in silver, of flowers or butterflies. There were occasionally wrought cuirasses of sheet iron, with splendid sculptural decorations in relief. But warriors must have felt that this mail lacked the desirable flexibility of the old species. And it is not surprising to find that the cynic Sakakibara Kozan says that the new breastplates were never worn by true fighters, only by fops.

In the mid-fifteenth century there lived at Kyoto the world-famous painter Kano Masanobu, and the young metal-worker Goto Yujō. He married Kano's daughter, and thus it came about that the

great painter furnished his son-in-law with a large number of designs for chiselling on weapons. In the typical Japanese sword the wooden haft is covered with shark-skin through which project *menuki* or rivets, securing the haft to the tang of the blade. The weapon is fitted with a *kozuka* and a *kōgai*, the former a tiny dagger, and the latter a skewer which served a variety of purposes. In niches, one on either side of the scabbard close to its mouth, these two small articles rest. Goto Yujō was wont to make their handles with



JAPANESE WARRIOR ON HORSEBACK

shakudō, a deep black metal composed of copper and gold. And it was on such handles, as also on the tops of *menuki*, that he chiselled designs in relief. His carvings, said Inaba Michitatsu, are "fair as the weeping willow, swaying gently in the breeze . . . or the exquisite lotus blossom, washed with pearls of dew." Goto died in 1512, at the age of 77; and his doings constitute a landmark in the annals of Japanese weaponcraft. It has been seen that before his day the piercings of the *tsuba* were merely utilitarian. But in Goto's time, and through his raising the criterion with his fellow-workers, they conceived the idea of bestowing on those piercings an ornamental character. Again and again they were given the form of floral devices in openwork. With the advent of embellishment on the guards, they were very seldom made of copper as heretofore, iron being the usual metal employed. And it was just after Goto's time, and partly, no doubt, owing to Kano's participation in the master's exploits, that the sword-decorators became quite distinct

from the sword-makers. The former were henceforth regarded not as artisans but artists.

In 1548 the Portuguese sailor Pinto landed in Nippon. He was soon followed thither by numerous compatriots; and it was Pinto's men who taught the artificers of the Sunrise Land to make muskets. In certain Japanese helmets of this time there is seen Portuguese influence, these helmets being much higher in the crown than those wrought previously. In the early Japanese muskets generally the barrels are damascened with arabesques in

brass, which might be supposed to have been executed by Arab craftsmen themselves. This also was due to the influence of the Portuguese, who were familiar with the stock designs of Near Eastern art through the Moslem conquest of the Iberian peninsula in the eighth century. From muskets to cannon was a normal step, and as the fifteen-hundreds drew to a close, the Japanese made bronze cannon,

with flower studies in relief. Meanwhile, the nobles had grown even more turbulent. In 1573 rule was torn from the last Ashikaga Shogun. And it must have seemed to many people that Nippon would never know respite from baronial strife. But there was living a man of genius, Tokugawa Iyeyasu, who was to bring extraordinary changes.

One morning in 1600, at Sekigahara, not far from Kyoto, two Japanese armies gathered to wage a memorable fray. A glittering panorama they formed, displaying a diversity of accoutrements, in the making of which perfection had gradually been reached in past centuries. The recent introduction of firearms notwith-

standing, the old-fashioned weapons were those chiefly in evidence. There were lances whose shafts were inlaid with mother-of-pearl; there were quivers garnished likewise in that mode; there were scabbards lacquered black or brown, and embellished with gilded reliefs. There were saddles whose wooden frames were lacquered crimson, or green, or black; some were adorned with little paintings in gold; some had inlays of mother-of-pearl. The like was inlaid in sundry stirrups of wood; there were other stirrups of iron, damascened



A HONDA TADAKATSU IN FIGHTING GEAR

Japanese Martial Relics

with silver; there were saddlecloths painted with gold. The helm of many a warrior had as plume a gilded sculpture—the dragon a favourite theme for this ornament; the armour of some wealthy knights bore damascening in gold. One army was twice the size of the other; but how should the smaller force think to fail, since their commander was Iyeyasu? As evening fell, his clarions sang triumph, and turning to his staff officers, he said: "After a victory, tighten the strings of your helmet."

In 1603 Iyeyasu was named Shogun, the office being made hereditary with his family, the Tokugawa. And it was his brilliant rule which shattered utterly the turbulence of the nobles. Never again would they launch vendettas upon one another, never again would there be a gorgeous display, as at Sekigahara. But every nobleman was still allowed to maintain a band of *samurai*. And each of these always bore two swords. To do this was the exclusive privilege of the military class; the swords were primarily a badge of social rank, whereby the man-at-arms was instantly recognizable as such in the streets. In the bygone eras of disorder, success in commerce had been wellnigh impossible, whereas, with the pacification brought by Iyeyasu's genius, many tradespeople grew rich quickly, and the splendour of their houses became proverbial. Receiving from his overlord a regular salary, the *samurai* had small hope of ever being richer than he was. And though helmets and mail continued to be made, they were only things to be possessed, not worn regularly as in the old days of ceaseless fighting. How then should the warrior hope to flaunt his pride, his alleged superiority to the new class of wealthy tradespeople, unless by having superb fittings on his swords? And thus it came about that it was the epoch of peace, inaugurated by the great Shogun, which saw the art of the sword-decorators flare to apogee.

Iyeyasu had chosen Yedo, nowadays called Tokio, as seat of Shogunal legislation, and that town consequently became the centre with the makers and decorators of arms. On the accession of the Tokugawa, the Goto family were still engaged in weaponcraft. And of Goto Tokujo, who died in 1631, Inaba Michitatsu declares that his carvings "evoke a memory of white sails, diapering the broad

bosom of the sea." Of his own contemporary, Goto Keijo, the enthusiastic sword-historian says that his chisellings "resemble a light shower sweeping over the green hills, or a soft haze lingering over a clear lake." If these comments sound extravagant, it must be borne in mind that in the Tokugawa period the art of the sword-decorators became essentially pictorial. The openwork guards by no means went out of favour, but a legion of others were made in plate form. Alike on these *tsuba* and on other fittings, the prevalent style of ornamentation was relief, the raised parts being of a metal different from that forming the ground. And occasionally the raised parts in a single work were of several metals, exquisite colour-schemes being thus achieved. While floral devices remained popular, numerous artists carved studies of fans or masks, animals or people, in either case sometimes with landscape setting. And still other men wrought landscapes, in which distance or moonlight was suggested.

In the *tsuba* of the Tokugawa period there are nearly always two little apertures, one on either side of the space for the blade. These apertures made it possible for the *kozuka* and the *kōgai*, resting in their niches by the scabbard's mouth, to be drawn without troubling to draw the sword itself. No longer content with embellishing the *tsuba* and *menuki*, the *kōgai* and *kozuka* artists adorned also the metal top of the hilt, likewise the various small metal fittings of the scabbard. Many guards and other furnishings were still made of iron; many were made with the deep black medium *shakudō*; and there dawned great fondness for *shibuichi*, a dove-grey amalgam of copper and silver. There are guards and other things made of *shibuichi*, the reliefs being of *shakudō*, and the grey metal was often used for the inlays in relief. Gold and silver, brass and copper were all used for inlaying in the guards of iron or *shakudō*, as also in further items wrought of one or other of those media. And in fact it would require a big volume to specify completely the different combinations of metals employed by the artists for their exploits in polychrome. To seek to describe them adequately would be like trying to describe the hues of sunset.

A sunset these glorious weapons were too, alas! As the nineteenth century sped forward, Japan was rudely reminded that there were

Occidental countries armed with extraordinary machines and curious ways of transporting them overseas. There had lately increased in number, people who regarded the Shoguns as usurpers, the Mikados as true heads of the land. In 1868 the Shogunate was torn down; the Crown was at least nominally restored to its original power, and in 1869 a Parliament was instituted. In 1871 nobles were reft of their old right of maintaining bands of

samurai, and two years later conscription was started. To-day in Tokio the ancient and the modern are curiously juxtaposed. Walking the streets there, suddenly an aeroplane is observed overhead, and khaki-clad soldiers are seen going past, their arms European. But with a plenitude of folk in the teeming city Westernism is virtually unknown. And very many of these true Orientals still cherish, wisely and fondly, the swords of their ancestors.

UNKNOWN PAINTINGS BY SIMONE MARTINI AND HIS FOLLOWERS—II

By RAIMOND VAN MARLE

ALSO to the list of Lippo Memmi's works I have to add an unknown picture. It is a Crucifixion together with the Pietà in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (Fig. I). The composition is dramatic. In the background the Crucified is depicted between an aged follower who looks up at his Master with a sad, almost fierce expression, and St. John, who hides his face in his cloak. In the foreground the body of the Saviour is supported by four holy women, while a fifth looks on in despair.

The type of the old disciple to the left of the Cross is known to us by several other examples in the works



Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

FIG. I. THE CRUCIFIXION

By Lippo Memmi

of Lippo, such, for instance, as the beautiful figure of St. Peter in the Louvre; besides, there are many elements reminiscent of Lippo's little Crucifixion in the Vatican Gallery (No. 28). We notice the same spirit of tragedy which is rather rare in Lippo's painting, and the same slightly rounded forms which is characteristic of a more advanced stage in the artist's activities; this work might, perhaps, be dated from about 1340. We again find the decorative borders which Simone and his direct followers affected.

Of the minor masters belonging to the generation which followed the activity of Simone Martini

Unknown Paintings by Simone Martini and His Followers

and his immediate pupils I have discovered a work by Andrea Vanni.

The panel by this artist is a Madonna in the Museum of Berlin (No. 1710), (Fig. II), where there is another picture of the Virgin by the same master, long since identified as such. Unfortunately, the face of the Madonna in the painting which I now attribute to this master is considerably restored, but the rest of the work leaves little doubt as to the correctness of the attribution and shows us the painter still very much under Simone Martini's



Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin

FIG. II. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD



Print Room, Berlin

FIG. III. THE VIRGIN OF MERCY
Sienese Illumination

influence. Besides the silhouette of the Virgin, the long oval of her face and the very long neck confirm this opinion, and approximate the picture particularly to the Madonna by Andrea Vanni in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, as does also the Coronation of the Virgin, which is depicted above. The appearance of the Child bears more resemblance to that in the Madonna by Andrea in the church of S. Francesco in Siena. From this, consequently, it can be concluded that the panel in the Berlin Museum was executed at an early stage in Andrea's career because, contrary to some of his contemporaries, I think it was chiefly at the beginning of his activity that he was influenced by Simone Martini. The picture in question, then, must have been



Print Room, Berlin

FIG. IV



Print Room, Berlin

FIG. V

SIENESE ILLUMINATIONS

executed before 1380, and perhaps even at a much earlier date.

In looking through the collection of miniatures in the Print Room in Berlin I found a series of illuminations all cut from the same manuscript (Figs. IV and V), which are obviously by the artist who illustrated the most important of the antiphonaries in the Collegiata of San Gimignano. It is very evident that these miniatures were executed under the direct influence of Niccolo di Ser Sozzo Tegliacci, who signed the illumination of the Assumption in the "Caleffa dell' Assunta" in the Archives of Siena, which dates from shortly after 1332; record is made of this artist again between 1357 and his death which took place in 1363. The only other miniature known to me which I believe to be from the same hand is that in the Museum of Cleveland, U.S.A.* representing two angels. Those of the codex in San Gimignano are frequently ascribed to him,†

* W. M. Milliken, *An illuminated miniature by Niccolo di Ser Sozzo Tegliacci*, *Art in America*, 1925, p. 161.

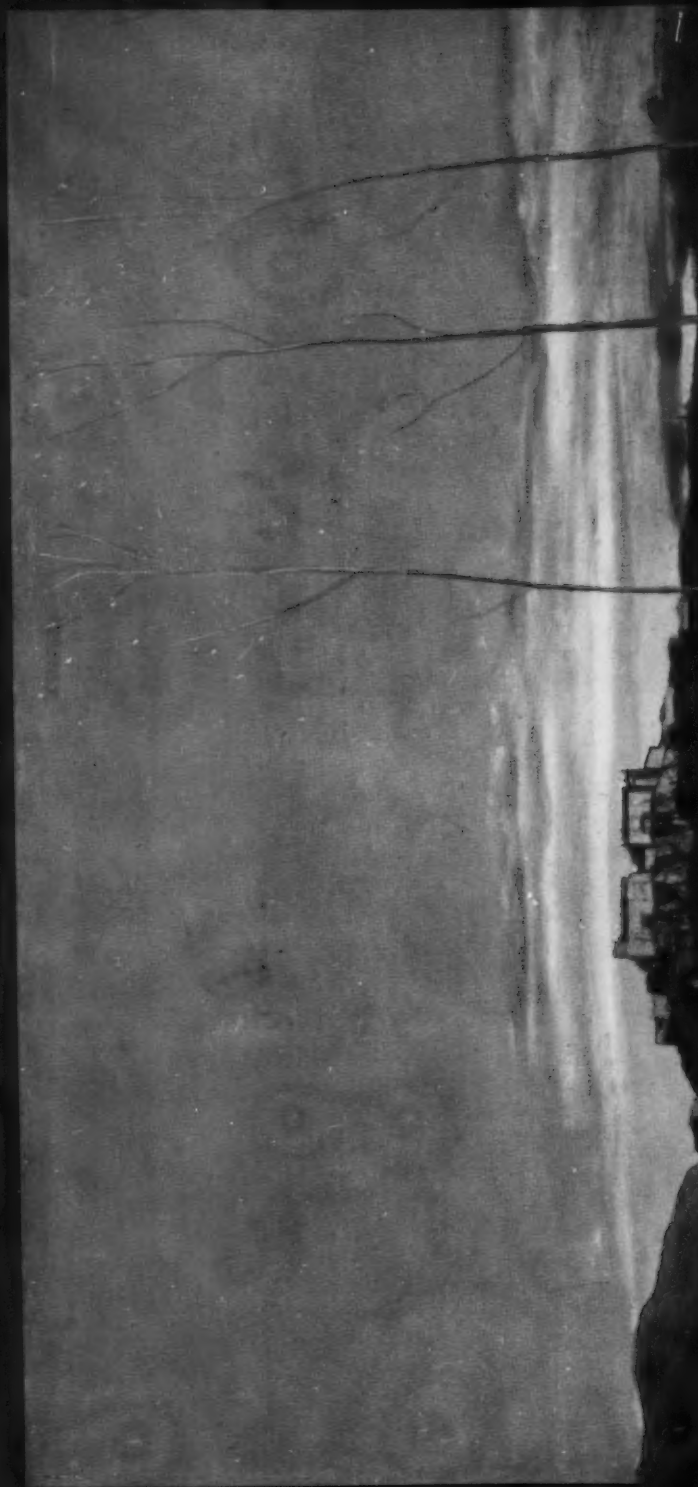
† Recently also by B. Berenson, *Un antiphonaire avec miniatures par Lippo Vanni*, *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1924, p. 257.

but they are rather inferior in quality to the signed work, so that I am of opinion that we are dealing here with the productions of his workshop, as is also the little picture of St. Gimignano, in the Street collection, London; * the miniatures in Berlin, which are by the same artist, must also be considered as productions of Tegliacci's workshop.

They are nine in number: two represent holy bishops (651 and 657), the others the Virgin and Child (652), a young saint holding a banner, no doubt St. Ansanus (653), the Descent of the Holy Ghost (654) (Fig. IV), the Ascension (655), St. Peter between St. Bartholomew and another saint (656), the Madonna of the Misericordia sheltering the faithful under her mantle (657) (Fig. III), and a young man without a nimbus and in a contemporary lay costume (658).

Representations of the Ascension and the Descent of the Holy Ghost figure also among the miniatures in San Gimignano, and the

* I. Vavassour Elder, *Un quadro sconosciuto di Niccolo Tegliacci*, *Rassegna d'Arte Senese*, 1910, p. 16.



Unknown Paintings by Simone Martini and His Followers

compositions show considerable resemblance. Perhaps cut from the same manuscript is a miniature depicting a holy pope who bestows a blessing, as decoration of the letter C, in the Rossiana Library, Vienna, which library has now been united to that of the Vatican.*

* Wickhoff und Dvořák, *Beschreibendes Verzeichnis der Illum. MSS. in Österreich*. H. Tietze, *Die illum. MSS. der Rossiana*, Leipzig, 1911, p. 175, attributed to Central Italy, perhaps Siena, beginning of the fifteenth century, as also the preceding miniature representing the death-bed of a monk

The miniatures in Berlin have another interest; it is that of demonstrating in a manner more evident than those of San Gimignano the connection which exists—and of which I have spoken on several occasions—between the miniatures of Lippo Vanni, by whom we find one series in the Cathedral of Siena and another in the collection of Mr. Walter Berry, Paris,* and those by Tegliacci and his adherents.

* B. Berenson, *op. cit.*

THE MAGNASCO SOCIETY

By R. PACKMAN

TO judge by the fine quality of the work shown at the third exhibition of the Magnasco Society at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, 43 Old Bond Street, it does not look as if the rich vein of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian painting in English private collections were as yet beginning to give out. It is true, none the less, that the selection committee have widened the scope of the exhibition to include much that cannot be called Baroque, whatever meaning one may attach to that word: the splendid "Bacchanal" by Poussin, for instance, or Bernardo Bellotto's inspiring topographical picture of the Ponte Navi at Verona. But no one would feel disposed to quarrel with this liberal interpretation of the Society's functions; in an exhibition of paintings, variety is always a blessing, and when the variety is as skilfully contrived as in the present show it becomes a very positive virtue.

The transition from the conventions of the advanced Renaissance to those of the Baroque is signalized by the presence of a characteristic "Repose on the Flight to Egypt" by Baroccio, and a "Concert" ascribed to Caravaggio; the first is, indeed, almost rococo in sentiment, and looks forward to Pittoni quite as much as it looks back to Correggio, while the second is no less obviously responsible for the various currents in seventeenth-century painting that affect in various ways the sombre shadows of Ribera, the naturalistic costumes of the Chatsworth "Belisarius"—once attributed to Vandyck but now considered Genoese—the violent lighting of the Matteo Stomer, and

even the unabashed oleographic vulgarity of the Rutilio Manetti (who evidently preferred blondes).

The full-blown Baroque is represented by a breezy, nonchalant "Don Quixote" by Magnasco, who here amply justifies his position as patron-saint of the Society, and also by a fluent and accomplished improvisation of Domenico Feti's, the "St. Stephen" at the other end of the room. But, apart from these and the two Poussins to be considered later, the true strength of the exhibition is in its display of Settecentist painting. Here one may watch how Marco Ricci (in the enchanting "Rehearsal of an Opera") and Marcellus Laroon (in the "Levee of the Duke of Buckingham") attack the problem of the small conversation-piece. Here also one may see Guardi and Canaletto in somewhat unfamiliar moods: Guardi in a stormy seascape which recalls the better-known version in the Castello Sforzesco at Milan, and Canaletto forsaking Venice for Rome, not altogether with the happiest results. Tiepolo is absent; but there is a charming sketch for a ceiling composition by Sebastiano Ricci that goes a good long way towards filling the gap, while the highly accomplished and very attractive Pittoni "Holy Family" greatly enlivens the wall dedicated to the Settecento. The centre of this wall is occupied by Amigoni's large portrait-group of Farinelli with Metastasio, Teresa Castellini, the painter himself, and an Austrian Archduke as a page; compared with the tremendous allegorical portrait, also consecrated to Farinelli, in the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, this is a slightly

tame affair, though mild and agreeable in colour and spacious in arrangement. The "Mall in St. James's Park" (c. 1710) by Marco Ricci, which hangs as a pendant to the Bellotto, is by comparison with that tightly packed and highly organized performance a trifle vague and lacking in concentration, but the little figures are charmingly observed and the whole picture is full of tender and delightful brushwork. The remaining pictures are three portraits—an organist by Annibale Carracci, Cardinal Portocarrero by an unknown painter, and a self-portrait by Andrea Soldi;

a fresh little "Landscape with Shepherds," assigned to Salvator Rosa; and a curious, grim sketch by Poussin, the "Creation of Adam," full of the grey, windy dawn before human life appeared on the earth, as chill and forbidding as the "Bacchanal" is warm and seductive. This is beyond doubt the masterpiece of the exhibition, exquisitely subtle in colour and inventive in design, and full of a sober gusto that makes all the other pictures look a little forced, for all their ingenuity; a little crude, for all their sophisticated elegance.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

LIKE migratory birds anxious to accomplish their return journey, the modern, that is to say, the modernist, painters have for the most part abandoned the seaside or Alpine resorts, where I was able to place them in their proper setting last month, in order to take up their winter quarters in Paris, and above all, to satisfy the formality of the "Salon d'Automne." It is indeed nothing more than a formality, and I am not using the word lightly. The fact is, that proceeding from a great plastic movement at the beginning of the century, which revived once, almost miraculously, but once only, the "Salon d'Automne" has now lost a great deal of its powers of attraction. It must be admitted that the "Salon d'Automne," though not dying yet, is breaking from having triumphed too well.

It is universally admitted that in twenty years its directors have produced the only salon with a jury, offering to the judgment of the public a rich selection of contemporary art, of art that conforms to the genius of the century, and is at once its essence and its illustration. At the same time the painters of the "Salon d'Automne," having attained glory, honours, and wealth, have gradually in their turn become official figures. Who knows if the "Institut" will not be tempted to rejuvenate itself, and cause its many abortive reactionary attempts against living art to be forgotten, by electing Henri Matisse with a large majority, should the leader of Fauvism and the chaffing godfather of the rival Cubism be seized with the idea (and this is hardly likely) of standing as a candidate for some chair of the "Académie des Beaux Arts"? Why not? The "Académie Française" has found a place for Paul Valéry after Henri de Régnier.

However, the glories of Fauvism and of Cubism are not yet in the rigid position of academicians. Matisse, still young, somewhat in the position of Renoir at the time of the first manifestations of the "Fauves," presides triumphantly at the autumn fête, but the fête is quiet.

The time is not ripe to hope for the revelation of some violent doctrine, illustrated by works that open passionate

discussions such as formerly made art life appear to us so fine in its passion.

Masters who have barely reached their fifties have grown weary, when they are known to be capable of withstanding the attack of a young generation which is as ardent for battle as they were in their youth. No doubt André Derain, Picasso himself, who no longer exhibits, and Dufy would gladly reclaim their portion of wall-space if, mixed with the young and less respectful, they could hope to win prudent and interested respect, whether or not it be with design or indifference.

In 1926, when the number of genuinely gifted painters, who come from all the quarters of the world to submit themselves to the order of modern French painting, is so great that one ought to rejoice at such an efflorescence of taste, our pleasure is abated in recognizing that too often we are in the presence of nothing but an exploitation, evidently very sincere and ardent, of the discoveries of the beginning of this century.

Who dazzled us with novelty during the past season? Not a young man overthrowing the idols, but Picasso, whose Luciferian inventions still continue to disconcert those who, without always admitting it, know that they have been enriched by him.

However that may be, to have ten artists of the first order and six thousand disciples of quality is not bad for an "age of transition." Artistic life is never dull in Paris. One is always assured of excellent subjects for discussion, if one is inclined to be agitated by the politics of art.

The situation which I have endeavoured to epitomize presses once again, in a more positive manner than ever, the question whether it is not manifestly urgent to reunite all the groups that accept the control of a selecting committee; in short, whether it would not be advisable to bring together all the different salons into a single one—the Salon—as in the days when Diderot exalted Greuze, or when M. Nieuwerkerke expelled Manet and repulsed Cézanne in the name of the æsthetic that was acceptable to the bureaux of Napoleon III.

Letter from Paris

An agreement would not be impossible. The unfortunate candidates for the Prix de Rome, not a single one of whom has made his name triumphant for the last fifty years, in spite of what an exalted pensioner of the Villa Medici recently wrote in the "Illustration," would be delighted to allow themselves to be driven to the profitable Left, economizing that almost civic courage which these children of the bourgeoisie require to break with official institutions and their education. Having always held that their audacities only further the recognition of true classicism beyond the academic immobilities, the masters of so-called independent art would be glad to possess a fair eclecticism which the pedants of the Right alone lack. The only debatable question would be that of awards. That would not last long; it would be too amusing to think of Picasso or Derain as being *hors-concours*, or of Utrillo receiving a *médaille d'honneur*, in spite of the pleasure it would afford to poor Utrillo, that painter of genius and simple soul, who amuses himself on Sundays with a railway bought at the "Paradis des Enfants."

A single official salon, and of course the broadly open fair of the *Indépendants*—that is perhaps what we are coming to, and with rapid strides.

Let us wait patiently. Meanwhile we have, besides the present "Salon d'Automne"—where, strange to say, the school of Dunoyer de Segonzac seems to preponderate, though it in no way represents the universal spirit of modern art (in this way certain abstentions may give a false aspect to a salon)—the reopening one after another of the shop windows in the Rue la Boétie, the Rue Laffitte, and the Rue de Seine. The rise of Kisling manifests itself there as well as his mastery.

Living amongst us for the last twenty years, Kisling has escaped the notice even of M. Georges Potocki, who has undertaken to compile a book on the most glorious sons of Poland in voluntary exile. In his art as well as in his chivalrous conception of duty during the tragic days, Kisling is French; profoundly French, as much so as that admirable Conrad was English.

Always in the vanguard, Kisling has led the life of a painter of good tradition. Looking at his works at a distance, an academist might have mistaken them, to such an extent does Kisling give the impression of application, order, and prudence. Still, among the painters of his age, who appeared after the two generations which upset everything, including even the Impressionists who had considered themselves revolutionaries, very few have given such an entire revelation of personality with such profound introspection. It is Kisling who brings a definite example of that anti-academism, tending towards classicism, and the submission to fundamental principles, and who mocks at that false conception of originality with which so many temperaments have deceived themselves.

For the last year Kisling has never left the hermitage at Sanary on the Riviera where he lives with his young wife and his children, except to go to Marseilles, where friendship provides for him rich and somewhat loud feasts, with those pleasures which Edgar Allan Poe and Balzac, varying their equally epic sense, both called "lioning." Pascal, whom Renoir would have loved and whom the poets cherish for his wealth of invention, and Derain are often present at these fine and healthy orgies.

From the south, Kisling has sent to Paris a number of landscapes, astonishingly variegated in their rigorous organization.

But the most expert dealers, in upholding his new good fortune, never fail to place the highest value on works that are older or more rare, anyway less plentiful; works like the savoury nudes, boldly constructed, which were the first to call attention to Kisling's name, or those heartrending figures, effigies of poverty, that might be called militant, which appear to evoke, beyond their rich, sombre plasticity, a Zangwill who has abandoned Dickens a little more for Dostoevski.

Kisling, this lover of wild pleasures, of frantic diversions, is all sincerity and candour when, in front of his canvas for which he has ground his own colours, he confesses: "A poor and unhappy child makes me sad, and I paint him with the feelings with which he inspires me. A beautiful, nude girl gives me pleasure, the desire to love, to be happy, and I should like the piece of material, the background against which I pose her, to express my joy. And all this is in accordance as the order of life corresponds to the order of personality. If I had any encouragement it was mainly from the works of the poets, and, poor as I was, I eagerly bought the first books of the poets of my generation."

What refreshing language, after so many "polytechnical" digressions of intelligent, but unnecessarily austere, painters, who were never real creators! When Kisling utters his song of life, let us remember Picasso. At the time when he flung Cubism to the world, and tried to escape serious consultations, a disciple, ready to disown him, asked him what the cubist law would do with feet. Picasso replied: "There are no feet in Nature." This young Goethe of painting preferred a student's farce to the pedantism of an under-master. It is to Kisling's landscapes that the greatest attention of art lovers is now directed, because at the moment they are so numerous, and because each one is such a well-ordered *féerie* according to the science that endeavours to be discreet. One hears remarks such as: "Will Kisling be the Utrillo of the season?" "Kisling will represent the value of the future." Yet he has nothing whatever in common with Utrillo.

A permanent exhibition has been opened in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées without even waiting for the end of the holiday season. This theatre itself is a work of art. And a very modern work of art too, which M. Gabriel Astruc had the rare courage to erect according to the plans of the brothers Perret (to whom we also owe the cement of the Church of Raincy) fifteen years before the victorious Exhibition of Decorative Art, at a time when public taste still protested against innovations of this sort. Time has passed, and it seems that the saying of the draughtsman J. L. Forain is a great deal older. He called the theatre of Astruc and of the Perrets, so pure in line, so free from prettiness, "the Zeppelin of the Champs Elysées." It is true that in May of 1914 William II, whose plans were upset by the war, gave the order to a very official French architect to design a railway station in the style of Louis XVI (!) to replace Friedrichstrasse! It seems like a dream, but one can talk of an improvement in public taste, after it had been held up for so many years.

As for the theatre of the Champs Elysées, which added to its bad reputation by offering hospitality to Wagner companies, it used to have its picture gallery on the eighth floor, where a lift deposited art lovers and critics in American fashion. To-day this gallery has become the "Studio," an interesting experimental theatre where M. Demasy's "Cavalière Elsa," after Pierre MacOrlan's novel, was

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produced and will be revived to-morrow. Where, then, are the painters to be housed, under the direction of M. Rolf de Mare, who introduced Josephine Baker and the "Charleston" to Paris? On the truly imposing staircase, and it is called the "Salon de l'Escalier." This is already the second exhibition. It is collective, and its interest lies in expectation; but we are promised revelations.

Besides, there is no lack of the unexpected, the odd, or the picturesque in Paris. If these were neglected, M. Jan Slivinsky would have seen to it in that shop of Empire green at the cross-roads of the Croix Rouge with the sign of "Sacre du Printemps," which has become the meeting-place of musicians, poets, and painters. This veritable "essayist" has opened the season, not without noise, with an exhibition supported by auditions, and devoted to the "Renaissance" of religious art. Nothing like it has been seen since the somewhat extravagant attempts of that heir of the Rose-Croix, the late Sar Péladan. Here is a cosmopolitan group of artists declaring war on that commercial art called the art of Saint Sulpice from the district which supplies those villainous plaster figures, painted with the most insipid colours.

The restoration of the liberated provinces after the war occasioned some isolated experiments. The painter Dussouchy turned architect and woodcarver in order to provide some villages in the north with altars having rather more value than that of a pious intention. Maurice Desvallières and Maurice Denis, both famous Catholics devoted to mystic art, enriched humble churches as well as cathedrals. And now there appears this body claiming to "purify" the places of worship, and imposing itself with a new outburst of propaganda for Dada and for the turbulent (and miscreant!) surrealists. Their poster is a rich programme. It reads thus: "On the occasion of the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi, Installation of the Cyrillic Power of the Rose, for the first time in Paris, and for ever, after seven centuries of abandonment and of gluttony. Spiritual Art, worthy of the High Destiny of the human Soul, and of the American sky-scrapers. . ."

And further: "Attractions! The eccentric vedette, Marie Vassilieff, in her new religious genre."

Marie Vassilieff is very well known in Montparnasse

for her Russian dances. She is a delicate painter and exhibited some genre scenes in which the figures were dolls. She is also rapidly becoming a dressmaker-sculptor of portrait-dolls full of malicious observation. Her masterpieces are "Matisse" and "Stravinsky." After all, this may be the sculpture of the future. The Greeks painted their statues and the Spaniards dressed their Madonnas sumptuously.

As it is impossible to do without music at the sign of the "Sacre du Printemps," M. Slawinsky will produce some very excellent music which was first heard in a humble parish of the diocese of Pau. And there will be the war song of the Brothers of the Rose. Some priests and a prelate seem to have promised their support. But what will Paris say when it is flooded with prospectuses that are distributed by zealous brothers wearing, without the least right, a monk's cowl which they respect?

I think it is to appease Mussolini that our Opera is giving so much Puccini, but the Opéra Comique is realizing with "Pelléas and Mélisande" profits as good as in the far-off days of integral "Debussism." On the comic stage there have only been a few very timid first nights. In the distant "Théâtre des Arts" on the Batignolles, the skilful adaptation which the young writer, M. Pierre Seize, has made of Pierre Benoit's fine novel, "Le Lac Salé," has met with success. The Mormons have been introduced into the dramatic repertory for the first time in Paris. Actually it is a psychological comedy, capable of drawing tears from sensitive hearts, rather than a melodrama. An exotic picturesqueness gives the flavour. The "Théâtre Michel" has produced, in a rather more frivolous style, "L'Homme qui jouait du Banjo," by MM. Viallar and Le Bret, two debutants. Here we find sentimentality introduced into the vaudeville. The authors have been inspired by the originality of M. Alfred Savoir, whose works I have already analysed for you. If M. Savoir does not always succeed in his *tour de force*, his voluntary, obstinate confusions of style are interesting because they underline the imperious necessity of renovating our stage. The future of the theatre will be dark if some violent movement does not emancipate it from its dust. The theatre has prudently, here and there, received a few Fauves. Will it have its Cubism?

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE amalgamation of the Berlin opera houses, which we have always feared, is now in progress. However, it is taking a better form than appeared likely at first. It was obviously impossible for the Ministry to find a man who, like Schillings, was able to take the artistic leadership, and yet be directly responsible to the Ministry in all matters of administration. A different arrangement of office was sought. It was decided to revert to the old plan of appointing a general manager of all the opera houses, which, however, retain their individual independence. Tietjen, hitherto manager of the Municipal Opera, who at the same time enjoys special favour with the Ministry, has now been definitely selected for this post of general manager. His contract with the city expires in two years, but an attempt will be made to

facilitate the transfer of his services to the State at an earlier date. He will then take over the direction of the theatre "Unter den Linden," as well as Kroll's, and there will certainly be an endeavour to include the Municipal Opera in the same concern as early as possible, especially since the *Oberbürgermeister* does not seem to be adverse to such a turn of affairs. Besides this, Tietjen will have the management of the Prussian State theatres at Cassel and Wiesbaden. It will be a position unique in the world in its range, and will bring with it representative requirements of the greatest importance. It is difficult to say at present how far a single man is capable of filling such a post, and how far Tietjen is qualified for it. He evidently has confidence in his strength since he has undertaken it. Berlin knows him as a quiet, uncommunicative worker, who, in

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accord with Walter, has in a short time brought the Municipal Opera to a state of great perfection. So, we may hope for the best.

Each of the opera houses is to have its own director under Tietjen's management. It will take another year before the reconstruction of the opera house "Unter den Linden" is completed. It appears that cracks have now been found in the auditorium, so that the building operations will take longer than had been expected. When the theatre is again available, the director will probably be Ludwig Horth, for many years stage manager and vice-director, who, with his wide knowledge of all questions relating to casts, of all artistic problems and technical requirements, seems destined for the post. The Kroll Theatre, which to-day is still conducted together with the People's Theatre ("Volks-theater"), will be entirely separated, and thus a miscalculation dating from inflation period will be put right again. No less a man than Otto Klemperer has been selected as director for this theatre. The arrangements have just been completed. The musical life of Berlin has been enriched with a powerful personality, and the social interests of this young artist qualify him especially for an institution which, after its separation from the present house, will be entirely devoted to art for the people. We now have four famous conductors in Berlin—Walter, Kleiber, Blech, and Klemperer, and many a capital might well envy us. It remains to be seen what will happen to the Municipal Opera. Perhaps Tietjen will carry Bruno Walter with him in his ascent; in any case he will not desert him, and may lay on his shoulders a still greater responsibility. That is expected of him. It is essentially thanks to Bruno Walter that the Municipal Opera has become a first-class institution of its kind, and nobody is better qualified by his excellence as well as by the favour he enjoys to occupy a leading position in Berlin, indeed in Germany, than this man.

The celebration of his fiftieth birthday gave an opportunity of observing the strength of his power of attraction. On the eve he conducted "Fidelio." It was a renaissance of his great master, Gustav Mahler, whose production of "Fidelio" had in its day been a milestone in the development of the operatic stage. Walter had a cast such as Mahler himself would have wished. Fidelio was taken by Wildbrunn, Florestan by Oestwig, Pizarro by Rode, the Minister by Kipnis, Marzelline by Lotte Schöne, Rocco by Bender, and Jaquino by the young and very talented Gombert. Walter himself directed both orchestra and stage. Like Mahler, he is his own producer. The work revives in a musical rendering that has never been equalled. The orchestra breathes, the singers give their best, and a complete rhythmic and dynamic unity of a most personal form combines the score with the stage. Walter had engaged Alfred Roller of Vienna, who had worked for Mahler, for the decorations. His powerful, spacially organized, earnest, Beethoven-like pictures form the background. Walter even adheres to Mahler's form of presentation, in that he leaves out Rocco's air as being too trivial, and on the other hand introduces the third Leonora overture between the prison scene and the last one. This is the universal custom to-day, but perhaps a later generation will no longer put up with it because the symphonic overture disrupts, and, in a certain sense, compromises the delicate, intimate opera. The public expresses its appreciation clearly enough in the applause with which it greets Walter.

Afterwards, a little birthday party takes place in the theatre, and then it proceeds to the house of the *Oberbürgermeister*, where a banquet is spread for a select musical gathering. At midnight, twelve beats of the gong bring in the birthday. Bösz makes a warm speech of thanks and Walter replies from the depths of his heart. Bösz hands to him the present of the city, a valuable conductor's baton. That is to be the symbol of his connection.

* * * * *

Is art the product and the delight of a few privileged people, or should it belong to the entire population? It is an old question. But the point is, that this old question has been wrongly put. The manifestations of art are not momentary, but form part of a continuous stream. The stream has its source in the progressive artists and art-lovers, and flows into the sea, which is the general public. The source must exist before the mouth can be reached, and it would have no sense without this further development of the stream. The clouds rise up from the sea and the rain supplies the springs afresh. It should be noted that there is a continual trickle of art from the upper to the lower regions. Art is born on high, but in the course of generations its forms sink into the depths. That is the main point. The same is true of religion. Religious manifestations also take place in the realm of a few privileged persons, in order gradually to become public property. Music, once a sacred art, kept in the strictest confinement, has already imperceptibly become the interest and possession of the public. During the Renaissance, art lived by the commissions of Mæcenases, in Holland it penetrated the broader domain of the middle classes, in the period of citizenship it became the pride of the small man, and in our own socialistic days it is already approaching the worker. To-day this happens, at times, very rapidly. In Russia the constructive tendency of modern art is identified with the worker, though it is hard to admit that a working-class public would like stylistic rather than naturalistic art, which lies much closer to it. I speak of the usual arts and of music. In the case of poetry the conditions are quite different. Poetry has essentially a more popular character. The folk-theatres have arrived at such a degree of socialization in the drama as no other form of art can even dream of yet. But there must be progress in art and music too—evolution cannot be stopped.

I am wandering through the courts of the old Palace of Berlin. What old times greet me! The spirit of the Renaissance in all its styles speaks to me of former splendour. Here, in the very heart of the town, it is perfectly quiet. These courts are beautiful, well-ordered in traditional masses, proud in their extravagance. Hidden away in the second court a solitary sign attracts with the words "Deutsche Kunstgemeinschaft" (German Art Union). It consists of two modest rooms, formerly inhabited, perhaps, by some ducal attendant, which are now placed at the disposal of this useful undertaking. It will be remembered that a great assembly of leading personages, with the *Reichskanzler* at the head, were invited to this, the third exhibition of the union, and one must really wish it the best of success. Perhaps the premises are too out of the way to attract general attention, but what is being done there is of the most decisive social importance.

Various attempts have been made to help the distressed artist, and at the same time to assuage the poor public's thirst for art; as for example the loan exhibitions, from

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which pictures that give satisfaction may be borrowed in order to acquire them, perhaps, later. But these were only half-measures. Here, on the other hand, the example of the folk-theatre has been followed in an attempt from the side of the public to build up the art market in the following manner: not only do members receive a regular supply of certain black-and-white works, but they are also able, through the Union, to buy works of art at a price they can afford, or to come to a definite agreement with the artist. This time the greatest problem has been tackled. An endeavour has been made to interest the wider public in the portrait. After all, the portrait only interests the man who orders it, and is not a generally saleable picture. On the other hand, it provides golden practice for the artist and a certainty of income. The Art Union is now trying, by means of an exhibition of portraits with prices, to induce its members to order portraits in oils, water-colours, or etching, instead of the usual photograph, which would be a great advantage to both parties. The exhibition which has been brought together for this purpose reaches the highest level of the day. "Poelzig" by Charlotte Behrend, a man in spectacles by Bato, "Helene Thimig" by Thum, "Mme. Barbakoff" by Willheim; a number of small drawings by Fingesten, amongst them "Schillings" and "Weissmann"; a self-portrait by Dix, portraits of "Bahr," "Krauss" and "Massary" by Orlik, of "Reinhardt" and "Orska" by Kokoschka; self-portraits by Liebermann and Kollwitz; the poets Holz-Jungnickel and Klabund by Buttner, the "Reichskanzler Marx" by Jaekel—these are just a few examples of the variety of styles. Now it remains to be seen how such an experiment will work. The greatest pains have certainly

been taken to put people in the way of obtaining good and cheap works of art.

And what of music? All sorts of thoughts assailed me as I sat once again at a revue in the Kurfürstendamm Theatre. The revue is called "Es geht schon besser" ("It is already better"). The idea is to show that the complaint that Berlin is gayer than it deserves to be is unfounded. The High Court of Justice is led through forty-two amusements in order to be convinced that the wittiest dialogues, the most promising settings, and the nicest music constantly burst forth in new variations. Very good people are taking part in it—Emmy Sturm, Max Adelbert, Harald Paulsen, Charlotte Ander in a thousand transformations. And here one can witness how modern folk-music is born. Nelson has written it. He is a master of rhythm and of the modern dance-tune, and understands so admirably how to rise a couple of degrees above the average of ordinary popular taste that even the artist applauds him. A Paraguayan dance in it is so infectious that the public takes part in it; one sees it in the street, conquering Berlin and the world. However good this may be, is it really the best music for the people? Can it satisfy them? Is everything done for serious music in order to win an equal degree of popularity for it, and counterbalance these successes? It appears to me that there is far less organization in the realm of popular concerts than there is in the theatre, or than is beginning to appear in art. What the folk-theatre is doing is only a modest beginning. If Kroll becomes the Folk Opera, that will be the place to bring about a final juxtaposition of music, including modern music, and of the people, including those who are just rising. No offence, Master Nelson!

BOOK REVIEWS

BIZET, by D. C. PARKER. (Masters of Music Series.) (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. D. C. Parker has destroyed another of our illusions. Bizet has lingered in the minds of many of us, he certainly has in mine, as one of those unfortunate children of genius whose death was hastened, if not caused, by the neglect with which he was treated. "Carmen" is a brilliant and inspired work. It was received without enthusiasm. Bizet died suddenly, if not mysteriously, three months later, in his thirty-eighth year. Put thus, one can hardly refrain from attaching a romantic interpretation to his premature demise. Therefore in the service of truth, let everyone who has ever been stirred by "Carmen" read Mr. Parker's life of the composer and know that Bizet did not die of a broken heart—unless angina can so be described. In matter of fact the mystery is not perfectly resolved, and the doctors disagreed upon the actual cause of death.

It is not, however, his death but his life and works that matter. Mr. Parker has been painstaking about the details of the one and is sanely critical about the other. "French music has much to show which charms and delights; it can claim little that is more charming and delightful than Bizet in his higher manifestations." Such is his final judgment. Mr. Parker's style is uneven, but it has the great quality of being readable, and it is well that our illusions should not be done to death too exquisitely.

H. E. WORTHAM.

FERDINAND HODLER, by C. A. LOOSLI. (Zurich: Rascher & Co. Text small 4to, pp. xiii+271. Portfolios 4 (1 large folio, 3 small folios), plates 463.

Statues have been erected to the memory of great artists, but no greater memorial has ever been devoted to a modern painter than this magnificent publication. Here is a large portfolio with twenty-eight admirable colour reproductions of landscapes, figure-subjects, portraits, nudes, and mural decorations. The other three, not so large, include 157 pictures of 278 drawings from the collections in the art galleries of Geneva, Lausanne, and Basle. They represent the output of the greatest of Swiss artists, Ferdinand Hodler, who, born in 1853, had a distinguished career and died in 1918.

To examine only Hodler's portrait work is to be convinced of his very exceptional talent. There is a half-length of a "Boy Holding a Feather" which has such restful pose and colour that it might easily be mistaken for a mature work, but it was painted when the artist was twenty. There is a "Head of a Spanish Woman," painted in 1912, during Hodler's Spanish visit, that has all the daring of modernist work with more than usual strength and accomplishment, while in his self-portrait of five years later expressionism becomes intense. It never becomes unnatural, however, for Hodler is one of the greatest naturalists who ever painted. The thirty Alpine scenes of mountains and lakes are all inspired transcripts; his tender studies of the forms of trees in flower and leaf are treated

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with a care and detail which are now well Pre-Raphaelite; his earlier studies of children are set in fields with many flowers. His nudes are Nature studies informed by genius into something more than studies, but something less than mere subjects. His great wall compositions are allegories with single or more figures, but however great their psychological significance, they never step aside from natural form, and they are never pictorial.

Hodler's pictorialism is very largely set aside for the special purpose of mural decoration, and his historical compositions have all the qualities of great illustration, with lively vigour and entertaining colour. Occasionally he admits a more realistic method, and places figures against natural backgrounds with striking effect and decorative propriety. In such works he reveals a more rugged method than in his earlier work, and these point to a gathering of strength as against the expression of grace of the earlier works.

In his drawings the telling exactitude of his line is quite wonderful. He always uses a containing line for his contours in them, as well as in his pictures, and no matter whether the work is early or late, this peculiar virtue is always present. He must have drawn, with pencil, charcoal and brush, with great assurance, and his form is always convincing. The merits of his work were vigorously discussed during his lifetime, but their sheer strength is proof enough of their power to impose themselves as one of the main assets of modern European painting. We know sadly too little in England of this exceptionally gifted painter.

BAYERISCHES ROKOKO, by ADOLF FEULNER. (Munich: Kurt Wolff.) Large 4to, pp. 4+140+plates 197+mounted plates 131+pp. 18.

In Germany, during the years of the present century, Baroque and Rococo art has been sedulously studied. Its appreciation there is considerably greater than in any other country. Adolf Feulner, the author of this monumental volume, is the leading authority. He has previously published works on German Baroque, the Baroque sculpture of Munich, and the famous Residenz of that astonishing city, with all its treasures of the style, as well as more than one book on eighteenth-century painting in Germany. The present volume is a model of scholarship, and to the general text is added a bibliography of fifty items, all of them German; an index of artists and another of places.

The dissertation, extending to 140 large, well-printed pages, is divided into sections dealing with the development from Italian to German of the style, the French movement, and Bavarian Rococo from the architectural standpoint. The second half of the text is devoted to painting and sculpture, and an admirable feature of the whole is the insertion in the ample margins, in the first part, of the names of the architects; in the second of subject headings, which give a good lead to the understanding of the general argument.

The 328 illustrations are a revelation of splendour for which the sober statement of the text is hardly a preparation. Both together they dispose of the absurdities that have for so long been unchallenged concerning Rococo and Baroque. The true styles are by no means negligible; it is only when they are intruded into Gothic or classic work that they become objectionable, and yet this is the very thing that has been tolerated for so long by critics and connoisseurs. Rococo in itself is an exhilarating exercise,

and the reproaches of vain display, heedless decoration, and needless ornament seem absurd in view of the sumptuousness of material and opulence of fancy opened out by these copious and absorbingly interesting illustrations. The union of the arts is the primary feature: painting, architecture, and sculpture are made a whole by the co-operation of the employed Rococo artists. Interior after interior reveals the success of this essential co-operation, resulting in essential unity. The fancy and invention displayed find difficulty in their adequate expressions, so pregnant are they, and this leads to what has been regarded as the overloading of the style. The façades of these prepossessing buildings, many of them in Munich, some in the country, are in many cases eminently graceful. The reserve of the new classic is set aside for an ampler manifestation of the exuberance of the later artistic, and in some ways artificial, spirit of the time. Inside and out, however, the Rococo theatre, church, and palace speak eloquently of the joy of life, if losing sight of its sobriety. Even in the most elaborated instances of style the joy of life, rather than intoxication with its consequent obliterations of sense, is abundantly apparent.

When architecture, sculpture, and painting have had their chance, then the maker of furniture, with his own design, or with that of his architect, comes along, and with a sure architectonic instinct adorns the saloons of palaces and the choirs of churches with his productions—carved and inlaid; of wood and metal; and the maker of gorgeous textiles and of choice ceramic wares, and the sculptor of small pieces in bronze and silver, and the goldsmith with his clocks and candelabra, all combining to the one end of exciting and inciting luxury. There are great works in all these directions pictured in these plates, some of them in colour—ceramic pieces, painted ceilings and staircases, portraits and fans—all admirably reproduced. The profuse spirit of the Rococo style is imitated in the profusion of the effort which has gone to the making of this fascinating and handsome volume.

KINETON PARKES.

CARLO GESUALDO, PRINCE OF VENOSA, MUSICIAN AND MURDERER, by CECIL GRAY and PHILIP HESELTINE. (Kegan Paul.) 8s. 6d. net.

BRAHMS, by JEFFREY PULVER. (Masters of Music Series.) (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.

SULLIVAN, by H. SAXE WYNDHAM. (Masters of Music Series.) (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.

Biography is much the fashion nowadays, and nowhere more than in Paris, where every great man's life from Moses to Mozart is being rewritten in the ironical, imaginative, frank, unheroic style of which the secret was discovered by Mr. Lytton Strachey. I have just read Guy de Pourtales' "Vie de Franz Liszt" in the Nouvelle Revue Française collection, and mention it, not as a new book, for it is already in its twenty-fourth edition, but as an admirable example of the way the biography of a great musician can be served up for the modern reader. In literary skill it is in a different class to any of the three biographies at the head of this column.

Neither Mr. Jeffrey Pulver nor Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham has aimed at giving us much more than the facts of their heroes' lives, and of the two Mr. Pulver has done it the more gracefully. But Brahms does not live again in his pages. Behind that not unkindly face and within that small, squat frame there must have been a man of flesh

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and blood, a man of passionate egoism. Only thus can the immortal works be deduced. Mr. Pulver, however, is discreet. If he could have caught a little of M. Guy de Pourtales' freedom he would have held us more. Nevertheless this Life is a painstaking and accurate record which the Brahms lover—and these still exist in considerable numbers—should make a point of keeping on his shelves.

If Brahms is always a dignified and interesting figure, the same cannot be said of Sullivan. Mr. Saxe Wyndham has one or two new things to tell us about the relations of the famous pair of collaborators. He has omitted, however, to say anything of Sullivan's desire to become Succentor of Eton in 1872, which, had it succeeded—and his backers were George Grove and Oscar Browning—might have changed the course of musical history and prevented the Savoy operas from having ever been born.

More ambitious, or perhaps one should say more modern, than either of these is the volume on Carlo Gesualdo in which Mr. Cecil Gray and Mr. Philip Heseltine have collaborated. The Prince's life was marked by one tremendous incident, when the Prince, after spreading his net cunningly, surprised his wife and her lover, the Duke

of Andria, *in flagrante delicto* and murdered them both with every mark of barbarity. Mr. Cecil Gray, who has been responsible for this part of the book, has been at pains to consult contemporary documents dealing with the crime, and he gives us a vivid, and consequently an entertaining, picture of Neapolitan society at the end of the sixteenth century. His chapter on Carlo Gesualdo considered as a murderer, in which he takes his cue from de Quincey's essay on "Murder as a Fine Art," does not escape the same faults of smartness as its original. Still, in Naples they do look on murder with a more dispassionate and æsthetic eye than in most places, and Mr. Gray is right in emphasizing the fact. Mr. Philip Heseltine, at the end of his study of Gesualdo as a musician, gives his collaborator away rather unfairly. In asserting that Gesualdo was a "pure creative artist," and that the prevailing tone of his music was conditioned by his temperament and not by external events, he is making a claim which can be substantiated for no composer who has ever laboured upon this earth. Mr. Heseltine knows his subject. If only he would pontify less with how much more pleasure we should read him.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

A Busy Month.—It has been a busy, a very busy month. Until the middle of October the Promenade Concerts continued to lead us through the masterpieces of the last two centuries. I should say that a plebiscite of Promenade audiences would place Bach, Wagner, Beethoven, Handel as the leading masters in the order I have named—perhaps not an unreasonable choice. Nor is it, I suppose, unreasonable that Promenade audiences should be kinder to performers than to composers. Not a few of the new works were coldly received, whilst a pianist, no matter how dull he may be, is always pressed to play an encore. Singers cannot reckon on such complaisance, and in the stiffening of the public's attitude towards them is the best hope for a revival in the wellnigh defunct art of *bel canto*. The future should bring us a fine crop of singers and howlers. But before the Promenades came to an end we were already in the midst of a full season. The B.B.C. had given us concerts at the Albert and Grotrian Halls; the Queen's Hall orchestra had begun its usual series of Saturday afternoon symphony concerts with an "all - Beethoven programme"—an adumbration of the centenary that is now almost upon us—and we had had the first of a new series of Promenade matinées which have taken the place of the old "ballad" (known for the last one or two seasons as "popular") concerts on alternate Saturdays at the Queen's Hall—another sign of the change in public taste. Then, Sir Landon Ronald and the Albert Hall orchestra at the Palladium on Sunday afternoons are doing what Sir Henry Wood and his men did for so long in Langham Place, and doing it with marked success, whilst Children's Orchestral Concerts have been resumed at the Central Hall on Saturday mornings.

Besides these various symphonic concerts there has been already a prolific harvest of chamber concerts and

recitals. International celebrities have visited us on their way to America, foreign pianists have made their first appearance in London—an intermediate stage towards the celebrity status at which many stick—and young singers their *début* (August and September has been no holiday for them). Our own artists, too, have been delighting us with their "native wood-notes wild," Mr. Harold Samuel showing us how the clavier Bach should be interpreted on a concert-grand, Miss Myra Hess impressing us with the justice of Mozart's belief that "as a rule a woman of genius plays with more expression than a man"; and that distinctively English art-form, the Savoy operas, notwithstanding the irony of critics, has been rousing frantic enthusiasms at Prince's Theatre, enthusiasms which overflowed one afternoon to St. George's, Hanover Square. All this at a time when the coal strike was still dragging on, and when the headlines in the evening papers testified to the depression in Threadneedle Street. Were Taine alive now he would have to revise his epigram: "*Le Français a la conversation, l'Allemand la musique, l'Anglais les affaires.*"

Some Recently - Heard New Works.—But though we have had plenty of music we have not had a great deal that was new, and it is rather an ominous sign that the programmes of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concerts for the coming season do not contain a single new work. This shows a lack of confidence or curiosity on the part of this once august Society—which in its time held out its hand to Beethoven and Wagner—that is discouraging to those who believe in the continuity of art. One cannot live entirely in the past without the danger of extinguishing altogether the sacred fire. The novelties of to-day, or some of them at least, are the classics of to-morrow. Sir Henry Wood and those who control the Promenade Concerts have a fuller sense of responsibility and a keener vision, and though all audiences are disposed "to like

Music of the Month

what they know" as a corollary to "knowing what they like," there has been quite a fair proportion of contemporary music in the Promenade programmes. Naturally it was uneven. A little had originality and imagination; a great deal was commonplace and born to die. But even from the worst one learnt something about the kind of problems, problems of rhythm and counterpoint, with which music in our own time is concerned. And with this knowledge one's appreciation of the classics is widened and deepened. The most fascinating example of a contemporary composer winning a new freedom in these two fields was Mlle. Germaine Tailleferre's Ballade for pianoforte and orchestra. It has the qualities of restraint and economy characteristic of the neo-French school. Though there is a great deal of brilliant writing for the solo instrument, which Mr. Clifford Curzon played with exquisite finish, there is no exploitation either of our emotions or of the piano's sonority. The Ballade is quiet without being subdued, and if it strays into polytonality and atonality—which are fast becoming cant words—it does so in the gentlest and most graceful way. As an instance of the composer's *esprit* one need only refer to the valse-movement in 5-4 time, a brilliant piece of rhythmical legerdemain which actually gave us an original valse, or the suggestion of one. But there is poetry in her music as well as wit, the poetry born of a sensitive ear and a delicate imagination under the control of a rigorous craftsmanship.

Compared with this Ballade, the Paul Hindemith Concerto for Orchestra, which set out to solve very similar questions of texture and rhythm, is primitive and crude. Hindemith deliberately adopts the old form of the *concerto grosso*, though the contrasts between the solo and the ripieno groups of instruments are modified, and succeeds in impressing his own exuberant vitality upon it. But in this work, which is numbered Opus 35, he is harsh without his harshness being justified by any innate strength of ideas, nor have his complicated rhythms the subtle fluidity of Mlle. Tailleferre's. On the whole this "Concerto," as an example of the work of the leading composer of the contemporary German school, was disappointing, and its frigid reception was not undeserved. Two other concertos, as unlike each other as they were unlike the two I have already mentioned, were Gordon Jacob's Viola Concerto and Joseph Marx's so-called "Romantic Concerto" for piano and orchestra. This proved conclusively enough that a contemporary composer cannot be romantic by writing in the idiom of Romanticism, and, if nothing else, was a good reply to those who complain of the asperity of modern music. The only marvel was that any pianist should have laboured to master its treacherous insipidities. Mr. Jacob is a student, I believe, of the Royal College, and his Viola Concerto bears traces of his schooling. It has obvious marks of talent. The solo instrument stands out well, the orchestral colour is vivid without overpowering the viola. But there is a want of individuality at present in Mr. Jacob's style.

Rutland Boughton and Arthur Bliss.—Amongst other new music played at the Promenades was Malipiero's "Il Molino della Morte," a sort of musical shocker. It was an ambitious failure. Though the composer used a large orchestra with the utmost lavishness, he quite failed to convince me that his "Mill of Death" was a terrifying or even impressive affair. Vincent d'Indy's "La Queste de Dieu," also a first

concert performance in England, was another piece of programme music, with the rather dry sincerity that one associates with this disciple of César Franck. If one heard the whole legend of St. Christopher, from which this is an excerpt, one would be in a better position to judge whether the undeniable *justesse* of d'Indy's style is accompanied by the *chaleur* which any compelling art should have. In Mr. Rutland Boughton's new Overture to the "Queen of Cornwall" there is both facility and warmth, but *justesse* is never his strongest quality. I am an admirer of Mr. Boughton's work, and am not disposed to consider his lack of technique as a deadly sin. Plenty of composers have mastered the technical problem of composition; few have Mr. Boughton's vitality. Still, I should have liked to hear this overture in its proper place, for Mr. Boughton, if like Gluck he is an amateur, has also a genius for projective drama into the dimension of music which no other contemporary English composer can claim. Mr. Arthur Bliss, too, the spoilt child of post-war music in England, has conducted a new work at the Promenades, his first "big" work, I understand, to be produced in London since his "Colour" Symphony. It is called an "Introduction and Allegro," and is scored for the very full orchestra in which Mr. Bliss takes pleasure. I was sorry to see some of the old tags in the programme notes about the problems to which the composer had set himself being solved by "sheer musicianship," and not being disposed of "by appeals to the hearer's emotion or by co-auristic blandishments." Composers who have been worth worrying about have usually known their job, or else, like Mussorgsky, they have possessed qualities to which Mr. Bliss can lay no claim. But though Mr. Bliss has in the past been rather an irritating young man, this last work of his gives one the impression that he has outgrown his post-war phase. It consists of unexceptional material well put together. The only fault I should find with its workmanship would be that the rhythms were over-emphasized and so grew tiresome. Compared with Brahms, who preceded him on this occasion, Mr. Bliss is rhythmically a child. But he is no longer an *enfant terrible*.

The B.B.C.—These few rough notes show that the Promenade Concerts help us in London to become better acquainted with the music of our own time. Their survey is of course incomplete, though I have mentioned by no means all of the new works that were performed. Spain, Russia, Holland, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia have been unrepresented. Howard Hanson and Henry Hadley are hardly typical of America, and Dohnányi, delightful composer though he be, has not the raciness of his compatriot Bartók, which reminds me that the B.B.C., early in the month, began its series of chamber concerts at the Grotian Hall (each of which is to be devoted to contemporary music in one country) with a programme of Hungarian music, which included two new string Quartets by Dohnányi and Molnár, a Serenade for two violins and viola by Kodály, and Songs by Kodály and Bartók. Listeners to whom I have asked about their impressions seemed to have enjoyed the Dohnányi and to have disliked the Kodály. They were blasphemous on the question of Bartók's songs. Well, it is better to be in advance of the public one serves, as was the British Broadcasting Company on this occasion, than behind it as, I fear, the Royal Philharmonic Society will be in the forthcoming season which celebrates the centenary of a certain composer whom the Society supported in spite of his modernity.

THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD

By J. F. PORTE

THE criticism of gramophone records will in time create a new branch of musical journalism, for the subject is now of constantly growing importance. The numbers of people who attend first-class concerts are far below the sales figures of first-class gramophone music. Provincial music lovers may partly account for this, although the London sales of a first-class orchestral record may surpass the attendances at two symphony concerts. Hence the need for serious criticism of gramophone records. Speaking generally, it has been found that the orthodox musical critic is not necessarily a good judge of records. He naturally listens to the performance and only faintly attends to the actual recording. Personally, I have found that it may take three years working among gramophone press conditions before one is initiated into the idiosyncrasies of the gramophone record. Two aspects have always to be considered and presented; these are performance and recording. A good performance may impress the musician, but not the expert judge of recording, and *vice versa*. I endeavour to combine both musical and record experience in reviewing gramophone records; but the two aspects have to be considered as a distinct partnership. It is of greatest importance that sufficient time is taken by the reviewer. APOLLO allows this.

Abbreviations: H.M.V.—"His Master's Voice." PAR.—"Parlophone."

Note.—The account of each record is closed by its number.

OPERATIC

H.M.V. Joseph Hislop (tenor) and Apollo Granforte (baritone), with Orchestra: "La Bohème" (Puccini)—*O Mimi, tu più non torni* and "La Forza del Destino" (Verdi)—*Solenne in quest'ora*. Splendid performances, splendidly recorded (DB. 939).

ORCHESTRAL

H.M.V. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates at Queen's Hall, London: "Das Rheingold" (Wagner)—*Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla*. Another concert arrangement, without voices. We have been getting rather a lot of Queen's Hall Wagner, and this is not necessarily good. Mr. Coates is here curiously unimaginative. The "Tristan" prelude was his high-water mark in Wagner interpretations. The present record lacks clarity of detail in recording (D. 1117).

PAR. Berlin State Opera House Orchestra conducted by George Széll: Symphony No. 2, in D (Brahms). A thoughtful, but not distinguished reading. Herr Széll misses the romance of the first movement and inclines to stodginess, which is an old German fault in interpretations of Brahms. There is some nice playing in the slow movement, and in the *Finale* we are given a magnificent performance in which conductor and orchestra rise to considerable heights. The recording is old style and not the best that the company has done (E. 10487-50. Four records).

CONCERTO

PAR. Hedwig Fassbänder, with Orchestra: "Fifth Concerto for Violin, in A" (Mozart). This is one of six short violin *concerti* which Mozart is said to have written for his own study. The form, with *rondo menuetto*, is somewhat unusual. How well the Germans understand

Mozart! Fraulein Fassbänder is a real violinist, and her Mozart playing is a joy. Soloist and orchestra are remarkably well balanced and recorded. I enjoyed these two records as much as anything I have had for the gramophone (E. 10493-94).

CHORAL

H.M.V. Choir of H.M. Chapels Royal conducted by Stanley Roper (Organist and Composer at H.M. Chapels Royal), recorded at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace: "O love that will not let me go" (A. L. Peace), and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (Gauntlett). We need not trouble whether Sullivan has all this time been accused of what Gauntlett composed. This parish church music is not serious, although in this record there is no congregation to make the Christian soldiers dreary. The recording is very good, although the men's voices are sometimes rather overwhelming (E. 435).

PAR. Irmeler Ladies Choir: "Heilige Nacht" (Beethoven), and "Gott Meine Zuversicht" (Schubert). I do not know whether the Beethoven is original; the theme is that of the slow movement of his *Sonata Appassionata*. The Schubert hymn ("In God is my trust") is much more interesting; what heavenly music and beautiful singing! (E. 10497).

INSTRUMENTAL

H.M.V. Marcel Dupré on Queen's Hall Organ in London: "Pièce Héroïque" (César Franck). As I anticipated the Queen's Hall organ records very well. This combination of great organist, fine music, and excellent recording makes one of the best organ records yet issued (D. 1115). Efreim Zimbalist (violin): "Persian Song" (Glinka, arr. Zimbalist) and "Waltz in G flat, Op. 70, No. 1" (Chopin). The Glinka piece can do quite well without M. Zimbalist's decorations, and purists may object to a Chopin waltz on the violin; but the player is by no means the least of the "Celebrity" violinists. The new recording picks up every shade of the violin (DA. 788). Mark Hambourg (pianoforte) at Queen's Hall, London: "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2" (Liszt). Destruction of time values, falsification of rhythms, and eccentric and inartistic use of *rubato* do not make interpretation, but extravagation. The recording is metallic, which is much the fault of the pianist's harsh tone (C. 1276).

VOCAL

H.M.V. Marguerite D'Alvarez (mezzo-soprano): "Homing" (del Riego) and "Do not go, my love" (Hageman). I do not care for Mme. D'Alvarez's interpretation of the Tagore-Hageman song, another reading of which I referred to last month, nor do I like her choice on the reverse side; but she is a glorious singer, and records beautifully (DA. 790).

PAR. Emmy Bettendorf (soprano), with orchestra: "Träume" (Wagner) and "Elégie" (Massenet). This pairing calls for great versatility from a vocalist. Mme. Bettendorf rises to the occasion. In both she moves one as few singers can do. I have much affection for Massenet, although it is a fashion to despise him, and Mme. Bettendorf is here my best ally. Her breath control is exquisite. Listening to both sides of this record after many hours at the gramophone, I am taken away by the art of this Goddess of Song (E. 10495).

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Messrs. Colnaghi's Exhibition of Sixteenth-, Seventeenth-, and Eighteenth-Century Portraits.

There are a number of exceedingly valuable and interesting prints in this exhibition; to mention the, perhaps, most important—a portrait of "Queen Elizabeth" by one of the earliest English engravers, William Rogers, and the first state of Nanteuil's "Louis XIV." In contemplating the miraculously accomplished work of French engravers such as Nanteuil, Drever, Wille, one understands the Oriental's objection to humanly perfect finish which he regards as a kind of presumption—allowing only the works of God to be perfect. These eighteenth-century engravers are almost too skilful, and their work becomes, in the aggregate, cloying. How much more attractive, for example, is the contrast between the decorative borders and the portraits which we find in Goltzius's and Suijderhoef's sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century work compared with the more harmonious, but duller, feigned architecture of Nanteuil's or Wille's. Again, Goltzius's smiling portrait of Henry IV is infinitely more stimulating to the eye than the perfection of Nanteuil's technique in his picture of "Louis XIV." William Rogers's "Queen Elizabeth" cannot—*qua* engraving—hold the candle to later work, but how much more interesting it is as a design. Another little gem is Hendrick Goltzius's small portrait of "Catherine Decker": the elderly lady is seen against a delicately simple landscape background, and the print is further decorated with a Latin verse in beautiful script. The price of this print is four guineas, against seventy guineas for the "Louis XIV." My point in mentioning prices here at all is only to draw attention to the fact that works of considerable æsthetic value are still to be had at moderate prices—even in Bond Street, and this, I believe, was precisely the purpose of this very pleasing and interesting little show.

Wilhelm Kuhnert Memorial Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

All animal lovers will lament the occasion of this exhibition. Wilhelm Kuhnert died on February 11, 1926, in his sixtieth year. It is probably no exaggeration to say that he understood animals both as regards their forms and their environment better than any other animal painter; it is also no exaggeration to state that he could render these things with superlative accuracy, and convincing verisimilitude. His "Bison in the Thicket" and still more, perhaps, "The African Elephant" trumpeting and charging, are full of life and truth; in fact, from the point of view of accuracy it is hardly possible to find fault with any of his works. All that, however, hardly makes him more than a highly-gifted zoological illustrator. There are very few pictures in this memorial exhibition which prove that he was an artist—that he had any love for *the art* of painting, or of etching for that matter, as such. Occasionally, in unfinished sketches, such as "Horn Geese" (No. 4), or "Capercailzie" (No. 48), there is a host of æsthetic pleasure in the arrangement—just as in "Herd of Zebra" (No. 2) the recurrence of black and grey in the treatment of the landscape and the stripes of the animals, or that of blue in the flowers of the landscape and the colour of the sky, gives a heightened æsthetic

satisfaction. But it is evident that the painter placed much more value in his pictures as "imitations of Nature" than on his paintings as works of art. There is a distinct place for this kind of art: it is in itself extremely valuable, but its place is rather in the Natural History Museum than in a gallery of art—or so it seems to me.

Fine Art Society: Freda and St. Clair Marston Exhibition.

As the works of these two artists are shown together, and the difference in outlook is not obvious, and there is no indication of identity in the catalogue, one can only select those pictures which appear to have some outstanding merit, irrespective of authorship. The general effect of this exhibition is pleasant, if somewhat pale and unemphatic: the oil-paintings, for instance, hardly stand out from the water-colours. Most of the latter are what is called efficient, but those which contained trees silhouetted against the sky, such as (1) "The Teschia, below Assisi"; (15) "Alpine Valley, near Modane"; (44) "River Wall"; (52) "Albenga"; and (55) "Sundown, behind the Carrara Mountains," went beyond a topographical interest—they are consequently delightful, and I believe, but cannot be positive, all by St. Clair Marston.

Contemporary English Water-colours at the St. George's Gallery.

It may be a matter of opinion, but it seems to me, at all events, that artists should not during their lifetime themselves exhibit work which is not complete. It may be very interesting to look "behind the scenes," as it were, and examine a "working drawing," but such drawings, colour notes, etc., should not be included in an exhibition unless there is a very special cause. I am reminded of this because in this exhibition there are manifestly "unfinished" sketches, and in one case they even bear the artist's pencil notes. When he is a Holbein or a Turner—that is to say, at least dead—such things may become worth treasuring; meantime it seems only another case of bad manners.

This exhibition is not quite so choice as the first one. There are many good names, such as Charles Cundall, Randolph Schwabe, Muirhead Bone, Philip Connard, James McBey, Frank Dobson, Frederick Porter, but none of their work here has any very special quality to commend it. There are some excellent water-colours, nevertheless. Norman Jones's "Place St. Sauveur, Caen" contrasts favourably with the McBey water-colour, by reason of its clear-cut design and clean method. W. Ratcliffe's "Watergate, Cornwall," and "Cottages at Watergate, Cornwall," are very good, but the former, it seems to me, would be improved if the trees had a little more contrast, and if the homogeneity of the latter were not disturbed by the smooth wash in the left-hand corner of the design. Allan McNab has two equally excellent drawings: "Amalfi" and "London from St. Paul's." "Amalfi" was marked with the red seal denoting its sale; it would be interesting to know whether in this case the curvilinear composition, turning in upon itself, gave more satisfaction than the vanishing zigzag composition of the former—because, apart from this difference, they seemed to me both equally excellent. Other pictures worth mentioning are Pauline Konody's vigorous "Harvest" and "Summer Mist"; Roger Fry's

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"Morcoba Park, Madrid"; P. H. Jowett's "Yorkshire Farm"; John Nash's "Houses by the Lock, Bath"; the latter a very pleasant work, attractive in design and colour, but the white on the tree in the centre disturbs the rhythm of an otherwise ingratiating design. Allinson's "Village of Lake Lugano," though nine-tenths of it is pastel, also attracts, as does C. C. Webb's Ethelbert White-like "Building the Rick." Those who are out of sympathy with the "modern" manner should look at Michael Sevier's "Lenno"; it will convert them; it is so very pleasant to look at. David Jones, however, is a "modern" whose aims are really difficult to understand. Edward Bawden's name is new to me—his "Moonlight, Black Notley," and especially "The Promenade," have distinct character.

Colour Woodcuts at the Bromhead Art Gallery and the Macrae Galleries.

Comparison between these two exhibitions of woodcuts printed in colour offers some food for thought. Though it is not wise to generalize too much, it is, I think, broadly true that the Continental woodcutters at the Bromhead Gallery have a much greater technical knowledge of their craft than the English at the Macrae Gallery—always excepting such men as Allen Seaby, Rigden Read, and Urushibara, who of course is Japanese. Urushibara's "Roses" are more reminiscent of Chinese than of European or even Japanese work. He has, too, this time withdrawn his concession to Western naturalism and kept the flower vase quite flat. Read's "Market, Languedoc" suffers from this artist's usual perfection; it is too reproductive; his "Garnet and Drake" is, from this point of view, much more satisfactory and very pleasant. Seaby's "Swans Descending," though attractive, is marred by the two parallel patches of light-brown in the background. Platt's shipping scene, called "Siesta," is extremely efficient in a Japanese manner. Other prints worth special notice here are Kenneth Broad's "Fair, Whitby Cross"; Ethel Kirkpatrick's "Fisherman, Lago-Maggiore"; Frances M. Blair's "Trossachs"; P. G. Needell's "Pont d'Avignon," which only suffers from the monotony of the prevailing rusty brown. Eric Slater's "Harbour" and "Icklesham Mill" appeal by reason of the artist's strong sense of restful harmony and simplicity, which comes through. There are, however, far too many works of insufficient technique—or, perhaps, insufficient emotion in this show of the Colour Woodcut Society.

By contrast the Continental artists exhibiting at the Bromhead Art Gallery under the auspices of the Society of Graver Printers in Colour, comparatively few in number, are all extremely efficient—also they nearly all belong to the Western naturalistic school with just a dash of Nippon in their technique. In this respect Leo Frank is easily foremost, though Hans Frank comes pretty close to him. Leo, however, has more feeling—all his prints here are delightful. Other names worth special mention are Engelbert Lap, who has a preference for autumn tints; Miss Praschniker, whose here-exhibited print of "Spalato," a gaily coloured shipping scene, is much more perfect than other impressions of the same subject known to me; F. Michel, whose "Von der Jugend" is a very pleasing *chinoiserie*—a kind of willow-pattern lake and temple in sunlit greens; and Hugo and Sofie Noska's "St. Francis," the only cut here that is inspired by the old German

technique. If this little exhibition displays a better average of achievement, it should in fairness be stated that the exhibitors have been carefully chosen as representative of the best work done in this manner on the Continent—whereas the English show is an ordinary annual event.

Alvaro Guevara's Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.

Mr. Alvaro Guevara, the Chilean artist, needs no introduction, since from the year 1908 to 1922 he belonged to London, was a pupil of the Slade School, and is a member of the "New English," "The National Portrait Society," and the "International Society." One of his best portraits, that of Miss Edith Sitwell, hangs in the Tate Gallery. In 1922 he left England intending to return in four months—he stayed away for four years—and this exhibition is the result of his sojourn in his native Chile. Colour is still, as before, his strong point. His colour-schemes are peculiarly his own and quite unlike any other painters'. It is difficult to describe, but somehow his pictures always make one think that colour were not a modification of light, but rather the result of a cosmic will to escape from darkness: they have the peculiar passion of liberation. They sparkle and glitter; they sing. His next quality is one of spatial sense: you feel you could walk into the room, or lay your hands upon a rug-covered table-top. Last, but not least, is his sense of portraiture. There are, however, few portraits in this exhibition, and all of them small; two of himself, which are a little confused in pattern, but a fine head of a boy, an old woman, and an old man with bronzed face and silvery hair. The most striking and successful



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

By Alvaro Guevara



MISS EDITH SITWELL

By Sava



PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

By Sava

subject-pictures are "Man without a Head," and "Maïan Aurio! as Columbine," in which the painting of Harlequin's tinsel is amazing—it is also simpler in design. Confusion in design is, perhaps, also the fault in an otherwise brilliantly painted "Portrait Interior," where there seem to be at least four "foci." The tropical landscapes are, however, somewhat dull—after Henri Rousseau.

"Sava" at the Fine Art Society.

As one would expect from "Sava's" well-known and often brilliant caricatures, Mr. Anastas Botzaritch Sava, to give this Serbian artist his full names, proves himself in his sculpture and his paintings to be, above all, an artist with rare psychological insight. One feels in all his work this preoccupation with the realities behind the form, his desire to produce not so much a work of art as a record of personality. This is not to say that his sculptured or painted portraits are lacking in æsthetic qualities, but rather that these are never an end in themselves. He is a modeller, not a carver, but he varies his method to suit the impression made upon him by his model. Professor Gilbert Murray's head, for example, has something of the smooth classic formality; Miss Edith Sitwell's striking features are expressed by him in terms which seem to accord with a temperament as it emerges from her work. There is a mixture of childlike simplicity, nun-like acerbity, and "modern" eccentricity. The treatment of the eyes, suggested by negro carvings, a "conceit" which the artist

has used repeatedly, is here employed with conspicuous success. "Old Odell's" head has something of the Michelangesque Renaissance about its flowing rhythm. Sir Landon Ronald, who has not been spared in respect of his most prominent feature, Sir Ernest Wilde, Mr. Walter de la Mare, are all convincing. For sheer naturalistic modelling, faithfully preserved by the electrotype process in which it is done, the little head of "Mellini," a half-Turkish, half-Egyptian type, as they say in France, is astonishing. I am not sure, however, whether St. John the Baptist's head, presented on a charger in accordance with tradition, is not Mr. Sava's most important work here, although its technique is by no means unexceptionable. The "Forerunner" in the artist's conception seems to have met a death from disappointment and despair of humanity rather than from the physical suffering of his decollation. Mr. Sava is a sculptor to be reckoned with. His paintings seem however, as yet, promises rather than achievements. They are often original in their technique, but suggest impatience. They protest too much. His grasp of psychological truths would enable him, doubtless, to become a portrait-painter of distinction, if he chose; but I hope he won't: sculptors with psychological insight are so much more rare.

"Le Douanier" Henri Rousseau at the Lefèvre Galleries.

The douanier Henri Rousseau's craft is in peril of being swamped in a torrent of fanatically fulsome praise. The

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fact that Rousseau was a customs officer, or that he only painted "fifty-two times a year," or the opinion that "he must be considered as one of France's greatest painters," are things that are either irrelevant or likely to offend a greater number of the public than they would convince. Rousseau is much more an interesting and important phenomenon than a "great painter": no one who only paints fifty-two times a year could be called that. "Rousseau saw men and things differently from us," we are told by Uhde; but in looking at his paintings this hardly seems to be in agreement with fact. He saw things as the majority of people see them: that is to say with their mind rather than with their eyes. We must take him as we find him—quite simply, as no doubt he wished to be taken. It is then that his true significance becomes plain. Instinctively and supremely gifted in some things, he was obviously incompetent in others. He had a rare sense of colour and a strong sense of design; both of these qualities are pre-natal acquisitions. He possessed also a sensitive and impressionable and retentive mind, but a somewhat unreliable memory for visual facts. He was a dreamer, and therefore painted inner visions rather than outward scenes. He painted well what he could paint, and ill what he couldn't, but the mere fact that he depicted what he saw from his vision rather than direct from Nature antagonized his generation, who clung to objective facts with subjective obstinacy. Once these things are understood, Rousseau's artless art can be understood and appreciated without difficulty. Whilst one will hardly linger to puzzle out the non-existent æsthetic significance of "Le Carriole du Père Junier," or the "Portrait de Monsieur Steven," or the pleasantly-naïve birthday offering to his bride, "Fleurs," one is arrested by his tropical pictures—the "Singes dans la Forêt," the "Forêt Equatoriale," and the "Lion dans la Forêt," though this lion is evidently a spotted leopard. But such things do not matter. People who want to see what tropical forests look like to the outer eye need only step to the Leicester Galleries and see how Mr. Guevara has rendered them. Rousseau's "Landscapes" are memories of the quintessential nature of the tropics. Moreover, they are decorative, and so much so that they would make capital wall-hangings, especially the "Forêt Equatoriale." In a somewhat similar manner "Paris, la Passerelle de Passy" and "Paysage: Banlieu de Paris" have something quintessential about them which is expressed in their colour and their sure and perfect rhythm. The natural charm of such things is hardly difficult to understand, and it can only do harm if one attempts to explain away their obvious deficiencies. Rousseau was a simple man and, *pace* Mr. Roch Grey, will always rightly be understood by the unsophisticated. HERBERT FURST.

Mr. W. H. Sheldon's Exhibition at the Fine Art Society.

An interesting exhibition of sculpture by a medical man who has only recently taken up art—Mr. W. H. Sheldon—will open on November 17th, at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. A notice of his work will be given in the December number.

"My Method."

There must be many art students aspiring to do illustration work who are in need of a sound guide through the intricate difficulties surrounding them. A warm

welcome is therefore sure to await a publication called "My Method" (Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., 7s. 6d.), in which a number of leading European black-and-white artists, including Messrs. Arthur Ferrier, Maurice Millière, Sem, etc., discuss the art of illustration; the letterpress being accompanied by a most instructive series of drawings.



CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of APOLLO

SIR,—Referring to Prof. Lionello Venturi's perceptive identification of the author of Lord Lee's "S. Anne, Mary, and the Child" with Lorenzo da San Severino, in your September number, it occurs to me that in confirmation of his view you may care to reproduce the "S. Anne and Virgin" in the Vatican Gallery. The S. Anne in this example is even nearer Lord Lee's than is she in the Matelica picture, reproduced by Prof. Venturi. And the Child in the latter work is a link between the Child in the "Madonna and Child with Saints and Angels" in the National Gallery and Him in Lord Lee's picture.

Faithfully yours,
C. H. COLLINS BAKER.



A PORTRAIT BY VERMEER

OF the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century Jan Vermeer van Delft is, of course, beyond comparison much the rarest; and the search for works which might increase the scanty list of surviving examples of his art has of late years become ever closer and keener. From time to time the rumour of a fresh discovery gets about—in most cases it is, however, no more than a claim which cannot be substantiated. The year which is about to close, however, witnessed the discovery of a picture, the attribution of which to Vermeer has met with the approval of the leading authorities. It is the delightful portrait of a young girl, which we are privileged to reproduce in colour as the frontispiece to the present number, by the courtesy of the owners, Messrs. Duveen.

Concerning the previous history of this picture but little is known; but we understand that it was discovered in Germany, and that on being submitted to Dr. von Bode, the name of Vermeer was fully endorsed by the great connoisseur whose activities have done so much to bring the achievement of the Delft master into fuller light.

As may be seen by referring to our illustration, the picture shows the head and shoulders of a young girl, vividly illuminated and set off against the sombre, neutral tones of the background, in a fashion which Vermeer made all his own. The movements of the sitter seem quick and instinctive; a smile flashes across her face and lights up her big, roguish eyes as she turns to the spectator. Her dress is simple: a blue headdress and a lemon-yellow blouse, with a big turned-down white collar. A large pearl earring is her only visible ornament.

Among the surviving works by Vermeer the studies of female heads or half-lengths form a little group by themselves. There is, for one thing, the "Young Woman with a Flute," now in the collection of Mr. Joseph Widener, of Philadelphia; and also the portrait of a young woman with a broad-brimmed, cherry-coloured hat, of which a colour reproduction was published in *APOLLO* for September last year, and which is now, we understand, in the

collection of Mr. Andrew Mellon. There is further, the portrait of a girl with a turban-like headdress, which formerly belonged to the A.A. des Tombes collection at The Hague, and now for some time has been one of the most admired ornaments of the Mauritshuis, alongside of the same master's unique essay as a topographical painter, the "View of Delft," and the early Italianizing composition, "Diana and her Nymphs."

It is to this portrait in the Mauritshuis that the newly-discovered picture exhibits the closest analogies of style and treatment. The placing on the canvas is extremely similar; the same is true of the effect of light and, up to a point, of the costume, though here some important differences may be noted. In The Hague picture the turban is a close-fitting one, descending far down on to the forehead, and the ends of the headdress are seen in their entirety and in a full light; also the white collar of the blouse is a very narrow one. In the recently-found picture the headdress leaves the forehead and part of the hair quite free, and the ends are not wholly seen, and besides, are wrapped in shadow; moreover, the collar of the blouse is larger and turned down. Very notable, too, are the differences in type and expression; the head in the Mauritshuis is angular and long, and the expression, though smiling, is markedly reserved. In Messrs. Duveen's picture the cheeks are full and rounded, and the gay and happy look is one of absolute abandon and no restraints whatever. The student of Vermeer's style will note that the lemon-yellow of her dress is a tint for which the great master exhibited much fondness; and it is a passage of particular freedom and breadth of touch. The suggestion has been made that *La jeune fille qui rit*—as the picture has been happily named in France—may be one of the busts mentioned at the end of the list of twenty-one pictures by Vermeer sold at Amsterdam twenty-one years after his death, on May 16, 1696.

Certainty on this point will, however, never be attainable, for the descriptions in the above-mentioned list are so vague and laconic that in the absence of other evidence there is no means of getting beyond conjecture.

THE FOUR PARTS OF THE WORLD

AS REPRESENTED IN OLD-TIME PAGEANTS AND BALLETS

PART I

By JAMES H. HYDE

FOR more than three centuries the Four Parts of the World, as a decorative motif, have prevailed to so great an extent in every phase of art that it is strange the matter has not, till now, attracted the attention of serious amateurs. The theme of the continents appealed to most artists in the divers branches of the fine and applied arts, and it is perhaps one of its greatest attractions that it had such a success in all times and in all countries. In a previous article* the author has indicated how much the continents, allegorically depicted, was a favourite subject with the tapestry designer. The designers of public and court spectacles were no less attracted by the picturesqueness of the subject and the large possibilities it offered to the imagination.

And in what other field, indeed, would such a theme more fitly dominate? Even limiting it to facts, it could bring before the eyes of the spectator all that was then known of remote and recently discovered places. It meant geography, history, ethnology, botany, fauna; Europe, reminiscent of classic art, with her horse or bull; Asia, turbaned, with her camel; Africa, ebony black, with her lordly lion; America, of heroic physique and feathered coif, with her crocodile—here were subjects to stimulate the imagination. If in addition to these accredited methods of portraying the continents the artist was left unfettered, the pictorial possibilities of the theme were inexhaustible.

Terra incognita from time immemorial has always piqued the fancy; the curious beings that peopled it, the fantastic animals that prowled through its forests, the rare products of its soil, the wealth to be amassed on its shores. From the days when only three parts of the world were known to the days when the fourth had been not only discovered but quite fully explored, the remote remained a

fruitful theme for pen and brush. It was, in short, a popular theme, and in centuries past, as in the present, the purveyors of amusement gave the people what they wanted.

For the court there were magnificently costumed processions, carousels, and ballets; for the people, religious fêtes and pageants organized by the Church and the Guilds. Whatever the nature of the show, there were seldom lacking in the *dramatis personæ* allegorical representations of the continents, the favourites being the least familiar of these, that is to say: Asia, Africa, and America accompanied by their *indigènes* and by "beasts of strange fashion who could move of themselves"; or, to again quote M. Prunières,* "a tiger fighting, a serpent, a fool mounted on a bear in a sort of forest of the kind seen in the Indies." Nobles and courtiers used to disguise themselves as natives of remote countries, as when, at the marriage of Charles le Téméraire with Margaret of York at Bruges in 1468, Jehan de Chassa, Seigneur de Monnet, dressed as a Turk and appeared at the tournament accompanied by a young girl robed in Oriental striped silk. Preceding him were four blackamoors mounted, and following him four of his gentlemen arrayed as turbaned Turks. Female parts being generally taken by men, we find at a court entertainment François de Lorraine dressed as an Egyptian lady, carrying under his arm a small monkey swaddled as an infant. Women loved fancy dressing no less than men and longed to play their parts, which happened later, such as when Queen Henrietta Maria appeared in masques at the court of Charles I, which was something like an innovation, and, like everything new, much criticized.

If we cast a brief glance at the origin and spread of this form of entertainment in Europe, antique sculpture tells us of the splendour of the Roman triumphs, with chariots drawn by elephants, followed by chained

* *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Nov. 1924. *L'Iconographie des Quatre Parties du Monde dans les Tapisseries*, by James H. Hyde.

* H. Prunières, *Le Ballet de Cour en France avant Bensérade et Lully*, Paris, 1914.

The Four Parts of the World in Old-time Pageants and Ballets



THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD

BY CORNELIUS VISSCHER

(Flemish, first half of the seventeenth century.) J. H. Hyde Collection, Paris

The original drawing in pencil of "Africa," attributed to Van Dalen, is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge



EUROPE



ASIA

"THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD."
Wash-and-pencil drawings by Daniel Rabel, for the
Ballet of the Dowager of Billebahaut, danced in Paris

prisoners from far-off conquered lands. And from extant descriptions we know that for these pageants huge paintings were exhibited that depicted the hero's battles and the type of scenery of the newly-won territory. In the Middle Ages the pagan triumphs were supplanted by religious festivals, mystery plays, and street masquerades, and the spectacle continued to be most popular although it lost in heroic pomp. In these modest moral-fraught shows, however, the human love of diversion and ostentation was always gaining ground, until with the Renaissance and knowledge of the classics it became as pompous and heroic as in ancient Rome.

Europe, turning to the humanities, dreamed of revivifying the classic triumph and developed the public pageant to such magnificence

that at the dawn of the seventeenth century it seemed as if it was possessed with a mania for such performances. Their preparation evoked in the case of the court the highest talent, and incurred expenses that were truly fabulous.

Whatever the King and his entourage initiated the provincial courts took up, and every marriage, birth, coronation, death, entrées of sovereigns, was a pretext for a ballet, masque, or pageant as the case might be. The poets and artists in the service of the kings and nobles provided the verses and designed the costumes and *décor*. Verse, dance, pantomime, music, were combined not only on the stage but also in public entertainments. The pagan gods and their Olympian suites were brought back to the scene, but not to reign alone : national and local heroes, oft-told

The Four Parts of the World in Old-time Pageants and Ballets



AFRICA

for the Carnival of 1626. (These drawings are probably copies of the originals which have disappeared.) Louvre Museum, Paris



AMERICA

legends, the four ages of man, the husbandman's toil as appropriate to each month, the four elements and the four continents were all introduced and tended to indulge and excite the sense of the picturesque.

The European Renaissance elaborately organized masquerades, cortèges, entrées, which were henceforth no unfamiliar sight to the people. Of the entrée of Henri II and Catherine of Medici into Rouen in 1550 we have copious details, thanks to an old manuscript published by Ferdinand Denis.* "The Rouennais," he says, "by providing the most original fête expressed their gratitude for the prosperity their commerce had enjoyed under

* Ferdinand Denis, *Une fête brésilienne célébrée à Rouen en 1550. Cérémonial de France, indication des entrées solennelles où figurent des Indiens*, Paris, 1850.

Royal protection." It was the moment when the hardy navigators of Rouen were trafficking profitably in dye-stuffs from Brazil, and one of the importers built for the occasion a house which was known as the "Isle of Brazil." Better informed of the type of the native than of the coastline of Brazil, the rich merchant had the façade of his "Isle" adorned with sculptures of Indians, the Tupinambou tribe.*

England had nothing to envy Italy and France in the organization of popular pageants. The Lord Mayor's annual procession through the City of London to the Guildhall furnished ample opportunity for their love of fancy to display itself. The unique collection of

* Camille Enlart, *Rouen, Les Villes d'Art Célèbres*, Paris, 1906, pp. 10 and 11.

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Asia typified by the Grand Can mounting a camel. Wash-and-pencil drawing by Daniel Rabel for the Ballet of the Dowager of Billebahaut, danced in Paris in 1626. Louvre, Paris



Africa typified by a Cacique mounting an elephant. Wash-and-pencil drawing by Daniel Rabel for the Ballet of the Dowager of Billebahaut, danced in Paris in 1626. The artist did not know that a Cacique was an American Indian. Louvre, Paris

booklets descriptive of these festivals, still preserved with great care in the Guildhall library, speaks for the popularity and success of these public entertainments.

The Goldsmiths' Jubilee of October 1674, for the entertainment of Sir Robert Vynar, Lord Mayor of the City of London, offered to the admiration of the Londoners :

The Temple of Apollo elegantly erected. At the foot of this Pyramis, in equal order and in circular session, sit the Representers of the *Four Quarters of the World*.

Europa, a proper Man-like Woman, in a short purple Vest, skirted with Labels, richly embroidered with gold, reaching down half-way the thigh . . . a short Sword in a crimson Velvet Scabberd with the Chape and Hilt of Gold ; a long, dark-brown hair curl'd in rings ; on her Head a War-like Beaver or Helmet, after the Roman Fashion, of Gold, and in the Socket of it behind a Sprig with divers falls of Feathers, in her left Hand, a silver Buckler and in her right Hand a banner of the King's Arms.



America typified by a lama in the Ballet of the Dowager of Billebahaut, danced in Paris in 1626. Wash-and-pencil drawing by Daniel Rabel. Louvre, Paris



America in the Grand Ballet of the Dowager of Billebahaut, danced in Paris in 1626. Wash-and-pencil drawing by Daniel Rabel. Louvre, Paris

The Four Parts of the World in Old-time Pageants and Ballets

Vest of Gold, on short Bases of Silver; Sky-coloured Silk hose, and silver Buskins, lac'd with Gold Ribon in puffs, in the one hand a Dart, in the other a Banner of the Companies.

... We four that have our
Banners thus unfurl'd
Do personate the Four
Parts of the World. . . *

At the coronation of Charles II, in 1661, we see "the Triumphant Arch, near the Exchange, in Cornhill, which is Naval, in honor of the British Neptune, to whose order the Sea is open or closed, adorned with eight living Figures representing Europe, Asia, Africk, and America, with Escutcheons, and Pendants, bearing the Arms of the Companies, Trading into those Parts."†

Of the expenses incurred for these fêtes it is instructive to read to that effect the account given by a certain Mr. Cabin employed by His Majesty's tailors, to prepare dresses for His Majesty's Great Ball in December 1674 at Whitehall. And it may be amusing to know that *Ashia's* costume amounted to 15 pounds 14 shillings 8 pence, *Afryca's* to 7 pounds 5 shillings 4 pence, the *Emperor of America's* to 7 pounds 9 pence, and *Europe's* only to 5 pounds 10 shillings 8 pence. Do not be astonished to find Asia so prodigal, and think

* "The Goldsmiths' Jubile or London's Triumphs" performed October 29, 1674, pp. 3 and 7.

† *His Majestie's Entertainments passing through the City of London to His Coronation, 1661*, pp. 11 and 12.



AFRICA

Pencil drawing for a Ballet Costume,
French, seventeenth century

Private Collection, Paris



AMERICA

Pencil drawing for a Ballet Costume,
French, seventeenth century

Private Collection, Paris

of her pearls and precious embroideries and silks; while Africa being practically undressed may not have to spend so much money. Compared to Asia, Europe may seem far from extravagant.*

And what of that festival, related by Père Menestrier, where three hundred students of Law followed the Thames to the King's Palace and danced a Ballet representing the Globe of the World from which come out the Four Quarters, each one accompanied by its divers countries? "The Ballet of London terminated by songs of the Muses inviting all the provinces of the World to follow the Religion of England. And prostrating themselves at the feet of Truth they were introduced into Paradise."†

Spain, Portugal, Germany also paid great attention to public shows. Every event in the Royal family was the pretext for a spectacle, and even a funeral could be so magnificently staged as to give immense pleasure to the people. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, mourning the sovereign's death, provided the designer

with a pompous motif, which he seldom failed to use. In this connection we find

* Edgar Sheppard, *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall*, London, 1902, pp. 341-344.

† Claude François Menestrier, *Des Ballets Anciens et Modernes selon les règles du Théâtre*, Paris, 1682, pp. 113-118.

an interesting reference by the same Jesuit Père Menestrier to the funeral demonstration for Philip II of Spain, at Florence, in 1598. The Four Parts of the World, he tells us, came in mourning to the ceremony. The same was repeated at the funeral of Margaret of Austria, Queen of Philip III, when the Spanish inhabitants of Rome organized the cortège. "One of the Continents mourned her power lost in the death of the Queen, another the rare essence of her perfumes, another her beauty, and the last her wealth. Thus Europe drops her sceptre, Africa her perfumes, Asia her pearls and gems, and America her gold." This description so perfectly accords with an original drawing in

the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge that we cannot resist asking whether it was not prepared for this event. The Cambridge example, attributed to Van Dalen, is of Africa and without inscription; it is unquestionably the original of the Africa in the set of four engravings, one signed Cornelius Visscher, in the author's collection and here reproduced. Père Menestrier makes mention that the same devices were again employed with the same attributes at the anniversary of the funeral of Pope Gregory XV (d. 1623) in the great church of his native Bologna.*

* Claude François Menestrier, *Des Décorations Funèbres*, Paris, 1683, pp. 51 and 59.

(To be continued)

(The illustrations in this article have been specially photographed for the Author.)

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC—IX

By ERNEST NEWMAN

THE CASE OF BEETHOVEN—I

AS the continuity of this series has been broken for so many months, perhaps it may not be out of place for me to remind the reader of the main purpose of these articles—to show that while the information given in the ordinary "appreciation course" is useful as a basis for musical knowledge, real appreciation of a composer only begins when we are able to perceive his style, his way of thinking, as things particular to himself. Since ten composers may work in what is to all intents and purposes the same "sonata form," and yet the sonata according to A be a totally different affair in practice from the sonata according to B or C or F or G, it is manifest that each composer brings to bear upon the general principle of structure certain special principles of his own that finally make his music what it is. Sonata form may roughly be compared with sonnet form (the minor differences between the various species of sonnet being here ignored, and only the principles common to all the species being considered). Both sonata form and sonnet form are what we may call "closed" forms;

anyone who wants to write in them must submit himself to the rules of the game. In the case of sonata form these rules amount, in the last analysis, to little more than saying that there must be three well-defined sections: a first, in which two contrasted themes are set forth; a second, in which they are juggled with (perhaps along with "episodes"); and a third, in which everything that has been said before is summed up and clinched. (This is, of course, a very roughly generalized statement of the matter, but it will serve our present purpose.) The effect of balanced structure is obtained not only by the manipulation of the musical matter on the principle of "Say something, then say something different, then say the first thing again in a way that binds A and not A into an all-embracing unity," but by a system of key-distribution that is itself a sort of design; a certain chief key is established, it is then departed from, and at the finish it establishes authority even over the musical matter that has till then claimed the right to a key of its own.

Sonata form is thus a very practical thing—

The Plain Man and his Music

as practical as a chair or a table. Just as the latter objects embody, in their essentials, a basic logic of giving sustaining strength to a horizontal by means of verticals, so the former embodies, in its essentials, a basic logic of giving to fugitive sounds a beginning, a middle part, and an end that bear upon and support each other. But just as there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a table, but only tables, so there is no such thing as a sonata; there are only sonatas. Sonata form, like chair form or table form, is a convenient abstraction, but nothing more. A knowledge of the general principles of abstract chair form is not the same thing as a perception of the qualities that make a Greek or a Chippendale or an Empire chair just what it is aesthetically. And a knowledge of the general principles of abstract sonata form, as it is taught in the textbooks and the correspondence courses, is no help whatever to the perception of what it is that makes a Mozart or a Beethoven or an Elgar symphony speak to us in the way it does.

The tendency of the class-room and the textbook is to reduce everything to a common denominator, because doing so makes things easier not only for the learner but for the teacher. In music, however, the common denominator is almost negligible; the points that a Mozart first movement and a Beethoven first movement have in common are trifling in comparison with the points in which they differ. The historians of music, in the main, have not been sensitive artists, while the theoreticians, the analytical chemists of music, have in many cases been almost devoid of aesthetic sensibility. Both historians and theoreticians have tended to concentrate on the points in which all the workers in a given genre resembled each other; for example, an abstraction called "the symphony" was invented, and we were shown the "evolution" of "the symphony" through Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and others. Far too little attention was devoted by the historians of "the symphony" to the idiosyncrasies of the particular composers who wrote symphonies. The confusion into which this method of writing about music has landed us is clearly evidenced by the ordinary textbook, history of music, or appreciation course. Generalities extending over decades or generations or centuries have been insisted on at the expense of the particularities that make this great composer or

that precisely what he was. The energies of the people who have thought hard about music have mostly gone, for a couple of hundred years or so, to synthetizing the scattered phenomena of the art, to working out a rationale of the various "forms" and demonstrating the filiation of one epoch with another. The best of the musical brains have been absorbed in these very necessary labours, and so we have at last on the one hand something that almost deserves to be called musical history, and on the other hand something that almost deserves to be called musical theory. But of musical criticism, in the true sense of the term, there has so far been hardly anything. There has been any amount of expression of likes and dislikes in music, some of it very interesting, though more for the light it throws on its writers than for the light it has thrown on their subjects. But this kind of thing, excellent as it may sometimes be in its own way, hardly deserves the title of musical criticism; rather does it belong to the genre of musical confession or musical autobiography. John Brown dislikes "The Poem of Ecstasy" because of its scarcely veiled eroticism; Mary Smith likes it for just that quality in it (Scriabine has always been a woman's composer rather than a man's); but in neither case is the expression of the instinctive personal reaction worthy of the name of criticism. That term should be reserved, in its final and most honourable application, for the vision of the heart and brain of the composer, the sensitive running of a skilled finger over the surface of his work, that results in seeing him as he actually was, not as he seems to X or Y or Z through the refracting atmosphere of his own temperament.

The reader need not feel alarmed. I am not going to reopen the old question of "subjective" versus "objective" criticism as these terms are generally understood. I am dealing with something very much more definite and demonstrable. Beauty, perhaps, may exist only in the eye of the beholder, which may account for the differences of opinion as to the merits of this or that composer. But the means by which a particular composer expresses himself are independent of the subjectivity of this or that listener; these means are definite, demonstrable things. Or rather they would be if we could discover them, for unfortunately the majority of writers upon

music, as I have said, have been too intent upon the points of union between composers, the points that mark them out as belonging to the same "school" or developers of the same genre, to go very deeply into the problems of their points of difference. We talk glibly of Beethoven and Mozart, but not one music-lover in a hundred thousand could tell us just how the mind of Mozart differed from the mind of Beethoven in its workings. Anyone can see that the two men belong to different epochs, different *milieux*; anyone can see that they talk about different things in their music. But precisely how the machine that we call the brain of Mozart worked, and how its workings differed from those of the machine that we call the brain of Beethoven, very few can tell us, because very few have realized that positive results could be obtained by an investigation of this kind.

A great composer is not merely a link in a chain; he is primarily himself; and we can claim really to have understood him (as distinct from having enjoyed him) when we have tracked down the idiosyncrasies that made him, say, Beethoven or Bach or Mozart. My own work at the subject has brought me to the conclusion that the brain of the composer is very much more of a machine than we have ever imagined—a marvellous, divine machine of course, hidden away somewhere in the subconscious. No two of these machines are alike. Each is, in essence, to the very end what it was the moment the foetal life of the child began. It may take this or that direction, according to the century or the environment in which it happens to find itself, or according to the influences it undergoes. But fundamentally it remains itself, a machine constructed to work unconsciously in a certain strictly defined way—so unconsciously that the composer himself, were he confronted with some of the evidences of the automatic working of the machine that we have been able to discover in his music, would be dumb with astonishment. Most people know that the music of certain composers is strewn with certain obvious mannerisms. What is not generally known is that every composer's work is, broadly speaking, a mass of personal mannerisms, from which he can no more escape than he can from his own shadow. "Mannerisms," it is true, may not be the best

name for them; but whatever we call them—idiosyncrasies or what not—they are there. I hope to prove this in detail some day in connection with about a dozen composers whom I have studied from this standpoint, and who, as a result of my examination, are seen to be incessantly doing the same thing under the utmost variety of circumstances, the brain automatically and unconsciously reproducing a formula or a pattern that has been stamped into its very tissue at the moment of impregnation; the man can no more get away from it than he can change the colour of his eyes. The astounding thing is that we can listen to a given composer's music year after year and never suspect his characteristic mannerism; while once we have discovered it we find it on almost every page of his music.

I do not propose to elaborate the demonstration in the present series of articles. My only reason for referring to the subject here is that I wish to enforce the point that a composer is very much more than a mere stage in musical evolution—that he is before everything else an individuality, with a way of working so peculiarly his own that in comparison with the individual points of his style the points he shares with other workers in this or that "form" are negligible. So far there has been extremely little study of composers with the object of discovering just how the particular machine of each of them has functioned in his art. Beethoven is, perhaps, the only composer whose basic mental processes have been more or less thoroughly investigated, and the exception in his case is largely due to the fact that the publication of some of his sketch-books gave many a hint of the way in which a composition developed from seed to full-grown tree in him. Three or four recent German writers have, by patient research, reduced Beethoven's style and way of working almost to their essentials; and excellent beginnings of a similar process have been made in connection with Mozart and Wagner. In my next article I shall try to set forth certain main lines upon which Beethoven's brain unconsciously worked, certain modes of functioning that made him Beethoven, as distinct from the mere phase in the "evolution of the symphony" that he is represented as being in the average history or appreciation course.

(To be continued)

AN UNUSUAL SPECIMEN GLASS

DURING the eighteenth century Englishmen were not accustomed to take their pleasures sadly, and for long were a byword in Europe for the relish they brought to their food and the quantity of both meat and drink that they were able to consume at a sitting. If John Bull is the prototype of the modern Englishman, surely he is the direct descendant of that other Briton of even greater girth, Sir John Falstaff. One of the reminders of those days that have come down to us from the eighteenth century, or perhaps even earlier, is the "yard-of-ale" glass. These glasses are now seldom found, and though viewed by most people as being rather in the nature of a "white elephant," from their size, and the difficulty of showing them to advantage without fear of a breakage, are nevertheless worth buying should they come in the way of the small collector; and from the very fact that many people are shy of them a specimen may be picked up at a most reasonable price.

The earliest mention of these "yard-of-ale" glasses is made by John Evelyn, the celebrated diarist, in 1685, when, in speaking of James II being proclaimed as King at Bromley, he notes that His Majesty's health "was drunk in a flint glasse of a yard long." Doubtless, from the fact that Evelyn mentions that this was a "flint glasse," it was of English manufacture.

The "yard" glasses that have come down to us unscathed are of two varieties, the one with feet and the other without, the latter usually ending in a bulb.

One can imagine how the countenance of the braggart would fall when, having narrated to an admiring assemblage the quantity of ale that he could consume at a draught, the host

of the inn brings forth his new purchase from the glass works, and asks this boaster to show his prowess by drinking a yard of ale.

They were also largely used at fairs and celebrations, and were probably passed round from hand to hand, each taking a drink, as in other times were the large silver double-handled loving-cups.

The variety which terminates in a bulb, instead of a foot, is said to have been made in this way, so that the novice, when taking a drink, would find his cravat and waistcoat covered with wine, this eruption being caused by the air pressing its way through the narrow entrance into the bulb, forcing the wine out with an unexpected rush.

An interesting glass of this type, but more decorative and easier to include in a collection, is one in the possession of Mr. Francis Bamford, of Bolton Road, Grove Park. This glass, an illustration of which is here reproduced, stands 9 in. high, the funnel-shaped section at the top being about 4 in. long, and is decorated with an attractive conventional engraving of flowers and a bird, and the initials "J. S." The funnel runs into a very narrow neck before opening again into a bulb, the diameter of which is the same as that of the funnel-top. The bulb is not quite globular shaped, being slightly more curved on one side than on the other.



ENGRAVED GLASS, c. 1740-50

This elegant and unusual glass stands on a triple-knopped plain stem and a high foot with a wide fold, and can be safely dated between 1740-1750. As so frequently occurs with the collector of antiques, this rare specimen was picked up quite accidentally in a small country dealer's, which the owner visited periodically in the hope of finding something of interest, but which up to that time had not rewarded his patience.

DANZIG

By BERNARD BEVAN

THERE is an indisputable charm about Danzig, which no one who knows the southern shores of the Baltic will deny. In fact, while some have claimed it as a Northern Venice, others call it a second Nuremberg—comparisons which are both hopelessly misleading. Nuremberg, incidentally, is not a port, and Danzig is not built of granite. It is one of the vagaries of human nature that we like to make comparisons where comparisons are impossible. Even Bruges, who need fear no rivals in her particular genre of beauty, is often likened to Venice; Venice to Constantinople, and almost every European town (with or without canals!) to Bruges, including (to mention the most absurd) the miserable and decayed village of Montferrand in the mountainous Auvergne!

Danzig is a city of brick, red brick, and since comparisons are inevitable its likeness to Lübeck is, perhaps, the most striking feature. True, the two are brothers, the product of one home—the Hanseatic League, but more than three hundred miles separate them.

Nearly everything in Lübeck has its counterpart at Danzig. Each has her Marienkirche complete with astronomical clock. For the Schiffersgesellschaft at Lübeck, with its little fleet of ships hung from the ceiling, we find the Artushof in Danzig. For the ornate sixteenth- and seventeenth-century organ cases in Lübeck Cathedral and four other churches, at Danzig are those in St. John's, St. Katherine's, and the Marienkirche.

Even the "German Jacobean" oak staircases are shared equally by both towns, two in Lübeck's Jakobikirche, one in the Schöffengebäude at Danzig, and another in the Town



FIG. 1. THE MARIENKIRCHE, SHOWING THE SQUARE EAST END AND BALTIC GABLES

Hall. Most of the Danzig churches have retained their rood-beams as the Lübeck churches have their roof-lofts, and no less surprising is the fact that Danzig, too, is a perfect treasure-house of Flemish and Dutch art. The stolid seventeenth-century Armoury was built by one Anthony van Obbergen; W. von dem Blocke, of Malines, designed the Hohes Tor, a Renais-

sance gateway of 1587, and the Marienkirche font was cast at Utrecht in 1554.

Every church is a museum of Late Gothic, Renaissance, and Baroque objects, made more tantalizing by the lack of proper lighting. It is, however, a relief not to be shepherded round these places as in the average German museum (or church for that matter) where one is often forbidden to turn back.

Danzig, after Lübeck, is the most satisfactory place to study the peculiar type of brick architecture common to all the Baltic provinces. It may be said to be the only truly national style that medieval Germany evolved, for elsewhere French and other foreign influences dominated to a great extent the minds of the builders. The use of brick precluded exterior ornamentation, and from the earliest times this was mainly confined to the high-peaked gables which often (as at Prenzlau) reached an amazing degree of richness considering the medium in which they were executed.

These gables sometimes rose far above the roof-line to which they formed the end, and are impressive, though they give a false and exaggerated impression of the height of the building, as do the towers the width of Lincoln Cathedral. A good example, neither over-ornamented nor disproportionately high, may be seen in the photograph of the Marien-

Danzig

kirche (Fig. I). Here, moreover, the awkward spikiness into which this style degenerated, preparatory to founding the "aggressive" character of modern German architecture, is well marked, and even emphasized by the slender "spirettes," ten in number, which spring up on every hand.

In Danzig, founded by the Teutonic Order, and an important member of the Hanseatic League with all the commercial prosperity which that implied, most of the churches owed their foundation to a civic origin. This fact exercised a great influence on the form of the buildings, and the desire of rich burghers, wishing to perpetuate their names, accounts for the extraordinary number of private chapels in the aisles, as

well as the modest dimensions of the choir, for it was unnecessary to find room for a conventual or collegiate body.

The huge Marienkirche was contemporary in design with the vast residential

castles of the Teutonic Order at Elbing and Marienburg, and to this may be attributed its semi-secular, almost military, aspect, as well as its gaunt and gloomy majesty.

The church is a "Hallenkirche" 320 feet long, 205 feet wide at the transepts, and covering about 42,000 square feet, that is to say, an area rather larger than Peterborough Cathedral.

Begun in 1343, but dating chiefly from the fifteenth century, the building is square at the east end, a peculiarity (for Germany) which it shares with many of the churches in the Danzig neighbourhood. The interior (see Fig. IV) from its great height and spaciousness leaves one at first in the state of awed bewilderment we associate with the great French cathedrals,

but further comparison is impossible as the whole church is thickly coated with whitewash. The architecture is remarkably plain. The tall brick columns are relieved only by insignificant mouldings, and there are no capitals, but the



FIG. II. THE OLD "KRANTOR" OF 1444 ON THE RIVER MOTT LAU,
A BRANCH OF THE VISTULA

dull monotony of the interior is reduced by the fine net-like vaulting, a feature peculiar to these vast North German edifices.

I said there were no capitals, but this is not strictly correct, for on the left-hand side of the nave is a gaudy, pretentious creation of wood (high above the rococo pulpit of 1762), erected with the white panelling encasing the column, when an attempt, happily not carried too far, was made to change the building into a form of Greek temple.

Among the other curiosities of this date and, so far as I am aware, unique in any church, are the two eighteenth-century "Ratsgestühle," the pews or rather chantries of the town councillors. They are enclosed in little wooden buildings, roofed over and provided with sash windows. The earlier and smaller is decorated with gilded, Baroque panelling, and would have looked more in place in a garden as the summerhouse of some rich Danzig burgher.

The second, as delightfully incongruous in the church as the first, is sober, restrained, and not unlike a miniature edition of the Orangery at Kensington Palace.

Winter here is intensely cold, and we cannot but envy the civic authorities of Danzig in their robes and furs, watching Mass through the shimmering panes of their tightly-shut windows, so cosily housed in these ecclesiastical conservatories.

The bronze font was cast at Utrecht in 1554 (as I have already stated), and was brought to Danzig by sea, but lost its cover on the voyage. It stands on a raised plinth, some four feet above the pavement, and is enclosed by a massive, octagonal screen of bronze, five feet high, and reposing on a stone base decorated with bas-reliefs. Finely-wrought saints stand beside the eight pillars of this screen, and the forty-nine intermediate colonnettes are profusely ornamented. Another of these curious baptismal screens is to be found in the church of St. Katherine, but is a seventeenth-century production, made of wood, and decorated with intarsia. It is now very dilapidated, much affected by the damp which has turned the stonework at the base a mossy green, and is fast going to ruin.

The Marienkirche has a vast, eighteenth-century organ, and a splendid bronze screen of 1639. More interesting work awaits us at the east end, where rises the spindly high altar

of Meister Michael, two brass candelabra of 1517, and a Late Gothic tabernacle spire soaring gracefully up to the vaulting like its more celebrated counterparts at Nuremberg and Ulm. It is, however, to the Dorotheen Kapelle in the north transept that one's steps are finally drawn, for here is the great Flemish altarpiece, which (to lend weight to my comparison of the two Hanseatic cities) corresponds to the Greverade triptych by Memling in Lübeck Cathedral. The Danzig picture represents the "Last Judgment," with God in heaven seated between Christ, Mary, and the twelve Apostles, while below the Archangel Michael, a noble figure in shining armour, holds the scales of Justice. On the right the damned, in great confusion, are being hurried off to the eternal fire, and on the left the blessed are shepherded by St. Peter and Angels up the steps into the gate of heaven. On the shutters are the Virgin and Child, with the donors of the altarpiece, Angelo Tani and his wife.

Tani was agent for the Medici at Bruges, and the picture, finished in 1472, was destined for Italy. However, the Burgundian vessel in which it was shipped was captured at sea and robbed by the "Peter of Danzig," whose captain, one Paul Beneke, gave the triptych to the Marienkirche a year later.

The correct attribution of the picture has puzzled the world for the past hundred years. In fact, it has been given in turn to the Van Eycks (both Hubert and Jan separately); to Hugo van der Goes; to the Master of Brabant or his school; to Rogier van der Weyden, to whose altarpiece at Beaune it bears a superficial resemblance; to Jean Cousin (possibly on the strength of the number of naked bodies!); to Dirk and Thierry Bouts; to Jan and Georg van Eichen, a theory supported by the church register of 1616; to Albert van Ouwater, Michael Wohlgermuth, and Memling—surely a distinguished, if varied, company!

It is amusing to hear the sacristan as he recites mechanically in a gloomy monotone the history of the picture, and lays great stress on the "infamous conduct of Napoleon" who, in 1807, had the panel removed to Paris. At this there are low murmurings of dissent, and the word "Schändlich!" is plainly heard, but with tactful discretion he glosses over the tale of the "Peter of Danzig." "Nec temere nec timide" is the city's motto, but is it applicable in this sense?

Danzig

For the sake of the view no one should fail to ascend the great west tower, nearly 250 feet in height. The way is narrow, steep, and dark. The steps are crumbling, and before the key can be obtained one is set upon by a band of grimy children, with outstretched palms. Infantile begging, by the way, though scarcely known in Germany, is indulged in purely as a game at Danzig, and in the cheeriest of spirits.

Together with the prevailing dirt it proves only too plainly the trend of Polish influence, if for that matter proof was not already wanting in the Polish banks, shops, and post-boxes to be seen in every street, also the large number of Poles idling in the cafés.

The view from the tower embraces the whole city of Danzig, with the busy Mottlau winding through to the sea. Its parent, the Vistula, can be traced for many miles to the east. To the north lies the Baltic, bounded on the distant horizon by the long, sandy spit called the "Putziger Nehrung." Perhaps the most striking feature is the fact that Danzig, for all its two hundred thousand inhabitants, is not very large, but ends abruptly in green fields and marshes.

In the foreground rises the spire of the "Rathaus," or Town Hall, placed in 1560 on the summit of the tower, a century earlier. The spire, of lead and wood, might by its design have come direct from the Netherlands, and looks as if it had been exported *en bloc*, merely finished off here with the fascinating vane, an armed figure bearing a pennon with the Danzig arms. The bells of the "carillon" (for Danzig is Dutch enough to possess two of

these) hang open to the fury of the elements in one of the lower "pagodas" of the spire. Most of the bells are cracked, and of a respectable age, while the tuneless jingling produced is too confused for even a hardened Danziger to recognize as a particular air. Its rival, the "carillon" in St. Katherine, has even less music in its clangings, but luckily the two never play simultaneously—perhaps yet another sign of Polish influence.

The "Rathaus," to which the spire belongs, was begun in 1379, but the east façade (the side looking down the "Langer Markt") dates from 1465, and is as charming a piece of brickwork as ever Danzig produced. Incidentally it avoids, as do most of the buildings here, the unsightly polychrome decoration, the bands of black brickwork which are the ruin of so much at Lübeck (particularly the "Holstentor"), and which were copied with such utter lack of taste by nineteenth-century architects in England. The graceful pierced parapet (the back of which is visible to the left in Fig. III) was added in 1602, and the rococo portal with its massive stairway in



FIG. III. THE RATHAUS STEEPLE (1557-61)

From the Marienkirche Tower

1708. Inside, one is shown a noble series of panelled rooms where the affairs of the town have been conducted for centuries. They are rich in carved mantelpieces and seventeenth-century woodwork, by which one is constantly reminded of certain phases of our own Jacobean style, of the type, for instance, of the hall screen at Knole. The ante-hall, with its old Dutch tiles and carved spiral staircase, is especially noteworthy.

A little way down the street is the

"Artushof," used since 1742 as the Corn Exchange, but erected between 1476 and 1481. The pillared hall was decorated, chiefly in the sixteenth century, in the quaintest fashion imaginable. Pictures, reliefs, and statues, all classes of subjects, sacred and profane, go to make up the scheme. There is a hideous "Last Judgment" of 1602 by A. Moller, and a very good sixteenth-century view, in a lunette, of the Marienburg, with, in the foreground, Judith slaying Holofernes, by some unknown Flemish master. Above, is the "Story of the Four Sons of Aymon," "Orpheus with his Lute," "St. Christopher," and "Diana at the Chase," the last a blending of paint, sculpture, and antlers! Old models of ships dangle from the vaulting, and in one corner is a Majolica stove of 1546, forty feet high.

One cannot wander long in Danzig without striking the river, and indeed the Mottlau Quarter is perhaps the gayest part of the town. The river is deep enough for steamers of quite a respectable tonnage, and on week-ends it is crowded with pleasure boats going down to the sea, round to Zoppot, Danzig's little Brighton. The quays by the Mottlau are lined with old buildings, some of red brick with crow-stepped gables in Flemish fashion, others black and white, half-timbered. But most interesting of all, and a subject which so many second-rate German painters in search of the "picturesque" have portrayed on their canvases, is the old "Krantor" (see Fig. II). It stands to-day very nearly as it was originally constructed close upon five hundred years ago.

The double tier of treadmills still remains, but these, with certain parts of the exterior, have been restored. The wooden portion in the centre, jutting out over the river, still retains the old chains and pulleys of the crane, still capable, probably, of bearing a heavy load.

It is unfortunate that some enterprising vandal has set up an electrical shop in one of the towers, and though it is pleasant to listen amidst a subdued throng to a raucous voice proceeding from Warsaw or even Moscow, one cannot but feel that the old crane-tower is not a fitting place for wireless. Surely this is a superb example of "commercial sacrilege."

Medieval cranes are exceedingly rare, though there are at least two in Germany, one on the Rhine at Bacharach, and one on the Moselle at Trèves. These are both "turret-cranes," and younger than the Danzig "Krantor" by two hundred-odd years. It is a pity no one has seriously taken up the study of ancient cranes, as they have of old windmills. Some of the pictures of Pieter Breughel the elder contain representations of cranes both fixed and on wheels. The "Tower

of Babel" at Vienna, certain rather similar pieces in the Prado, a *Patinir* at Antwerp, and Memling's "Marriage of St. Catherine" at Bruges, all furnish examples. In the Oceanographical Museum in Berlin is an excellent little model of the "Krantor," typically German in the ingenious manner in which one-half is left open to show the internal machinery, and the way even the heaviest loads could be lifted by the simultaneous use of the two treadmills.

In winter the river is a sight not to be



FIG. IV. INTERIOR OF THE MARIENKIRCHE

Looking west



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forgotten. Dense masses of ice block the fairway, and lie piled up like baby icebergs. The sky wears a heavy, leaden aspect, and looks all the more ominous when a yellow fog is settling down, or a snowstorm beating up from the north.

Between the Mottlau and the Marienkirche stretches the "Frauengasse," a street preserving more than any other the character of eighteenth-century Danzig. In front of each house is a raised landing with a balustrade (often of some foreign stone), richly carved with bas-reliefs, and with graceful ironwork *rampes* down the steps. On these "Beischläge," as they are called, the wealthy merchant and his family could sit aloof from the turmoil of the street, but yet in sight of all that was going on below; a more comfortable, if more expensive plan than the erection of the tiny mirrors on brackets which disfigure some German towns.

I have left little space to describe either the other churches or the Museum (closed at the moment for repairs), which contains a good Dou, and a Van Dyck portrait of 1619.

St. John's Church is a large building of the fourteenth century, literally crammed to overflowing with pictures (mostly poor), old tombs, and ironwork. A corner, however, must be reserved for the absurdly ornate organ case of 1630, and the screen of 1682, forming the entrance to the baptistery. It is of solid brass, and between the flowing branches of the Tree of Life are medallions representing scenes from

the Old and New Testaments connected with water, such as the Flood, the Crossing of the Red Sea, the Cleansing of Naaman, the Baptism in the Jordan, and St. Paul's Shipwreck. In St. Katherine's, besides the font already mentioned, there is a splendid (and for once, simple) wooden screen of 1603. This church, like the others, is entirely paved with old tombstones, and is reminiscent of many an Emanuel de Witte or a Saenredam, who, however, would never have approved of the overcrowding of church furniture.

In the evenings there are only two choices of amusement for the Danziger besides the enjoyment of American films in the cinemas. One is to walk up the "Bischofsberg," on the ancient cliff line, while the other is to go to Zoppot. It is pleasanter to ramble down the old avenues and through the beechwoods than to lose money at the races or in the Casino. The frontier of the Polish corridor is less than five miles away, and those interested in modern architecture can visit the new Polish port of Gdingen. There the new railway station is just being finished in a style defiantly Polish, as if to show the Germans travelling through the corridor that this *is*, and *shall be*, Polish territory. The design is sober and good, all but the roof, which rushes up into a little "pagoda," which is almost too Oriental. Gdingen is now known by the lovely name of Gdynia. Danzig deserves a better fate than to be harshly called Gdansk.

THE CHARM OF OLD VIOLINS

By WATSON LYLE

THE charm of old violins is of composite character. Even the out-and-out musician who values an instrument for the quality of tone that it is capable of producing is seldom insensible to the æsthetic pleasure arising from its perfection of line, the beauty of the carving at the scroll, the purfling, the inlaying found on the ribs, and, more rarely, the backs of the more ornate specimens, and of the exquisite graining of the wood, enhanced by the translucent sheen of the varnish. The sympathies of musician and collector meet upon these external attractions of workmanship and style, qualities that are more or less

bound up, for the collector, with the history of each instrument, known or conjectured, and with the often burning question as to what period of its creator's art, as a luthier, it came into being.

For surely there are human attributes dormant in this most expressive of all musical instruments, ready to awaken into vibrating life at the touch of the hands of a master, and to hold intimate converse with his soul, functioning as the most mechanically-perfect transmitter yet devised for the articulate expression of the elusive entity of personality. It may be sentiment, it must be intrinsic worth in the matter of responsiveness to their



FIG. 1. VIOLIN BY WILLIAM FORSTER

innermost selves, that has caused, and still causes, the greatest violinists to prefer instruments made by the old masters of the craft during the golden time of violin production that extended for some two hundred years after 1560, the period when the evolution of the violin, as we know it, was well under weigh at the hands of Maggini. To look upon an instrument that has survived the ravages of time from these far-off days, handle it, perhaps

to hold it, the varnish upon back and belly, and at the neck rubbed thin and bare by a succession of players about whose personalities there is endless scope for conjecture, is to realize that whilst the passage of comparatively few years brings old age and death to man, the violin that has been reasonably well cared for draws from them an increasing vigour, attaining to an eternal youth, whilst nations rise and fall, and the decades lengthen irrevocably into centuries. This fragile, sentient thing of wood, glue, and varnish is no more assailed by time—sometimes less, indeed—than other man-made objects, like statuary, and buildings, that have been fashioned from substances of a fundamentally enduring kind.

The explanation of this phenomenon is comparatively simple. It is merely that the varnish, while preserving the wood from decay, like a thin coating of jasper, reveals the transparent grainings of the maple, or sycamore, on the back and ribs (sides) and the pine, or other soft wood, on the belly, and the fibres composed of millions of tiny, fossilized cells through which the sap flowed when the wood was green; and its transmutation, in process of time, by the action of the varnish into this osseous substance materially aids the resonant qualities of the instrument.

Strictly speaking, the violin began to emerge about 1540 at the hands of Gasparo Bertolotti, or da Salò, from the name of a little town on the Lago di Garda that was his birthplace. His very few known violins have a bulky, viol-like appearance, but his violas and double-basses are to-day esteemed alike by artists and connoisseurs. He worked in the fortified town of Brescia, not far from his birthplace, and there, in 1602, was apprenticed to him Giovanni Paolo Maggini (b. 1581, d. 1632—date uncertain), who had lived in the town with his parents from 1588 but was born at the adjacent suburb of Botticino. Maggini violins are also extremely scarce, and quite unlikely to come the way of the ordinary collector, only some fifty examples being known. Like those of his master they have a subtle richness of tone, despite their inequalities of workmanship, and a volume that was not equalled by later makers until it was, so to speak, re-voiced, in a rounder, fuller *timbre* by the violins of Giuseppe Guarneri the younger, known as “del Gesù,” over a century later. There is a noticeable refine-

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ment in detail, in the carving on the scrolls, the trueness of the purfle, in the later Maggini's. A double purfle became characteristic, being, perhaps, a survival for the older taste for inlaying on the backs of the viol-da-gamba. It occurs in the Maggini violins in the form of a clover leaf, at top and bottom of the back, as part of the purfling; or as a six-fold trefoil in the centre of the back, but never both decorations at once. Until about the sixth year of his manufacture the wood for both backs and bellies was cut on the slab, but afterwards that for the bellies was cut on the quarter. At first his varnish was chocolate, or reddish-brown, but golden and yellowish tints steal into it as his style matures, and his measurements conform more nearly to those of his successors of Cremona. He was, too, the innovator of corner blocks and linings for strengthening purposes. His labels are never dated, and bear only his name, and the town, spelt "Brefcia." Considering the pioneer character of Maggini's work, and its comparatively brief duration, his influence upon the evolution of the violin is remarkable, and that of a genius in forecasting developments.

The founder of the Amati family of violin-makers, Andrea, settled, with his brother Nicolo (who became grand-uncle to *the* Nicolo), in Cremona in 1520. Possibly he learnt the technique of his craft from da Salò, but his small, highly-arched, and weak-sounding violins scarcely indicate this. Rather did they begin the Amati tradition of sweet tone and more finished workmanship than the early Brescian school, characteristics that were magnified in the violins of his two sons, Antonio and Gerolamo (b. about 1555-6), generally spoken of as the Brothers Amati, because, save for a split of a year or two, said to have followed the marriage of Antonio, they issued a joint label and collaborated in the making of their instruments until 1628, their earliest label being dated 1577. The arching of their instruments, after a downward dip at the purfling, curves upwards to the centre. Grace of outline and curve is everywhere apparent; at middle bouts, edges, sound-holes, neck, and scroll. The sound-holes made by Antonio are shorter and broader than those of his brother, whose more elegant style was adopted by his famous son, Nicolo, who, after the death of his father (about 1630-35), continued in business with his uncle until 1648.



FIG. II. VIOLIN BY J. F. LOTT

Nicolo (b. 1596, d. 1684) used his own labels for his instruments from about 1645, but adhered to the model that had made the violins of the brothers famous, for yet another decade, evolving from it very carefully the grand pattern that has made his name as famous as that of his distinguished and (since he bequeathed to him his tools, moulds,

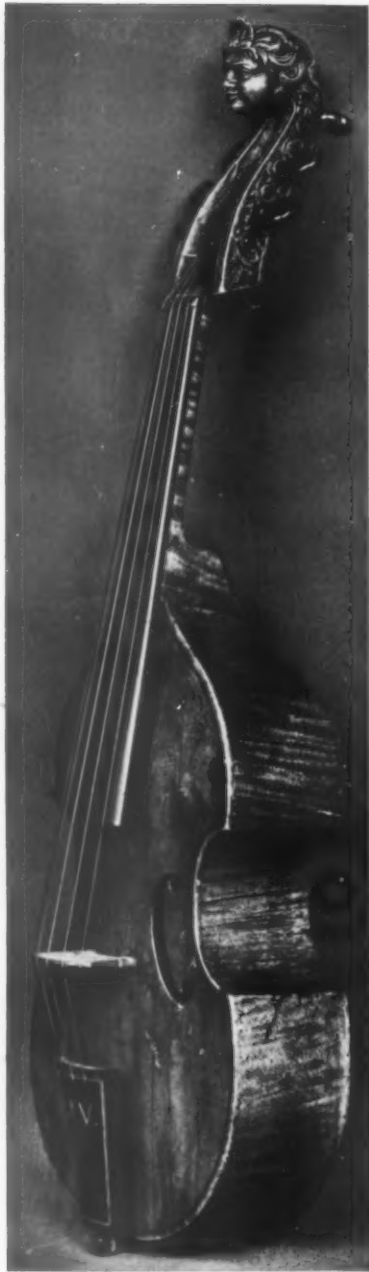


FIG. III. VIOL D'AMORE
By Antonio Stradivari (1721)

perfection about 1658-60, with an increase to fourteen inches, or a little over, in length, and widths of upper and lower bouts in proportion. The somewhat pointed and delicately cut sound-holes are in agreement with the

wood, etc., instead of to his son, Hieronymus) favourite pupil, Antonio Stradivari. Other pupils of his were Andrea Guarneri (the founder of that famous family of luthiers); Jacobs, a Dutchman who, like Ruggeri, another pupil, made wonderful copies of Nicolo's violins; Ruggeri (distinct from Ruggeri) Santo Serafin (a Venetian maker); Paolo Grancino, Matthias Albani, and Paolo Albani. Jacob Stainer, the great German luthier, and Gioffredo Cappa may both have come under the influence of Nicolo in the workshop of his father and uncle.

The grand model of Nicolo Amati assumed its

graceful and unobtrusive arching of back and belly. The single purfling is finely indicated, and the scroll, flat at first, but inclining to boldness in later specimens, is beautifully cut. Backs and bellies may consist of a single piece of wood which is notable for beauty of mottling in the graining, enhanced by the amber varnish that has reddish tints. After his eightieth year—he died when eighty-eight—the size tends to revert to the smaller pattern of his early years, strength of outline and curves are less apparent, and the varnish is more thickly applied and less translucent. There is little doubt that Stradivari had a good deal to do with the manufacture of the later violins, although the tone remains exquisitely sensitive and lacks the volume of the mature Strad. Nicolo's violins, like those of all famous luthiers, have been copied and forged times innumerable, but it may still be possible for discerning collectors to acquire an example of his work, especially of the early period before his emancipation from the style of his father and uncle.

The violins made by Andrea Guarneri (b. 1626, d. 1698) followed closely the early model of his master, Nicolo, although he eventually altered the style of his sound-holes. His violins lacked finish, however, and his fame rests rather upon his few fine 'celli. Much more original were the violins made by his eldest son, Pietro (b. 1655), who flattened the model, and gave his rounded and less Brescian sound-holes a perpendicular angle, making the width between noticeable. Scroll and outline are gracefully conceived, and the purple rather deeply set. His varnish is unexcelled for the beauty of its tints, ranging from deep, rich red to a paler tint and golden yellow. His nephew Pietro, who worked with him in his workshop at Mantua, is also famous for his varnish. He died in 1760 (i.e. the nephew, son of Giuseppe), and is supposed to have been the last of the Guarneri violin makers.

Of all this family Andrea's younger son, Giuseppe (b. 1666, d. about 1735), who always signed himself "fil Andrea" ("son of Andrea") on his labels, and his cousin, Giuseppe "del Gesù"—into the why and wherefore of this appellation there is neither occasion nor space to enter here—are generally accounted the brilliant examples. Our fifth illustration is from an original photo of a fine specimen of the work of Joseph, son of

The Charm of Old Violins

Andrea. It gives an excellent idea of the graceful sweep of the edges, and the well-curved scroll. His sound-holes are set low, and his instruments were slender in the middle, while the beautiful finish of body and purfle denote a master of his craft. The richly-tinted varnish is well laid on. The tone of his violins follows the tendency towards greater power then becoming prevalent. His best period was between 1690 and 1710.

The other Joseph, "del Gesù" (b. 1683, d. 1745), his young cousin, was not the son of a violin-maker, but received his training in his craft in the workshop of his cousins, and possibly benefited, too, by association with Stradivari in his 'prentice days. The most stable characteristic about his instruments is their full, resonant tone, which, in the best specimens, such as the "King Joseph" (made in the year that Stradivari died), has an incomparable responsiveness united with volume. He is reputed to have been a very temperamental individual, and convivial, too, by all accounts, and his changeful moods may explain the fact that his instruments vary considerably in detail. He cast aside the Amati tradition of small, sweet tone, and went back for inspiration in working towards his ideals to the model of Maggini. An indication of the genuine "del Gesù" is said to exist in the lack of finish in the powerfully-conceived scroll, where the mark of the chisel may be traced, and in the ungainly peg-box. The scroll protrudes considerably, the sound-holes are open in curves, while the varnish is laid on thinly and has a distinctive transparency. His violins are by many considered the compeers at least of the best Stradivari. Paganini had a favourite one, now reposing in the Town Hall at Genoa, but his output did not approach that of Nicolo Amati or Stradivari, and he left neither pupil nor son to (possibly) keep alive the style he had perfected. A strange, romantic figure, exerting a powerful influence, he sweeps across the pages of violin history a very Beethoven amongst luthiers.

How completely different in type, as in handicraft, from him was the placid Antonio Stradivari (b. 1644, d. 1737), who as we have seen, from earliest years, right on to the year before the close of his long and industrious life (according to a label, dated 1736, in his own handwriting), worked at his bench,

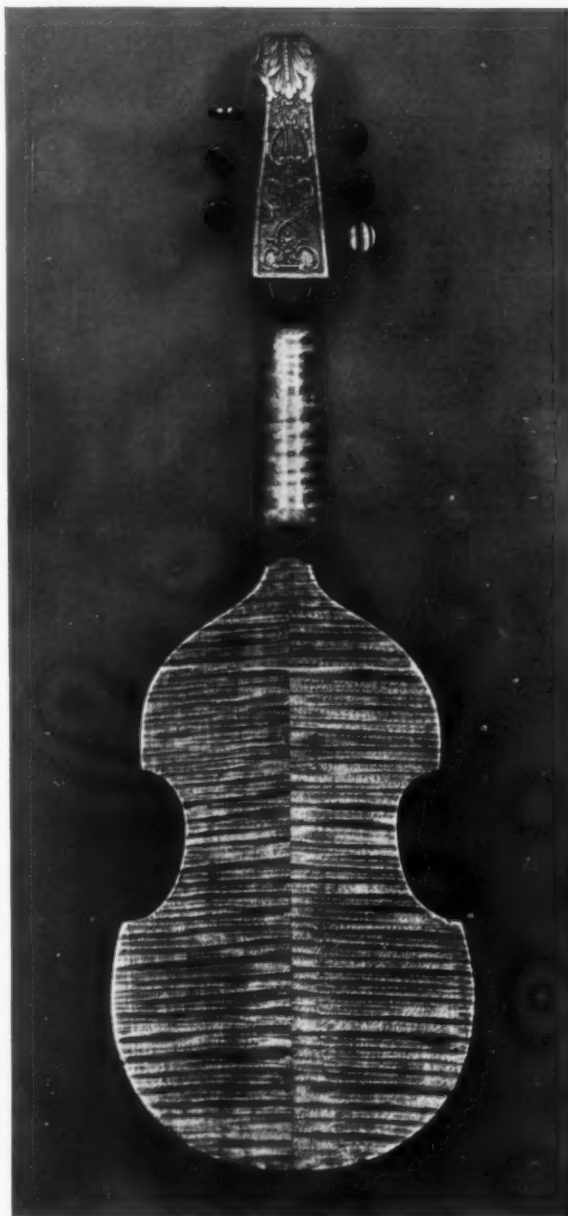


FIG. IV. VIOL D'AMORE
By Antonio Stradivari (1721)

serenely bringing his unsurpassed genius as a luthier to supreme perfection. This extended period of productivity is computed to have resulted in a total output of about a thousand violins, over and above which he made violas, guitars, violoncellos, double-basses, and revived some old forms of the viol

family. Our third and fourth illustrations are from original photos of an absolutely unique example of this kind, a viol d'amore, dated 1721—a form that it has been said the master did not revive. In Fig. III is shown the scroll, a human face, beautifully carved, the exactness and symmetry of the ornate design down the back of the scroll being plainly seen in Fig. IV as well as the fine graining of the back, which is in two pieces, and, of course, flat. The tail-piece is inlaid, and has the letters "J.V." near the bottom. The shoulders slope, as will be seen in both photos, and the belly is arched, and the sound-holes of C shape, as will be seen in the third photo. The varnish is brownish-red, the back lightest and polished with wear.

The violins of Stradivari, as might be expected, vary considerably in detail throughout the years, but whether plain and not up to his best standard in workmanship, or examples of his golden period (1700-1718), or profusely inlaid and ornate in design, like the instrument known as the Rhode Strad (1722), he makes no sacrifice to tonal beauty; his violins were, before all else, made for the musicians. Up to the year 1690 his instruments follow the Amati model closely, and his varnish was identical until 1680. Thereafter it altered gradually to a golden orange, and by 1690 his model had broken definitely from that of his master—although, be it noted, not the "grand" Nicolo which does not appear to have attracted Stradivari. To describe his style throughout its various periods would be to more or less give descriptions of the several very famous instruments of the master extant to-day, each, in its way, an example of perfection in craftsmanship and tone, and to do so would far exceed the limitations of my space. I may revert to this matter in a future article; and I shall also hope to write about the work of the principal German, French, and English luthiers. It must suffice for the present to say that the violins of Stradivari, at the notable period alluded to (1700-18), had a strength, without coarseness, that gave them distinction, and were made from beautifully figured maple that increased their

æsthetic appeal. The varnish has become toned to a rich orange-red and reddish chocolate, a warmth of tint that becomes observable about 1692. The sound-holes of the later period (about 1720-30) are sometimes placed one a trifle lower than the other. Forged "Strads" are almost as the grains of sand upon the seashore (anywhere); at the same time it is well to remember that there must still be a few genuine unidentified instruments awaiting recognition.

Apropos my reference above to English luthiers, illustrations Figs. I and II are from photos of two prominent styles. Fig. I is of a violin by William Forster, a shrewd maker who, after various trials, adopted the high Stainer model about 1762; then, some ten years later, modelled his style on the later Amati grand. He was in communication with Haydn (palpably for professional reasons) and, oddly enough, died in the same year as that composer, 1808. His violas and 'cellos are also much esteemed by violinists. Fig. II is of a richly varnished violin by John Frederick Lott, son of George Frederick Lott, who was also a violin maker. He was well known to Charles Reade the novelist, who, as most people know, took an intimate interest in violins. The violin illustrated is generally regarded as a particularly good example of his work.

It may be of interest if I give some of the prices at which violins by well-known makers have changed hands within the last few months at the sale rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson:—A Nicolo Amati, £300; Joseph Guarneri (formerly the property of Charles Reade), £470; a J. B. Vuillaume, £67; Rugeri, £38. These prices are interesting, as figures. The condition of an instrument has naturally a great influence upon its price.

In conclusion I would express my thanks to Mr. Walter Withers and his brother for the permission and help they afforded me in securing the photographs of some of their violins, and the viol d'amore, to illustrate this article, and for their unfailing courtesy in permitting me to examine certain other instruments in their possession.

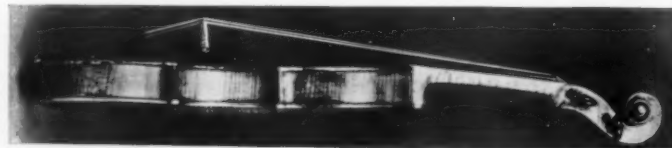


FIG. V. VIOLIN BY GIUSEPPE GUARNERI



FIG. I. "OVAL APPARTEMENT," HÔTEL DE SOUBISE, PARIS

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XVI

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

THE highest development of classical architecture in France was probably attained during the reign of Louis XIV, whose long monarchy—whether regarded socially or morally—was one of the most remarkable in French history. The number of illustrious names which embellished the period of his power, the wide success of his armies, and the exuberance of richness at his court drew the eyes of all Europe to the capital of France.

From the artistic point of view in the

development of a period in art, there is probably no other age in history when a country was so richly endowed with talents which expressed so profusely the complete life and happenings of a nation; or one where the arts seemed more perfectly united in one uniform style. Whether this advance can be attributed to any personal interest of the King himself, or whether it was the result of the fostering and training of all artistic talent by his Ministers, anxious to give outward expression of the greatness and glory of the State, and the

encouragement of all industries administering to luxury, is not a matter of much concern at the present time. Some historians, however, assert the King's degeneracy, proclaiming that France prospered—"not because of him, but in spite of him."

On account of its rich and ornate nature there is probably no other style of interior architecture so suitable for the decoration of theatres, ballrooms, restaurants, and similar places intended for the reception of a large gathering of people, as that of Louis-Quatorze. But when applied to rooms more domestic in nature, in any other than a very modernized rendering, the style seems to be out of place—especially in England—with the quiet and less ostentatious character of our present-day surroundings. In Paris, perhaps, it appears more at home, as it is in greater harmony with external architecture, and the reception room is more formal in nature than with us; but, even so, its introduction suggests a striving to create the portentous elements of "Versailles" or a "Vaux le Vicomte" to quarter scale! In London we have one theatre—"His Majesty's"—decorated in this style, and although the work is good of its kind, and certainly in advance of many others, naturally it pales dimly in comparison with contemporary achievements of Louis-Quatorze theatre decoration.

Such is the progress of civilization, and our methods of living being subject to so many changes, it seems extremely doubtful whether the time will ever come back when these dead phases of French architecture will be revived. Even so, and if but rarely called upon to design in

this style, students of decoration will be very well advised to devote much of their time to the study of the works of men like Le Pautre, Daniel Marot, Le Brun, and many more world-famous designers. Indeed, such study is essential. The lessons these artists have given us in design, in the use of colour and materials, in appreciation of the importance of plain spaces, combined with their methods of massing and grouping ornament together with such refined feeling for proportion, etc., are in-

valuable and can well be applied to the needs and requirements of to-day. Study of this kind cannot, as some people assert, arrest the development of a student's originality, as invention is not the product of imagination, but the outcome of study and the impression of the work of others previously seen and stored in one's memory; thus the more comprehensive knowledge one has of past styles of architecture which are admittedly great, the more extensive becomes one's invention.

Except by architects who have, by special permission, gained entry to the Theatre of Versailles, this beautiful building is not widely

known to visitors. I would like to suggest that it is well worth inspection as, amongst other things, it contains some of its original scenery, which was used in the eighteenth century. In design it is not—strictly speaking—Louis-Quatorze, as it was erected, I believe, by Gabriel in this style some years after the death of the King. Parts of the interior—which are easily discernible in the photograph (Fig. II)—have been altered at a more recent date, and in some cases—such as the frieze in the main entablature, undoubtedly



FIG. II.
THE THEATRE AT VERSAILLES, BY GABRIEL

Domestic Architecture and Decoration

work of the First Empire — sadly disturb the original scheme. In other places Louis-Quatorze details are freely mixed with smaller elements of the style of Louis-Seize; but the whole effect is one of very big conception in design, its gilt and marble walls well illustrating the rich and sumptuous nature of the style to which I have already referred. I do not know a theatre which is so majestic in design or of better proportion than this; it has dignity and beauty. If the dreadful gas brackets with their rope-like attachments, which so distressingly mar the appearance of the columns, were removed, and a carefully planned scheme of lighting—one of the most important considerations in theatre decoration, by the way—installed, one could await a performance in such an environment of luxury with reasonable expectation of pleasure! But although theatres all over the world have been based upon this example, I would hesitate to suggest anything like the nature of its plan to a theatrical manager to-day. Its seating capacity, for one thing, would be inadequate for present needs. Nowadays, the first object of a theatre which pretends to be really “up-to-date” is to provide accommodation which enables the management to pack forty thousand quite

innocent people within its walls at so much “per skull”! (I can see my friend, Mr. C. B. Cochran, turning pale. He will write to me about this!)

The Hôtel de Soubise in the “Temple” Quartier (68 rue des Francs-Bourgeois) is assuredly one of the most beautiful buildings

of Old Paris. Externally, its elevations are magnificent; and internally, its rooms contain some of the most complete and valuable historical documents of interior decoration that are, more or less, still treasured by the French nation; but, considering that some of the rooms have painted panels by Boucher, Natoire, and others, they are in no way taken care of as such works of art should be.

The illustration of the “Oval Appartement” (Fig. I) is selected, not because it is in every way excellent, but as illustrating admirably the superb modelling of decorative ornament which invariably characterises the best

examples of the late seventeenth century. The room, which is about 20 ft. high, was designed for the Prince de Soubise by Boffrand (architect to the King, 1667–1754), when the rebuilding of the hotel was commenced in 1704. The eight principal panels of allegorical subjects were modelled by J. B. Lemoine and Lambert Sigibert Adam, and represent



FIG. III.
HÔTEL DE SOUBISE, BEDROOM OF THE PRINCESS



FIG. IV.
CHÂTEAU D'ANET

Astronomy, Architecture, Comedy, Drama, Justice, Painting, Poetry, and History.

The weakest part of the scheme is the rococo termination of the walls, as any room, unless crowned with a suitable cornice, seems to suggest an effect of architectural incompleteness. If this disturbing line is hidden from view, the elevation is at once finer, and one can only regret the absence of a cornice of more orthodox character. As an example of decorative modelling, however, study the group to the right of the door, which is work of unusually fine quality. The limbs of the male form and the soft outline of his wings are as beautiful in drawing as the draped figures of his companions. Then again, there is a certain charm in the artistic way in which parts of the group break the outline of the panel in just the right

places, instead of being rigidly confined to its limits. The overdoor trophy, too, even if *trop chargé* and somewhat suggestive of external ornament, is splendidly vigorous in treatment.

Fig. III depicts, at the same hotel, the bedroom of the Princess—a very elaborate scheme of wall panelling. True, it may be urged that it errs towards excess of richness, but one can only marvel at the extraordinary dexterity of it in detail and execution. Of its kind it stands supreme!

The art of designing refined and dignified houses was at this time everywhere apparent; in fact, two of the very greatest triumphs in the history of French architecture—Perrault's wing to the "Louvre," and "Les Invalides" by Mansart—were erected during the sovereignty of Louis XIV, and will for all time testify to the outstanding greatness of these men.

The garden wing of Anet (Fig. IV), so long the home of Diane de Poitiers, is an example of "Château" architecture, and although it becomes difficult to distinguish definitely how much of this façade is restoration carried out



FIG. V.
FONTAINE DE LA DOUANE, BORDEAUX

Domestic Architecture and Decoration

early in the nineteenth century, when it was rebuilt—as de L'Orme's Renaissance masterpiece, after being battered and shattered for years, was finally blown up with dynamite in order to provide building materials, and remained for years in ruins—it is none the less a very beautiful elevation in the style of Louis XIV, in which the predominating characteristic is refinement and simplicity of line.

But of the many arts in which the French excelled, that of planning and laying-out of beautiful gardens was one of the most prominent. Few are the country houses in which one cannot discover some feature of interest, whether it be a delicately modelled vase, or perhaps a stone statue of Diana, so different in feeling from the contemporary lead-work in England. One must not forget that in those days gardens were used for every kind of outdoor fête or carnival, and not infrequently



M. des Arts Décoratifs
FIG. VI. A "REGENCE" BERGÈRE CHAIR
IN WALNUT



FIG. VII. SEDAN CHAIR. EARLY
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

served as a setting for a play by Molière or Racine.

Are not some of the later gardens, which date from Watteau and the Regency, more attractive and more typical of the times than the large park-like places laid out by Le Nôtre? The introduction of shells, masks, stalactite arcading with heavily rusticated piers, and all varieties of "Rocaille" ornament so much in use, seems to me admirably suitable for the embellishment of fountains and grottos, etc.

The Fontaine de la Douane (Fig. V) owes its origin to this period, and although in contrast with the simplicity of the façade at "Anet" on account of its decided departure from classical architecture, recalls the eighteenth century in France and has a charm of a kind which few would deny.

Certain definite changes occurred in the design of furniture, but the heavy and ponderous character of the "Baroque"

invasion—the greatest catastrophe from which the arts of France have ever suffered—persisted for long; its tradition appears in the massive marble-topped pieces with metal attachments which were made for Versailles and other of the King's palaces. But in time these became more refined. Articles such as console tables, large mirrors, etc., which were intended for certain settled positions, invariably reflected the design of the rooms which contained them and formed part of the scheme of decoration. Yet in comparison with these achievements of Boule and Caffieri there is a refreshing contrast in the less spectacular work of the country cabinet-maker. France is full of such quiet and refined pieces of furniture as the "Regence" Bergère chair, with its five cabriole legs (Fig. VI).

May I suggest that one room—perhaps for breakfast or study—with simple *boiserie* containing recessed cupboards which could be filled with Strasbourg or Rouen china, or even books, as a wall treatment, and arranged with the simpler phases of this early-eighteenth-century furniture, would make a pleasing addition to a house of almost any style, and at the same time offer variety to other rooms of different periods. It is essentially a homely

style, of which more use should be made, as it affords further opportunities for collecting; because every article which was made for purely domestic purposes seems full of interest and clever design.

The sedate little Sedan chair (Fig. VII), painted with Watteau-like panels, and so reticently rococo in line, suggests ladies of the French Court who wore high heels and gorgeously embroidered silk garments, carried exquisite lace fans, and powdered their hair—suggests, in fact, everything which one associates with this poetical age of gaiety and luxury. It is a charming relic of a bygone age: a link with a time the like of which will never come again, and one which seems very far removed from the present. One can forgive much that was supposed to have taken place at that time, for whatever the "escapade" or the "intrigue," everything seems to have been carried out in a very artistic manner. However, I suppose it has served the purpose for which it was once designed and now—more likely than not—fulfils yet another. In accordance with present-day custom it is doubtless adorned with chintz curtains, and used as a box which contains a telephone! *sic transit*.

(To be continued)

WILLIAM BLAKE AS ARTIST

By R. H. WILENSKI

"The Roaring of Lions, the Howling of Wolves, the Raging of the Stormy Sea, and the Destructive Sword are Portions of Eternity too great for Eye of Man."

BLAKE—"Marriage of Heaven and Hell."

WILLIAM BLAKE was unfortunate in his education. He had no normal schooling of any kind, but was brought up by his father, a hosier, who read Swedenborg, and talked about "visions" before the children. From his earliest years William was encouraged to consider himself exceptional. At the age of ten he was sent to an art school, and his father gave him pocket-money wherewith to buy, not lollipops, but prints at Christie's. It was not till he was fourteen, when he was apprenticed to the engraver Basire, that he came in contact with normality. But the cast of his mind had

been already determined. When he grew older he believed that his dead brother communicated to him the curious method of printing his illustrated poems and books which he adopted; he believed that Milton "entered into him" and enjoined him to point out the errors in "Paradise Lost"; he believed that he was destined to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." He planned incessantly stupendous works with high-sounding titles. The child who was encouraged to read the works of Swedenborg, Boehme, and Paracelsus, instead of "Robinson Crusoe," became a man who wrote a few pretty poems and reams of confused and pretentious verse and prose which few have read and no one has ever professed to understand. But he also became a man who produced some hundreds of drawings and

William Blake as Artist

engravings and a few pictures in tempera. What is the value of these pictures as works of art divorced from mumbo-jumbo and other forms of associated ideas? Are they eminent works of plastic art? These are the questions with which this essay is concerned.

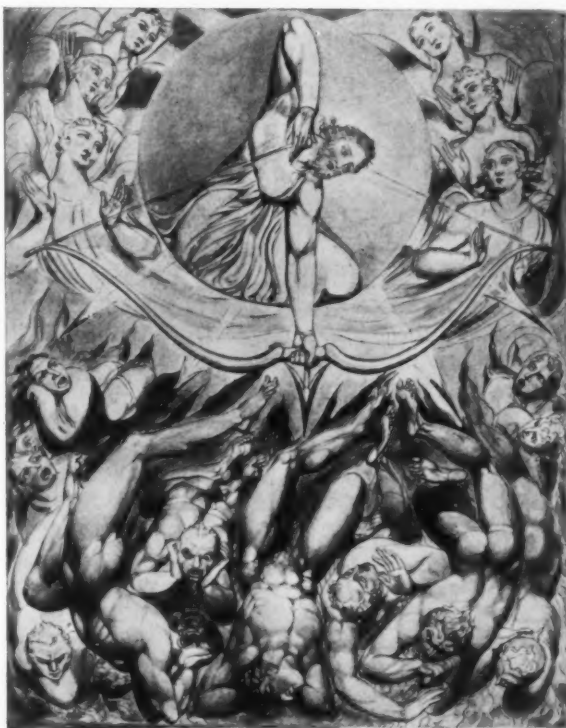
Blake remained seven years with Basire, and by the time he was twenty he was a skilled engraver. Later, he learned to handle water-colour with ease, and when he experimented with colour-printing and tempera his hand carried out what his brain dictated. There is nothing fumbled or accidental in his work, except, perhaps, in certain passages in his colour-printed drawings and tempera pictures where the faults can be traced to the clumsiness of the procedures. If his pictures (using the word for convenience to cover his whole output) fail to be eminent works of art, as in my view the great majority do fail, the failure was not due to any inability on Blake's part to handle the materials of his choice; it was due to his shortcomings as an imaginative artist during nearly all the years of his working life.

Blake claimed to be a great imaginative artist. He made no claim to any powers of naturalistic presentation. Confronted with Nature, he confessed he could do nothing. With what he called "the vegetable world" he was not at any time concerned. His pictures were intended to be viewed as imaginative works of art and as the sincere expression of his individual mind. But, as I see them, with a few exceptions they are the work of a man weak in pictorial imagination and generally insincere in the expression of his mind.

Let us take first the charge that Blake was weak in pictorial imagination. By this I

mean that, except in his last years, he was unable to visualize his picture as a coherent, consistent unity and whole before he began his work. The plain man can imagine a scene; that is imagination of one kind. The painter's imagination, on the other hand, is the power to visualize a picture with such distinctness that the lines, shapes, and colours which compose it are clearly seen in the mind's eye, and have only to be transferred to paper. The true imaginative artist imagines a scene in lines, shapes, colours, recessions,

proportions, and so on; if the process of translating the scene into lines, shapes, colours, and so on only begins when the artist takes up pencil and brush, then the artist is a man whose imagination is purely, or partly, of the layman's kind, and he will find when he starts his work that what he had in his mind was not a definite pictorial image, but a much vaguer image of some other kind. Artists who are weak in pictorial imagination can visualize part of a scene in pictorial terms, but other parts only as the layman imagines them, or not at all. Blake, I submit, was an artist of this calibre. Most of his pictures were not seen as complete pictures in his



Boston Museum

THE DOWNFALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS

mind; only parts of them were so seen, and the rest was added or filled in afterwards by the action of a layman's imagination, or by means of help from existing works of art.

No student of the arts can examine any collection of Blake's work (or the hundred admirably produced plates in Darrell Figgis's sympathetic account of his life*) and not be struck by the want of unity in the artist's pictorial language—by the absence, that is, of a consistent pictorial style. The

* *The Paintings of William Blake*, by Darrell Figgis. Ernest Benn, 1925.



Boston Museum.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

inconsistencies are apparent, not only when we compare one picture with another, but—except in the last drawings—within the compass of each single work. It was only in his last years that Blake evolved a consistent language of artistic expression. For forty years in his treatment of the human figure, for example, he gives us in one drawing a figure which echoes Giotto or Fra Angelico hard by another in the style of Reynolds or Romney. Elsewhere a Michelangelo athlete rubs shoulders with a figure in the style of Flaxman; elsewhere again, a figure which recalls the style of Raphael or Giulio Romano is placed by another which would seem to be Blake's own invention. There is the same inconsistency and incongruity in the general composition and in the relations of the figures to other parts of the pictures. Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, and late-eighteenth-century elements jostle one another in perplexing confusion. If we accept one set of symbols the rest of the picture becomes incredible. For an artist can only convince us if he speaks a pictorial language that is consistent within itself. An orator cannot move his audience if he speaks alternate words and sentences in French, Italian, English, and Chinese.

These incongruities in Blake's style I set down to his defective pictorial imagination. What happened, I believe, was simply this. Blake visualized a scene wholly or partly with the layman's imagination. When he came to

set it down on paper he found that he could not translate large parts of it to pictorial terms. He found himself, in common parlance, "stuck." In this predicament, as he never drew from Nature, he turned to his portfolios of prints and found there the missing figure or details which he required.

From the age of ten, as we have seen, he had collected prints, and he continued to do so till he was over sixty, when, either because he was in sore need of money, or because in his old age he at last felt strong enough to work without this type of aid, he sold his collection to Colnaghi. I would give much to know the contents of these portfolios. The knowledge would help us in our estimate of Blake's art. It is recorded that he had engravings after Giotto, Dürer, Michelangelo, Raphael, and other masters from Gothic times to the Renaissance. We know that he himself made drawings and engravings in Westminster Abbey while apprenticed to Basire. He probably had few prints, if any, dating from the seventeenth century, but he certainly had drawings by Flaxman and Fuseli and other contemporary artists; and it is more than likely, judging by "Hecate" * and "Europe a Prophecy," † that he had picked up some etchings by Goya. His own images of draped figures were very much those of the layman of his day—they were notions derived unconsciously from Romney, Reynolds, and so on—the men whose work he most depised. He laboured continually to replace these banal images with others more in keeping with the art which he admired; and he made his astonishing mosaic of incongruities as a result.

The use of prints in the hands of an artist with a consistent language of his own would not, of course, of necessity cause any incongruity of result. All kinds of artists have used prints successfully, in the same way that artists with a personal pictorial vision working from life can translate the infinite variety of Nature into homogeneous symbols. But Blake as an artist, till he reached old age, had no personal pictorial language into which he could translate his borrowed terms. His imagination was not pictorial in kind. It stopped short before it reached the point of unified pictorial form.

I have suggested that Blake in his last years did, nevertheless, achieve unified and specifically

* National Gallery, Millbank. Mr. Graham Robertson loan.

† Boston Museum.

William Blake as Artist

pictorial imagination; and this, I think, is admirably seen in the Blake Gallery at Millbank, where twenty of his Dante illustrations hang next to works of his earlier years. In drawings like "Tu Duca, Tu Signore e Tu Maestro," "Lasciate ogni speranza," "Homer and the Ancient Poets," "The Laborious Passage," "The Primeval Giants," and "Dante and Virgil approaching Purgatory," the pictures are imagined as pictorial unities; they have pictorial life, and speak a pictorial language to the spectator whether he knows his Dante or has never heard of him. They are, in fact, works of art and clearly the spontaneous expression of genuine pictorial imagination. Here are no echoes of fourteenth-century Italians or of Michelangelo; the artist has at last shaken himself free from Reynolds-Romney elegance and the Fuseli-Flaxman pseudo-classical formulæ; and, if my view of Blake's procedure as an artist be the true one, this enormous progress happened because Blake had got rid of his portfolios of prints and drawings by other artists, and was thus compelled to force his layman's imagination to the point of pictorial form.*

I now come to my second charge against Blake as an artist: the charge that his drawings are insincere expressions of his individual mind. In a sense, the acceptance of the first charge implies the acceptance of the second. But even if the first charge be rebutted, the second must be brought on other grounds.

What I mean by the charge is simply that Blake, like so many imaginative artists, was frequently tempted to insert details that were not part of his real pictorial conception, in order to make his work

* I am aware that "The Ancient of Days," Blake's last work, was a relapse to the pseudo-Michelangelesque formula. But this drawing was done for Tatham, who probably did not like the Dante drawings (which were done for Linnell), and who may have asked for something in the earlier manner.



Mr. Graham Robertson's Collection

HECATE

look "finished." Quite apart from inconsistencies and incongruities in stylistic character, deriving from Blake's use and study of his prints, his pictures—except, once again, the last ones—almost invariably contain inconsistencies and incongruities in degrees of realization. Parts of Blake's pictures are nearly always alive and moving; these are the parts which he realized in his mind's eye to the point of pictorial form. Other parts are always dead—mere hack work; these are the parts which he inserted in a vain attempt to complete an incompletely imagined picture.

Blake's earlier pictures, in fact, are full of unnecessary and therefore insincere details.

Figures imagined as gestures or silhouettes are given noses and toes that were clearly not part of the original conception; draperies imagined as a shape of red are given folds; what was imagined as dark recession is made a mountain, and so on and so forth. Half of what Blake would have us believe were his "visions" were quite evidently not the emanation of his individual pictorial



Mr. Graham Robertson's Collection

LAMECH AND HIS TWO WIVES

mind, but redundancies inserted by a man who lacked the courage to stop at the point where his imagination failed.

From this bad habit Blake likewise escaped in the Dante drawings. There is nothing here falsely inserted to make the work look finished. Every touch is individual, sincere, and part of Blake's original pictorial conception. In the most impressive of these Dante drawings there is no hack work; the line instead of being, as before, hard and meaningless and academic, is personal, significant, and free; nothing is elaborated into mere mechanical finish; there are no redundancies, no insincere details. The artist carries us with him to the point where his imagination stopped, and leaves us free to carry the work farther by our own pictorial imagination if we can, or if we feel the need to do so.

The explanation of this second great advance is possibly that at last Blake had found (in Linnell) a really sympathetic patron who made no demand for factitious "finish." But whatever the cause, it is, I think, unquestionable

that these last Dante drawings are much more faithful expressions of Blake's individual pictorial mind than any produced earlier—except, perhaps, certain isolated drawings like "David and Goliath,"* where the figure of David expresses what one may call the Giotto-Fra Angelico streak in Blake and the figure of Goliath (a real boggy man) expresses his streak of mumbo-jumbo.

The great respect felt by English artists of the modern school for Blake as an artist is based, I believe, exclusively on the Dante drawings in the National Gallery. For here, working as a creative pictorial artist, Blake is revealed as a great designer and an artist who could compose with form and colour as pictorial elements—which is precisely the task with which so many young English artists of intelligence are now especially concerned.

The Dante drawings were done just a hundred years ago. Perhaps the fellow was a prophet after all!

* Boston Museum.

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

JAMES MCBEY'S ETCHINGS OF VENICE

WHEN an artist goes to Venice and, like the poet, sees

... from out the waves her
structures rise,
As from the stroke of the
enchanter's wand,

it need not concern him at all that his pictorial conceptions may be challenged by the graphic records of a thousand artists who have been there before him, for with whatever command of art they may have stated their impressions of Venice, the "enchanter's wand" will discover for him on lagoon, canal, *rio*, piazza, among the islands, the palaces, the churches, secrets of beauty that none but his own art shall reveal and interpret. James McBey is such an artist, and his visions of Venice in oil-paint and water-colours have all, thanks to their attractive exhibition at Colnaghi's, charmed their way into the collections of connoisseurs or on to the walls of mere lovers of appealing pictures. But what we have been all agog to see are Mr.

McBey's interpretations of the Venetian scene through that art of the copper-plate of which he is one of the foremost masters, with a magic of expression all his own. With that magic, nothing daunted by the supreme challenge of Whistler's enchanting etchings, the younger master's needle seems to capture in linear conceptions of suggestive beauty the essential Venice in the varied aspects and moods that have enchanted his own vision.

"The Passing Gondola," for instance; in this beautiful etching imagination is stirred to catch the echoes of centuries of Venetian romance. Sunlight and translucent shadows cast a mysterious loveliness over the house-fronts and the lapping water of the *rio*, and as the gondola leaves in its rippling wake a gentle splashing, one can almost hear, though it is not yet night, the lover singing in Browning's poem:

Past we glide, and past, and past!
What's that poor Agnesi doing
Where they make the shutters fast?

But in "The Bridge by Night," there the



A Gossip about Prints



8½" x 10½"

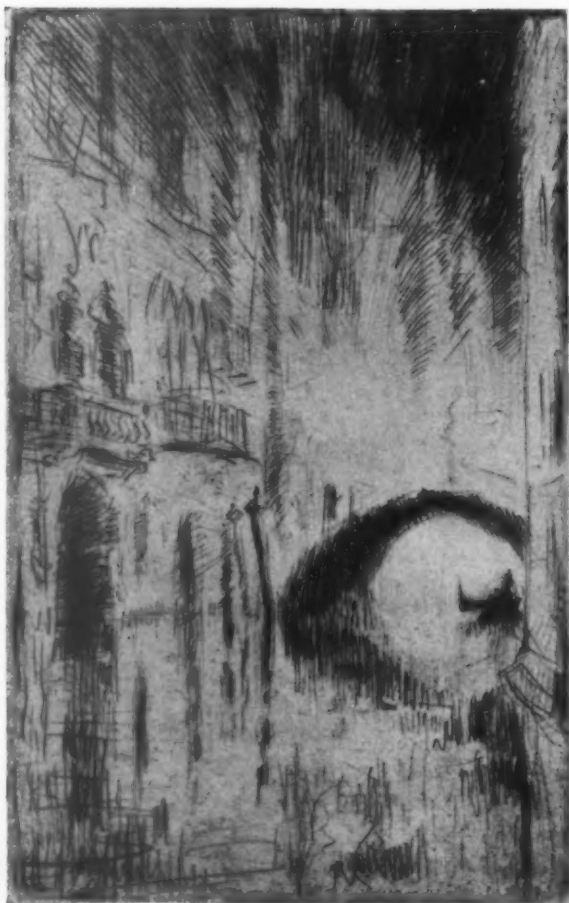
THE PASSING GONDOLA

By the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Etching by James McBey

gondola is coming along toward what we recognize as a bridge only by the shadow of its arch, for its upper shape is lost in a flood of moonlight, and "the very night is clinging closer to Venice' streets." In this etching, so personal in its originality of conception and address, with a composition of lines deliberately summary, the artist conveys the romantic spirit of a Venetian night with a very wizardry of pictorial suggestion. Of set purpose he seems to have avoided any detailed delineation, so that imagination may be free to "charm magic casements" till the very print becomes lyrical, and "music and moonlight and feeling are one." Night, the wonderful night of Venice, is also the theme of "Barcarolle," a nocturne with an enchanting mood of its own, which the

etcher has interpreted with all the poetry of his art and the finesse of his craft. How perfectly the gondola fits its place on the plate, with the expanse of moon-silvered water around it and the palace in shadow behind, and what a subtly suggestive draughtsmanship gives the gondolier his dominant significance, and the scene its expression of haunting beauty. Then, there is "Santa Maria della Fava." A vivid contrast of light and dark impresses on the façade of the little church and the contiguous buildings an aspect of mystery touched with a strange beauty, for not murky but rich with remembrance of light is the darkness of the entrance toward which, up the steps, visitors are making their way from their gondolas, as is also the massive shadow of



By the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

9½" x 6"

THE BRIDGE BY NIGHT

Etching by James McBey

night that emphasizes the lamp-light's flare on the walls, taking the animate figures in vivid silhouette, and making the actual gondola shimmer with its reflection upon the canal water. Yet how different in character is the impressiveness of this print from that of the etcher's wonderful "Night in Ely Cathedral," since here the vivacity of the gathering company lends a suggestion of romance in place of solemnity to the mysterious beauty.

Mr. McBey's unerring faculty for composing the features of his picture in harmonious and vital relations of form and tone wins another triumph for his original vision in the beautiful and spacious "Laguna Veneta," which is for cataloguing purpose No. 1 of this "First Venice Set," a second being bound to follow. The Chioggia fishing-boats are sailing slowly—

a whole fleet of them—in the sunny haze of early morning over the lagoon, whose waters take the reflections of hulls and brightly-coloured sails "as in a glass darkly," while in the dim distance Venice just reveals herself in familiar church domes, campanili, palaces, exquisitely and lightly etched. Very different in pictorial mood is the animated Venice Mr. McBey gives us in the very attractive "Palazzo dei Camerlenghi." From the Rialto on a bright sunny day he shows us the early-sixteenth-century palace of the fiscally famous Camerlenghi family, looking with some remnant of its ancient dignity on to the lively



By the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

15" x 8½"

BARCAROLLE

Etching by James McBey

A Gossip about Prints

market-scene adjoining, with the crowd of fruit and vegetable boats; then he lures our eyes away to a charming vista of the Grand Canal, with its palaces and its passing gondolas. Here is no mystery, no glamour, but the very Venice of glowing daylight, as we see her also uniquely fascinating in the no less distinctive plates, "La Giudecca," and "Rio dei Greci."

A DUTCH PAINTER-ETCHER IN THE EAST INDIES

The characteristic strangeness of the Dutch East Indies seems of late to have offered fresh pictorial allure to several interesting artists. The pages of *APOLLO* have already welcomed in reproduction the colour-impressions of Mr. Roland Strasser and Miss Elfrida Tharle-Hughes and the woodcuts of Mr. Ten Klooster, a Dutch painter-engraver. The Queen of Holland has recently accepted the gift of four characteristic etchings of Javanese and Bali subjects by Marius Bauer, the famous Dutch master, and dispensed them royally among the Ambassadors and State officials. But lately we have had at the Little Art Rooms in the Adelphi an exhibition of exceptional interest, for it has shown us in the pictorial conceptions of Mr. Jan Poortenaar, a Dutch artist of original vision, and very personal in his skilful use of etching and water-colours, fresh aspects of life and landscape in all the islands—Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Batavia, and, not least, Bali, seemingly, with its peculiar religious ceremonials of Hindu origin, the strangest and most fascinating of them all. Mr.

Poortenaar spent two years drawing, painting, and etching in the Far East, commencing this adventure at Singapore, and going thence to the islands. An introduction from the Dutch Viceroy to the native rulers opened the palaces to him, and he was allowed to paint and sketch there at will; the Javanese Court dancers, who are mostly of noble blood, and the actors of

the Wajang plays, many of whom also belong to noble families, sitting to him gladly. In the motions, slow and rhythmical, of the Court dancers, both men and girls, the girls in the majority, he found numberless motives, and his drawings and etchings of these were among the most engaging and delightful exhibits at the Little Art Rooms, for to his art the Wajang dances, which seem to be of ritual origin, appealed with considerable beauty and refinement of style. Mr. Poortenaar's interest in the landscape and the agricultural life of the islands also gave him many subjects. Typical of the landscape he found the rice fields with the little dykes surrounding them to keep the water in, as the small rice plants grow in the water



13" x 8 7/16"

By the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

PALAZZO DEI CAMERLENGHI

Etching by James McBey

covering the soil, the dykes making a pattern in the flooded lands. With etching-needle or dry-point at hand he was quick to note on his copper-plates these landscape features, a team of buffaloes going to the fields for ploughing, or coolies carrying fruit. But a new motive for a large and very important etching Mr. Poortenaar found in the "Waringen Trees," and this is here reproduced. These great spreading trees are symbolical of



By courtesy of the Little Art Rooms

WARINGEN TREES

19½" x 25½"

Etching by Jan Poortenaer

protection. They mark the palaces, where they are generally cut to shape, so as to emphasize with their shade the protective powers of the rulers, and they are associated with the holy graves of old sultans. They also mark the central square of a town or village, as we see in this etching, done at Djocjakarta, while those ropes, as we should imagine them to be,

hanging down from the branches are actually pendent roots which will form new stems as they reach the ground. In "Borneo Boats," another large and significant print, Mr. Poortenaer shows how he can command his dry-point with bold effect and graphic skill to the interpretation of a locally characteristic scene in impressive design.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

SOMETHING very strange has occurred here, something that would even be quite scandalous were it not perfectly ridiculous. In France, the hospitable home of living art; in Paris, whose glory has increased, thanks to the concourse of all the civilized nations, by the triumph of the school of Paris; in the country of Henri-Matisse, of André Derain, of Raoul

Dufy, of Georges Rouault, of Georges Braque, an attack has been launched against modern art. I will add at once, as has already been written, that it is a piteous failure, though it is still manifesting itself, and giving the illusion of progress. It happened on the occasion of the distribution to art lovers of the John Quin sale catalogue.

At first this obvious cause was not apparent. In the

Letter from Paris

beginning of the third week of October the journal "L'Œuvre," which always flatters itself in the Press with the fact that it is not "read by imbeciles," published an inflammatory article signed by M. Emmanuel Bourcier, a prolific journalist, whose long career as an excellent *enquêteur* does not appear to have qualified him particularly well for aesthetic controversies. However, it may be wise to conclude that M. Bourcier was never very much moved by his subject, but merely regarded it as one opportunity among hundreds of writing a sensational article. The excited person in this case was an artist of something below medium capacity who produces caricatures and posters, and, in his most barren moments, even sculpture; a painter of dancers who must hold Degas to be a lout and the great Henri de Toulouse Lautrec for a cad. I am referring to M. Charles Girard, called Gir, and regret that he could be thus advertised. I will say nothing offensive about him, at least here. It would not be fair, since M. Gir, celebrated in Montmartre, is not obliged to understand English. Well, M. Gir, after handing over to M. Bourcier his portrait in pencil by himself, with his pipe in his mouth so that everyone could see at a glance his good style, his good looks, and his very academic genius, denounced to the journalist the plot set on foot against beauty in general and "French beauty" in particular; in a word the "scandal of modern art," the great treason of the "Derains and Dufys," and the implication of those undesirable foreigners, shameless corrupters of national taste, Picasso, Van Dongen, and even Fujita. Yes, even the subtle Japanese has not found grace in the eyes of that old Gaul, M. Girard. Nor has Utrillo either. Poor Utrillo! That admirable landscapist, the painter of suburban walls in inimitable whites, dear Utrillo, who is a case of a painter more gifted with genius than with brains. But it is not his sad reason that annoys M. Gir, alias Girard.

One would have thought, since this affair was thus launched by "L'Œuvre," which favours long "campaigns" even more than it does single sensational articles, that the *douanier* Henri Rousseau would have his turn too. Indeed, no time was lost. It happened on the morrow. Only M. Emmanuel Bourcier, a good fellow, who does not stick to one heading rather than another, handed over the pen on that morrow to his chief. English readers who are lovers of French art should know that this time, at any rate, the "worker" who signed the papers in "L'Œuvre" was none other than M. Gustave Téry himself.

Modern art arouses this old member of the University, who before the Great War became a dreaded polemicist, to the most ingenuous fits of passion. His documentation is no less ingenuous. But it is, above all, surprising that M. Gustave Téry, who is no longer a chicken, should have waited till the winter of 1926, and, if the truth must be told, till his own winter, to be provoked to such a fury. An explanation can be found for every phenomenon, whether physical or moral. Like many other simple people, M. Gustave Téry is bewildered by the prices paid for the best examples of modern art. M. Gir is also irritated by this, but for more egoistical reasons, for, after all, the indignation of M. Gustave Téry, an economist at times, and a fervent friend of the people (when it is not too revolutionary), is generous. Still, M. Gustave Téry is vexed. Why? As the Anglo-French clown Grock (who, by the way, is a native of Geneva) would say: Because M. Gustave Téry, a faithful devotee of Balzac, imagines himself to be a character after the manner of Cousin Pons. Moreover, forgetting the political and economic conditions of to-day, the eminent director of "L'Œuvre" thinks he is

still living in the time of Cousin Pons under Charles X, or at the most under Louis-Philippe. When this rival of the Courriers, the Carrels, the Vallés, and the Rocheforts pays 300 francs in paper money for a Correggio at a little antique shop, it is ill advised to tell him that his Correggio might not be a Correggio. Being a collector of Correggios at 300 francs he cannot admit that "La Bohémienne endormie" by Rousseau would fetch half a million, a sum that had been mentioned to him before the John Quin sale. On the strength of this, to take up his pen, which had often been brilliant, generous, and sometimes moving, and to write: "Rousseau was a Customs official, who bored himself in the colonies, and one fine day took to painting!" What a lesson of modesty M. Gustave Téry has given us here! We, who thought that, thanks to us, no one was any longer ignorant of the legend of the old Angel Gabelon who, to-day, has entered the Louvre among the great masters, and who was formerly a superintendent of the Octroi of Paris, and had first of all taken part in the campaign in Mexico as a musician of the 53rd Regiment of the Line. This is a matter upon which M. Tabarant, the distinguished art critic of "L'Œuvre," one of our valiant seniors, who was formerly an intrepid champion of Impressionism, and has not grown old, but continues the fight with us in favour of the young, should have promptly informed his director. What does M. Tabarant think of the "Scandal of Modern Art" denounced by his chief?

All this childish uproar will remain without an echo. Perhaps a few small papers, eager for cheap copy, may pick up some of the heavy facetiae of the furious *Ouvrier*. But that can do nothing against the assured victory of living art, though it is a little humiliating that a Frenchman should have written so much peevish nonsense against one of the surest ornaments of modern France.

We cannot help noting how pungent it is to see the republican, democratic, and slightly socialistic "L'Œuvre," always open to what is called in the good journalistic language "the newest audacities," devote itself to such an affair at a moment when unreserved homage is rendered to modern art in the conservative "Action Française." It was not so very long ago that the *congréganiste* professor, Louis Dimier, writing in "l'Action Française," treated us all, painters, critics, poets, the friends of these painters, indiscriminately, as nothing less than *Boches*.

But, thank God! the successor of Louis Dimier, M. René Brecy, writes to-day with a more elegant pen on the subject of the excellent book on "Raphael" that M. Henri Focillon has just published. "The painters in their search for what they call construction are aspiring towards Raphael." This recalls the fine responses addressed to me when I opened a public discussion on the occasion of the fourth centenary of Raphael. M. Focillon says somewhere in his book: "He (Raphael) is connected in a manner that is yet obscure with the anxieties of a period which endeavours to reconstruct form, and has a longing for style."

That is what will never be understood by an old member of the University turned polemicist, who, having the opportunity of consulting the sensible erudition of M. Tabarant, the friend of Pissaro, of Claude Monet, of Renoir, of Lautrec, allows himself to be wound up by a M. Gir, who, I omitted to mention, scores such a delicate success every year at the Salon des Humoristes. This salon disgusts even the humorists themselves, I mean the best ones, who, together with some painters susceptible to the fantasy of Ariel, have founded the Salon d'Araignée, which I will tell you about in the spring.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

At the present moment everyone is at the Salon du Franc, a nice and beautiful homage of the foreign artists settled in France, and the prettiest answer that could be made to the croaking of MM. Gir, Bourcier, and Téry, to name them in the order of their appearance on the stage, as the managers would say. The charming idea of the Salon du Franc (even, and especially, if no one has an illusion of saving the franc with a little good painting) belongs to M. Rolf de Maré.

M. Rolf de Maré, a Swedish gentleman, is an extraordinary figure, of a type unique in Paris. During many months M. Rolf de Maré, of whom one would say that he has many ships on the sea laden with rich cargoes, has been financing the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, that masterpiece of the Brothers Perret, the architects of the Church of Raincy (in cement), and of the sculptor Bourdelle, but which no director has yet succeeded in exploiting to his advantage. What am I saying? No one has even recognized the destination of the finest hall in Paris. Occupying the director's chair, M. Rolf de Maré triumphed with the music-hall of the Champs Elysées. It should be remembered that it was possible to produce on the stage of this music-hall, alongside with black dancers and Chinese jugglers, the greatest comedies of a higher order than in the little theatres with intellectual pretensions. M. Rolf de Maré even presented, during a fortnight, an academician, Jean Richepin, the old poet of "La Chanson des Gueux," and the last of the Romantics. It is said that M. Jean Richepin was troubled that he could not obtain a *cachet* equal to that of the popular comedian Dranem. The witty cashier replied: "It is because Dranem has the advantage of his costume." "If that is all," replied Jean Richepin, "I will put on my best clothes to recite my verses." Is it true that it was only with difficulty he was prevented from appearing in a black costume with green palm-leaves, a sword with a hilt of mother-of-pearl at his side, and under his arm a cocked hat with heron's plumes?

Moderating the impatience of the Hindu fakirs, who are so anxious to teach us perfect resignation, and the ardour of the black dancers desirous of reforming our dancing, will not M. Rolf de Maré cede this fine hall to music, for which alone it was built by Gabriel Astruc, an old Parisian whose forthcoming forty years of reminiscences I invite you all to read? How far away seems that inaugural night when the overture of "Benvenuto Cellini" resounded beneath the allegories painted by Maurice Denis! Since that very honourable and too historic fiasco we have never ceased to deplore the absence in Paris of a real symphonic hall—a deficiency that is felt particularly at a time when music is beginning to regain among us the royal place, which the men of yesterday perhaps denied it, and to find which one has to travel back to the day before yesterday.

Since we have already got living art (and I have good reasons to rejoice at this), living architecture has already been born, and now here is living music. The reopening concert of this excellent society was held on the 22nd of October at the Salle Gaveau. We heard with emotion, if not in the condition into which we are driven by something absolutely new, I mean according to sentiment, two unpublished works by Debussy, the presentation of "Lindaraja" and the first vision of King Lear. The aerial constructions of the "Tombeau de Couperin" gushed forth perfectly fresh after twenty-eight years of public oblivion, together with a recent work, "Les Sites

auriculaires," a trifle spoiled by an excess of humour. Ravel was very much applauded.

The evening began with "The Musical Life of the Past," a history of music seen and heard without difficulty, with lantern slides and illustrations on the lute and the harpsichord. It is amusing to find the methods of the popular cinema, which I have already said could be used for such sound musical propaganda, employed for the benefit of a more exalted audience. But why does Rue la Boétie stand beneath the possibilities of the suburb? If the method is a good one, why not substitute the cinema operator for the poor, childish magic lantern? Of what precious value would not an artist of the quality of Wanda Landowska or of Angèle Bathori be for faithful evocations! If it is incontestable that the public of the big concerts has developed, certain critics, and they are relatively numerous, seem to regret that it has lost its old combativeness. Let us make no mistake. What has disappeared, and perhaps for ever, is the public spirit of the cheaper places at the Concert Colonne or Padeloup, which claimed to constitute the only phalanx of real connoisseurs. It is with emotion that the composer Louis Aubert recalls those pre-war Sundays, when the music-lovers upstairs, the devotees of the amphitheatre, who dreamed that they were the elect in paradise, supported with their cheers a young man, as poor as one is in a novel, and who, outraged by the indifferent attitude of the stalls towards the "Rapsodie Espagnole," vociferated: "Once more for those below who have not understood."

This young man was Florent Schmidt.

However, I remember that another writer on music, an old polytechnician, the director of the revue of logic, "Le Spectateur," declared that all these manifestations of the public were the result of enervation consequent on too long a wait at the doors of the theatre!

After the scandal of modern art are we going to be regaled with a scandal of the modern theatre? It must be admitted that the conservatives will be striking themselves against something infinitely less solid. Everything has to be re-done. The modern theatre is not collapsing but is only just keeping itself alive. Nothing will enable it to pass for modern until it produces a dramatist sufficiently vigorous to throw on to the stage the very matter of this century. The best among our most audacious writers for the theatre have so far aspired to more than they have achieved. At the Porte Saint Martin there seems to be a conviction that the young do not exist at all—that is an exaggeration—and an old gentleman has been asked for a revue. To expect a revue, that precious Aristophanian futility (when it succeeds), from an old gentleman! The old gentleman is Maurice Donnay of the Académie Française. He flourished at the *Chat Noir* about 1896. His raillery of that period, recently collected into a volume, appeared sinister to the French of 1926.

But what of the scandal? The critics rise up in arms now against the amorality, now against the frank immorality of plays like "La Prisonnière" by Bourdet, "Méditerranée" by Henrigot, and "Sardanapale" by Boussac de Saint Marc. I shall reveal a good deal about the character of these productions and whatever is licentious in them, if I say that the defenders of MM. Bourdet, Henrigot, and Boussac de Saint Marc invoke the example of "Phèdre," a perfectly beautiful tragedy, entirely noble and accepted as a classic, but, all the same, based on a sentimental error that is difficult to excuse. . . . when patent leather shoes replace the buskin. It is an academic discussion, a battle of pure style, which belongs undoubtedly to all time.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Chodowiecki, the Old Master of the Berlin school, is appropriately celebrated at the Academy of which he was at one time the director, by a comprehensive exhibition of his works. Chodowiecki was the first painter who enjoyed a certain following in Berlin. Before that, the work of Schlüters had scarcely left a trace behind. We know to-day that Menzel's art, and even that of Liebermann, is a development along the same lines that Chodowiecki began with his pointed representation of life. His output was inexhaustible. He produced more than two thousand etchings, and there are numberless drawings for these, as well as for his less important pictures. To-day we can enjoy not only the moral content of his works, which greatly helped towards the enlightenment of his time, but also their artistic quality, ranging as this does from the most precise rendering of form to a suggestion of pictorial values.

It was easy for the Academy to organize such an exhibition; it had but to open its own portfolios, which had already been to some extent arranged by Chodowiecki himself, and it found in them, above all, the unique series of drawings Chodowiecki had made in his notebook on the occasion of his journey to his native town Danzig. The Chodowiecki bicentenary is having its effect on the art market. Some drawings and etchings of his were put up at an auction in Berlin, and fetched quite extraordinary prices. A state of the charming "Ombre-table," with the three ladies playing by candle-light, was knocked down at 350 marks. "The Sledge Driver" reached 500 marks, the "Tents in the Berlin Tiergarten" 275 marks. Chodowiecki would have clasped his hands over his head.

It is not a matter of chance that just now exhibitions of graphic art outweigh in importance those of pictures. The market offers a greater possibility of sale in this branch, and it is easier to bring together a more comprehensive collection. While Chodowiecki is enthroned at the Academy, two smaller art dealers show a whole series of prints by Liebermann and Käthe Kollwitz. One cannot help noticing how the pictorial and moralizing tendencies of Chodowiecki have to-day separated. The work of Liebermann is a continual development of pictorial forces in black and white on an even level of technique and expression. Käthe Kollwitz, on the other hand, is a social preacher anxious to touch the mind and soul, and to improve mankind with her prints. She chooses various forms of representation to suit her purpose according to the time and subject. At one time she illustrated the Weaver's Rising with a series of etchings in a lyrical mood. But the war aroused her more monumental tendencies, and she produced a sort of heroic epic, symbolized in powerful single figures, and in the technique of the woodcut, specially suited to a poster-like treatment of planes.

What picture exhibitions are there at present to compare with these? Paul Cassirer seems to confine his attention to auctions, and the sale of the Theodor Schall collection will probably bring into the market the finest pictures to be seen anywhere to-day. Flechtheim is showing Rudolph

Levy, the much-talked-of leader of the Parisian group of the "Café du Dome," a serious, hard-working, but not really creative composer of isolated effects of colour. Another, less well-known, art dealer, Wilschek, is exhibiting the complete works of Wollheim, who has recently shown a certain improvement, but still betrays his youthful immaturity by overstepping his strength and capacity.

The "Secession" has opened its autumn exhibition, perhaps the last one to be held in this house, just in time. I really don't quite see why there is such a thing as secession now. The secessionist character is wholly absent, and the old name alone has remained to describe a Society that might just as well take part in the general exhibitions. But a new house is being built on the Savignyplatz, and the family tradition is to be preserved even without its father, Corinth. And how one misses Corinth! Formerly, when I walked through these galleries I always sought out his pictures first of all, and their freedom and riot of colour gave me a standard for everything else. Now, the level is good, but too uniform. In the abundance of such exhibitions I like to find a point to use as a criterion for the rest. Where is this point to-day? A lot has been painted. There are travel notes and portraits. The summer holidays suffice. But what is the aim of it all? Maybe it is due to the exhibitions of graphic art that I find the drawn form predominates, and that the painting rage is on the wane. The signs of the times appear in the way Kars paints a couple of bathers, or a girl with a parrot in solid form; in the way Hofer stylizes a group of prisoners in order to let himself go again pictorially in his best picture of a drunken woman; in the way Fritsch fixes the environments of Berlin with rigid materialism; or in the way Degner translates his landscapes into terms of mathematics. Zeller shows the same qualities in his riders and anglers, and the Viennese Kitt goes right back to romantic ideals in his large family portrait. They all temper their colours according to the influential example of the Parisian, Othon Friesz, who accentuates the ornamental character of Nature most consistently. Even Heckendorf has retraced his steps in the matter of colour; his "Seine Bridge" is mild and agreeable, almost like Hübner. Jaekel's portraits are faithful to nature, representing two foreign ladies, one of whom is the Japanese wife of Busoni's son, who is himself present with a powerfully built-up picture. Spiro harmonizes his landscapes of Southern France to the same key, and is surely influenced by the brilliant methods of Utrillo in his so-called "white period," of which the "Church of Saint-Pierre" offers an excellent example here. And so we wander through all the species and varieties of the contemporary style, meet an imitation of Daumier in the "Advocate" by the Parisian, Alix, greet the lightly-coloured drawings of Malayan dancers by Genin, and return finally, not without satisfaction, to the realms of painting proper, to König's portrait of Hauptmann in a dashing manner full of temperament, the very animated landscapes by Krauskopf, and last, but not least, the beautiful proofs of a "Kid" and a "Kitten," the quiet and pleasant works of Corinth's widow, Charlotte Behrend.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

A modern work, "Die Liebe zu den drei Orangen," by the young Russian composer, Prokofiev, was given for the first night at the State Opera. The subject is taken from Gozzi, and is the story of a sick prince who, after many endeavours with the powerful co-operation of various demons, is healed through his love for a princess who rises out of an orange that had been won after overcoming many dangers. The well-known Russian producer, Meyerhold, had recommended the text to the composer. He was very fond of it and even called a magazine of his after it. Prokofiev arranged his own book of words and had the original idea of introducing, so to speak, various producers into the action of the opera—the tragic, the lyric, the comic, the blockheads and the eccentric ones, who even take an independent part in the action. Only the bare trunk of Gozzi's story remains; the new dialogue is witty and written with genuine humour. The music is in no way ultra-modern, has a few Russian reminiscences, but moves on the whole in the light and spirited manner of the moderate zone. The grotesque march has already become famous. It is the work of an illustrative master, whose music necessarily produces a better effect on the stage than at a concert, where it lacks a material background. It is a spirited production not quite so intellectual as the Busoni, nor as creative as the early Stravinsky. The opera was written for Chicago, was then given in New York, and with very great success in Cologne; and here, too, the public, after some hesitation, recognized its qualities sufficiently to make it a genuine success, for which in the end the author was able to thank in person. Aravantinos designed the scenery in a light fairy-tale form of stylization, and Blech conducted the music, which in itself is rather foreign to him, with utmost precision. It was said that the production in Cologne had been more delicate in tone and character. But if a little rough, it was nevertheless a very respectable achievement for our institution, and every artistic person will be grateful for this novelty.

The concert season is beginning amid great fluctuations. It may be admitted that under the present-day conditions it is difficult to make it very fruitful. Is there, for instance, any sense in organizing a great Bach festival in Berlin? Mostly, well-known works by Bach and his predecessors were produced during several days with great art and splendid equipment, but it passed almost unnoticed in a town where there is always an opportunity of hearing this sort of thing. The cyclic performances are more productive when held away from the centre of the market. It is not without reason that the great musical festivals are usually held not in Berlin, but in towns where they have an exceptional power of attraction. One has but to think of what the Berlin public has at its disposal in the way of symphonic subscription concerts, apart from all the casual ones. There is Kleiber at the Opera; Furtwängler, Walter, Klemperer, Ungar in the Philharmonic and the Third Orchestra; the New Symphonic Orchestra, now under Bohnke, the heir of Oscar Fried, the somewhat traditional artist who took it over at this point from the fiery revolutionary. As for novelties, they are sometimes smuggled into concerts; as, for example, the

new Serenade by Stravinsky into Arran's pianoforte recital, but they seldom figure in the foreground. The French-Swiss Honegger has the greatest amount of luck, though he assuredly does not belong to the original creative geniuses of our day. Furtwängler and Ochs produce his works, and he even had a special evening devoted to him. Consequently he is talked about.

Perhaps the new proletarian concerts and performances organized by the workmen's culture group, "Great Berlin," will have a certain social and artistic significance. Good programmes have been made out, and the best artists willingly render this service to the people, since it is impossible, under the present economic conditions, for them to fill a hall at good prices with a first-class audience, which does not make use of complimentary tickets for artificially arranged concerts simply because they are cheap. The conductor of these workmen's concerts, Jascha Horenstein, is not only a good technician, but, as Schnebel has said, is possessed by his art and his mission. Formerly he led the workmen's choirs founded by Scherchen. There is a future in this line.

Every type of dancing can be studied at present in Berlin. There is the Spanish woman, Argentina, the most famous dancer of her country according to the posters, and indeed full of breeding, and thoroughly trained in all the arts of the old school, in musical rhythm, entrancing mimicry and, above all, in that ever-valid school of fascinating corporeality. Then there is the great acrobat, Reso. All Berlin knows about him, and I think he has already been interviewed. A little man with the face of a fish, as mobile as jelly in his whole figure, he never moves his features, but directs the lower portion of his body with an elasticity such as has never before been seen. On a slippery, oiled surface he glides, slides, trips, runs, rushes, without advancing, with baffling skill and grotesque comedy, somehow reminding one of Chaplin. Sometimes he runs up the wall and seems to stick in the air for a moment. He is the principal attraction of a revue in the Theater des Westens, called "Der Zug nach dem Westen" ("The Westbound Train"). I had read a bad account of it, and was surprised to see a setting as full of taste as it was splendid, little dialogue, nearly all dancing and very good dancing too, apart from Herr Reso, which seems to me not too bad for a revue.

I pass, thirdly, to the Jewish theatre, "Habima," from Moscow, which is on a visit at the Nollendorfplatz. They are giving the old play, "Dybuk," the story of a bride who dies from the spirit of a dead youth. Nobody understands the Hebrew that they speak, but everyone considers it artistically the most interesting thing in Berlin to get to know this extraordinary mixture of speech and song, these ancient rhythmic movements, and these wedding dances, so interesting from the ethnographical point of view. The prehistoric enchantment of not yet differentiated expression in word and gesture speaks to us. The dance is still latent, ritualistic, racially bound. In the case of Argentina and Herr Reso it has overcome this wonderful primitive state, but it does us good again to dream about its origin.

BOOK REVIEWS

MAIOLI, CANEVARI AND OTHERS, by G. D. HOBSON.
Six plates in colour and fifty-eight in black-and-white.
(Ernest Benn.) £3 13s. 6d.

This book is probably the most important contribution to the history of sixteenth-century bookbinding that has yet appeared, and the five essays contained in it form a monument of diligent research and sound argument. Hitherto, the question from the Earnest Student to the Learned Bibliophile, "Who was Thomas Maioli?" was answered by a shrug of the shoulders, and an expression of grave uncertainty preluded a statement on the ownership of the Canevari books. If Mr. Hobson has not definitely solved these problems he has at least put all the available matter on a scientific basis, and has put forward hypotheses which it seems impossible to reject; and they should certainly lead to further important results.

In an article in "The Library" of June 1924, Mr. Hobson called attention to an interesting group of Italian bindings with plaquettes, i.e. with medallions made from the dies from which these small tablets were cast, and in his first essay, an enlarged and revised reprint of this article, he convinces us that at least eight of these ten bindings were executed expressly for Grolier. Twelve bindings with comparatively little-known decorations of architectural subjects are dealt with in the second essay: of these, four belonged to Grolier and one to Maioli, and their genuineness, which in the past has often been doubted, is taken for granted by Mr. Hobson, who claims also that they are all French. It is in the third essay that the author brings all his acumen and knowledge to bear upon a question which has puzzled students of bibliopegic art for many years—the identity of that most famous patron of book-binding who had upon his books the inscription "Thomæ Maioli et amicorum." After an elaborate and scholarly classification of the eighty-nine bindings that he has traced (amongst which are two which bear the written inscription "A mahieu et a ses amys"), Mr. Hobson tackles the problem before him. He is able to do everything except actually name the elusive patron when a *Deus ex machina* in the form of Mr. Seymour de Ricci appears at the eleventh hour with the name of Thomas Mahieu, secretary to Katherine de Medicis from 1549 to 1560. The essay is concluded with the modest remark: "It certainly seems overwhelmingly probable that Mr. de Ricci's discovery has solved the mystery of Maiolus."

Of equal interest is the exposure of the so-called "great Canevari myth." Aided by the researches of Signor Fumagalli, who had traced the origin of the myth to one Libri, an imaginative and dishonest bookseller, who in 1862 seized upon the name of Demetrio Canevari in order to dispose of these bindings profitably, Mr. Hobson has discovered the true owner to have been Pier Luigi Farnese, son of Alessandro Farnese, who was afterwards Pope Paul III. Akin to these beautiful Farnese bindings, as we must now call them, are the books bound for Apollonio Filareto, who was secretary to Pier Luigi. They, too, have a medallion in the same style as the familiar Apollo and Pegasus, and were taken by Filareto to be bound in Rome together with his master's books.

With this most interesting and important discovery we lay down a book that is a most scholarly contribution to the history of bookbinding. The volume is well produced and has excellent colour-plates, but we must protest against the reprehensible practice of printing on tissue-paper plate-guards.

PHILIP B. JAMES.

COROT: MASTERS OF MODERN ART, by MARC LAFARGUE. Translated by LINDSAY WELLINGTON. (John Lane: The Bodley Head.) 5s.

A slight monograph of this kind should be an account, concise, vivid, in language easily intelligible, of its subject's work and life. The author should aim at presenting a clear image of the artist and his creations, however subtle, however elusive both these may be in reality.

M. Lafargue's book falls, unfortunately, far below this ideal. For although the author's admiration for the artist is sincere, and his tribute a not unintelligent one, he succeeds in giving no clear impression of either Corot's painting or character. The reader, one would imagine, could learn almost nothing from the book. The master's career, it is true, is touched upon. But always he is depicted as an empty figure wandering through dreamy and unpeopled landscapes. There is no convincing glimpse of the curious, aspiring young man, or the great and well-loved Père Corot of later days, famed for his kindness and charity. Nothing is said of his relations with his great contemporaries. Neither is the treatment of his painting either more lucid or more lively. The reader is not taken through the outstanding phases of the artist's development. He is told little of the transition from the early manner, traditional, light, and minutely exact, to the deeper and more poetic phase, and the culmination in the mysterious and dreamy creations of his final years. Corot's struggles for what he conceived to be a direct vision of Nature are only hinted at. Yet this concept is of fundamental importance in not only the painting of Corot but of the whole Barbizon school.

One point M. Lafargue should have full credit for emphasizing: the extent of his subject's debt to Poussin and Claude Lorrain. Writers have too often seen in Corot more of the innovator than in fact there was.

Mr. Wellington has struggled manfully with the somewhat unexciting prose, but once or twice it has lulled him to sleep. The printing of the punctuation is curious. There are, for example, three types of inverted commas : " " " being used occasionally, in addition to the more orthodox “ ” JOHN ROTHENSTEIN.

THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS, THEIR RELATIONS
TO BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS, by DONAL A. MACKENZIE.
With 16 plates and 53 text illustrations. (Kegan Paul.)
12s. 6d. net.

It is obvious that a mark of any kind made upon anything may be due to an accident, or it may be caused by the "art-instinct"—if such an instinct exists—or it may be a symbolic device. Thus, accidents may in course of time become symbols, and symbols may become "art motifs" by accident as well as device. Mr. Mackenzie's interesting Frazerian investigation traces, so far as possible, the origin and the migration of certain well-known and universal designs, such as the Swastika and the Spiral, and comes to a number of surprising results—but whether they are always conclusive or not is another matter. Mr. Mackenzie rightly condemns the theory of "Art for Art's sake"; he disbelieves in the "spontaneous generation" of designs, and inclines strongly to the "diffusion theory," which explains the occurrence of the same symbol in places far distant either in space or time by migration. He is probably right. Nevertheless, there are such things as accidents and coincidences, and so long as there are resemblances in all the individuals and species of the *genus homo* there are likely to be resemblances in their thoughts and actions. Students of the "Golden Bough," however, will find this book indispensable.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

The "Little Season."—The "little season," which flowers wonderfully during the fogs, gales, and rains of November, has produced this year an unusually interesting crop of concerts. If the prevailing musical atmosphere (influenced by the rumour that the Queen's Hall was to be turned into a cinema, and by the declaration of Sir Thomas Beecham that the hopelessness of the prospects of music in this country was driving him to America) has been bearish, this has not been reflected in London's many concert halls. I do not remember a month when so large a proportion of our concerts have been intrinsically worth while. Even singers nowadays take trouble to give us programmes with some underlying idea behind them, and though the old vocal recital, with its four groups, Italian, German, French, and English, is not quite extinct, it is in a fair way to becoming so. The great virtuosos remain the most conservative. Harold Bauer, for instance, who must rank amongst the first half-dozen of living pianists, gave us a Schumann recital early in the month, and if there is one composer whose genius evaporates and whose mannerisms irritate when one listens to a whole programme of his works, it is Schumann. No one has finer ideas, and no composer has been so spendthrift of what is called inspiration. If only the underlying logic were not wanting! Harold Bauer is such a fine player that he almost manages to convince us that Schumann is a hard-headed as well as warm-hearted fellow. And if I have given Harold Bauer precedence in this chronicle, it is as a tribute to his gifts. There has been no finer interpretation of a Beethoven Concerto at the Queen's Hall than his playing of No. 3 at the first Saturday afternoon symphony concert this season, since the lamented Busoni's last visit here—in 1922, I think—when he gave an unforgettable performance of the "Emperor." Kreisler, too, at his Queen's Hall orchestral concert played two familiar masterpieces, the Brahms and Elgar Concertos. But he imparted the sense of adventure which a fine personality can give to familiar, and in the case of the Elgar overlaid, things. His tone was as beautiful as ever, his phrasing as perfect, and there was an ease and mastery in his presentation of the music, in his *rubato* and his dynamics, that made it an intellectual joy to listen to. In an age when the wireless is diminishing the personal element in music, it is well to pay homage to a quality which must always have its share in an art that requires its interpreters as well as its creators.

Ricard Strauss.—Dr. Strauss's visit was, I suppose, musically the event of the month. My homage was paid to the loud-speaker, and once again the impression left upon me by the two hours' listening-in was that the wireless may be wonderful, but that it is, none the less, imperfect. In their translation into the ether the drums lose their happy self-confidence, the double-basses their glorious, if rather fussy, masculinity, and the wood-wind that stoicism which once made the emerald determine to remain an emerald, and now makes the clarinet determined not to sound like a violin. The set through which I listened-in was worked by an enthusiast, and it is only fair to say that he found the "reception" indifferent. However, making such allowances as were necessary for the technical deficiencies of reproduction, and for the fact that the wireless is merely another layer imposed on domestic life, which goes on with

its exits and its entrances, its newspapers, books, and its pets, simultaneously with the welter of sound emerging from the mouth of the loud-speaker, Strauss seemed to remain very much where he had been before. His "Alpine Symphony" has a certain technical mastery which possibly no other composer of our time can equal. If he wanted to write this work "as a cow gives milk," he has succeeded. But milk is not of itself a particularly exciting beverage, even in the Alpine valleys, and Strauss's cow is literally an exuberant creature. After one has been gulping down this flaccid music for forty minutes one began to weary both of it and the long day in the Alps, whose emotion it mirrors. The swirling opening motif of "Don Juan" meant more, though its passion is now rather that of a man who has passed his *cinquantaine*, so quickly does music age. The "Festel" overture was true to type in being rather dismal. If "The Dance of the Seven Veils," from "Salome," still has something of its jaunty naughtiness, it, too, dates. It is elderly and old-fashioned, and compared, for instance, with the music in Stravinski's "Noces" might be not out of place at a parochial garden-party. Strauss's *tempi* seemed rather slower than those to which we are accustomed, in spite of the fact that the programme did not last so long as was anticipated. For an interlude we had some piano solos from 2LO which showed that on the wireless a pianist can produce the strangest jangles. Broadcasting and its idiosyncrasies apart, Strauss belongs definitely to an epoch that is gone, and, as Mr. E. J. Dent has recently remarked, "the present age revolts from the music of the past century because of its insincerity and pretentiousness."

"Series" Concerts.—One of the pleasantest features of music in London to-day is the number of concerts which are being given in the form of series. Mr. Gerald Cooper, who, during the past year or two has provided us with many admirable programmes of eighteenth-century music, began another series on November 11 at the Grotian Hall with a Brahms chamber concert. This, to my mind, was the one perfect concert of the month. All the performers were at the top of their form. Mr. Phillipowsky, about whose playing I have often thought and, maybe, said unkind things, gave us an extraordinarily moving interpretation of those marvellous half-dozen little pieces which collectively make up the master's Opus 118. There was a Rembrandtesque glow about Mr. Phillipowsky's playing which set off the restraint, the strength, and the tenderness of these late flowers of romanticism. They were the climax of a programme which had begun with the piano and clarinet sonata (Op. 120, No. 2), Mr. Thurston, the clarinetist, sending one's memory back to Muhlfeld. Miss Dorothy Helmrich had then sung "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied" with viola *obbligato*, songs that are as solemnly beautiful as anything in the whole range of music. She followed Mr. Phillipowsky again with some of the familiar *lieder*, sung with the simplicity that concealed art, and we went out into the rain after listening to the clarinet trio wondering whether any generalization about the insincerity and pretentiousness of the music of the past century does not recoil upon our own heads.

Mr. Guy Warrack, who has begun to make his mark



Music of the Month

both as composer and conductor, is giving a series of chamber orchestral concerts at the Æolian Hall. In his first he included a hitherto-unperformed work, "Cham-pêtre," by Mr. Constant Lambert, whose ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," was one of the novelties in the repertory of the Russian Ballet at His Majesty's last summer. "Cham-pêtre" has the style that goes with economy. Its form is reminiscent of eighteenth-century models; its harmony is perfectly modern. An elegant trifle. It is reassuring to see that all our clever young men do not take themselves too solemnly.

Then another series is that of the "period" concerts being given by the Nonesuch Press at the Wigmore Hall on alternate Wednesday afternoons. There have been two this month, one devoted entirely to English song, and the other to Beethoven and Schubert. There was much to admire in the former, but it is unnecessary for me, now that our danger musically is one of Anglo-centricity, to praise the Tudor composers. The vocal quintet, however, might have shown them more respect in the matter of rehearsal. The impression created by the concert was that we have had no great composer since Purcell, which may be true, but was surely not the intention of those who drew up the programme.

Our music may be in a bad way, but the Londoner who has the time and inclination to go to concerts should be a highly-educated person. The masterpieces of all the centuries are spread before him, often for nothing, or for as much as he likes to give. The Bach Cantata Club fulfils the function for which it was born at St. Margaret's, Westminster. There are concerts on Saturday afternoons at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. There are concerts at the Victoria and Albert Museum. And for those who are willing to pay there has been the Léner Quartet's series of historical concerts, beginning with Dittersdorf and Haydn, and coming down to our own time. If the ideal quartet be that which seems to tread always on silken carpets, and to shed an epicurean glow even on posthumous Beethoven, then the Léner is the ideal quartet. For sheer beauty

of tone and balance Léner and his colleagues have no peers, except the Flonzaley.

Various Music Clubs.—There are also the chamber concerts, most of them excellent, given by various clubs. The Contemporary Music Centre, which is the best known of them, being an offshoot of the British Music Society, secured the Venetian String Quartet, a lively and vigorous combination, for its meeting in November. At this we heard two new works: an uncomprisingly modern Suite for String Quartet by Max Butting, a German composer in the late thirties, and a Malipiero Quartet, "Stornelli e Ballate," in which the composer runs together a number of musical impressions founded on Italian melodies. It was interesting to see how national types persist in spite of changing fashion. Butting's danger is that of being dry and academic, Malipiero's of being mellifluous, but the Italian, the times being what they are, is more determined than the German to avoid his besetting national sin. The other quartet that evening was the late Dr. Charles Wood's fifth, which differed from the others on the programme in having no traces of self-consciousness. It is good news that all the seven are to be published.

Then besides the Contemporary Music Centre, there is always the Music Club at St. John's Institute, Tufton Street, which is not entirely wedded to the present like the C.M.C., and there is, too, the Faculty of Arts at 10 Upper John Street, W.1. This also compromises agreeably between old and new. Its first programme this season was devoted chiefly to Arnold Bax, the second to de Falla. The third, which is to be on the 14th instant, has no fewer than four new works, by Herbert Bedford, Eric Fogg, and Ananson Lucas. Add the Schumann Quintet and a Handel Sonata for flute, oboe (Mr. Leon Gooneus), and harpsichord, and you have a programme fit for a serious and enlightened élite. It is after all the élite who have always kept the sacred flame alive. What can a democracy do for art? It is this confusion of values which breeds pessimism. But I cannot pursue the subject now.

THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD

By J. F. PORTE

Abbreviations: COL.—"Columbia." H.M.V.—"His Master's Voice." PAR.—"Parlophone." VOC.—"Vocalion."

OPERATIC

COL. William Heseltine (tenor), with Orch.: "Lohengrin" (Wagner)—*Narration and Farewell*. In English. (9127.) Not a first-class performance, but good, popular value. Recording good. || Cecil Sherwood (tenor), with Orch.: "Rigoletto" (Verdi)—*Questa o Quella*, and "Martha" (Flotow)—*M'appari*. In Italian. Recorded in Milan. (4074.) Third-rate Italian singing. Recording only fair.

H.M.V. Gota Ljunberg (soprano) and Walter Widdop (tenor), with Orch.: "Die Walküre" (Wagner)—Act I, Duet, *Du bist der Lenz*. In German. (DB. 963.) Mme. Ljunberg is a glorious Sieglinde, and Mr. Widdop rises to the occasion as Siegmund. A great record. || Rosa Ponselle (soprano) and Martinelli (tenor), with Chorus and Orchestra: "Aida" (Verdi)—*O terra addio*. In Italian. (DA. 809.) Another fine love duet, with Italian opera at its best. American recording excellent.

PAR. Meta Seinemeyer (soprano), with Orch.: "Otello" (Verdi)—*The Willow Song*, and "Der Freischütz" (Weber)—*Und ob die Wolke*. In German. (E. 10506.) Here are the best German traditions of opera. Recording good.

VOC. Enid Cruickshank (contralto), with Æolian Orchestra: "Alceste" (Gluck)—*Divinites du Styx*, and "Mignon" (Thomas)—*Connais-tu le pays!* In English. (K. 05255.) Neither voice nor feeling for this music, and the orchestra is casual. Recording not very clear.

ORCHESTRAL

COL. Hallé Orchestra (Manchester), conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty: Symphony in D, No. 35 "Haffner" (Mozart). (L. 1783 84 85.) Sir Hamilton gives us some fine shadings. The recording secures a most desirable miniature effect, with real string quality. || London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Dan Godfrey: "Petite Suite" (Debussy)—*En Bateau; Cortège; Menuet; Ballet*. (L. 1786 87.) Sir Dan can find no revealing

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beauties in the French master. The recording, too, seems to lack subtlety.

H.M.V. Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski: "Danse Macabre" (Saint-Saëns). (D. 1121.) One listens amazed to the discipline of this orchestra, said to be the finest in the world. The conductor's readings are less interesting. Recording good. || Royal Opera House Orchestra (Covent Garden), conducted by Eugene Goossens. Eighty players, recorded in Kingsway Hall: "1812" overture and waltz from "Eugene Onegin" (Tchaikovsky). (C. 1280 81.) Also "Scheherazade" (Rimski-Korsakof). (C. 1287 88.) The playing is very fine, but the recording too brilliant for the din of "1812." The waltz is quite refreshing. "Scheherazade" is more successful, but there is still too much noisy echo to allow us much detail. Albert Coates would have been the ideal conductor for this music. The preceding four records, however, are in the popular price ("C") grade.

PAR. State Opera House Orchestra (Berlin), conducted by George Széll: Symphony No. 13 in G (Haydn). (E. 10498 99/500.) Fine playing of "Papa" Haydn. The third disc also has the *Menuett* from his Symphony No. 6 in D. Old recording is good for this slight score.

VOCAL

COL. Norman Allin (bass), with Orchestra: "Hear me, ye winds and waves" (Handel), and "Tis Jolly to Hunt" (Sterndale Bennett). (L. 1790.) A splendid *real bass* record. || Dora Labbette (soprano): "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn), and "Who is Sylvia?" (Schubert). A peculiarly gentle voice, splendidly recorded.

H.M.V. De Reske Singers (male quartet): "Travelin' to de grave," and "Tis me, O Lord" (Negro spirituals). (E. 436.) Too sophisticated. Recording good. || John Brownlee (baritone): "Ich grolle nacht" (Schumann), in German, and "Elégie" (Massenet), in French. (E. 439.) Just a sound singer. Recording ex. || Browning Mummery (tenor): "Now sleeps the Crimson Petal" (Quilter), and "Pale Moon" (Knight-Logan). (B. 2355.) Lovers of Quilter's songs will put up with a pale moon. Recording ex.

VOC. Watcyn Watcyns (bass-baritone), with Æolian Orchestra: "Acis and Galatea" (Handel)—Recit. and Aria—*I rage, I melt, I burn!*—*O Ruddier than the Cherry*, and "Droop not, young lover" (Handel). (K. 05256.) Good, steady Handel readings, but with orchestra too much in the background.

GRAMOPHONE LANGUAGE LESSONS

Some years ago I wrote that the possibilities of the gramophone were not exhausted by the recording of even the most authoritative performances of the masterpieces of music. There still remained readings of literature,

excerpts from drama and comedy, and the teaching of languages. Now I have heard the "Linguaphone" language system, and it seems to me to be *the* system for its purposes.

One is often told that the only way to really learn a foreign language is to reside in its country. The essence of this advice is true. Sheer necessity will make one learn thus; but it may also be painful necessity, for few can spare the time and money required to live abroad solely for the purpose of learning a language. Further, how can one intrude on the good will of a foreigner by asking him to say things over and over again until one has assimilated them like a very intelligent parrot? But the cultured natives on "Linguaphone" language records will oblige in an ideal way. By slackening the speed of your gramophone they will speak slower (how many times have we wished for this when abroad!), and by means of the "Linguaphone" adjustable repeater, a sentence can be repeated without our having to guess the record groove in which it starts. This device, by the way, is also useful for repeating passages in music records.

The greatest benefit of gramophone language lessons is the fact that one assimilates a foreign language just as a child learns to speak. The "Linguaphone" method is very systematic in this respect. It warns the student to *listen* before speaking, and shows him a picture of persons and objects. Thus the mind associates words with definite truths, and, as in our childhood, reading and writing follow. The subject-matter of the booklets is the same for each language.

Seven languages are at present available on "Linguaphone" records. The French is Parisian, the Spanish pure Castilian by a Madrileña, and the Italian is rich and melodious. The German is the sonorous "Hochdeutsch" of a Berliner. Esperanto is by Dr. Edmond Privat, of Geneva. Afrikaans is necessary for all who wish to know and study some of the problems and business of South Africa. I am sure that everyone will love the homely voice and tongue of the Boer. Lastly, good English is recorded.

The "Linguaphone" system does not rest on its laurels. I keenly look forward to the Russian course. Here is a language of great precision and power, associated with literature and opera of much importance and fascinating characteristics. Chinese, Hindustani, and Arabic are also in preparation!

The "Linguaphone" people have also gratified the desires of those who wish for literary readings on the gramophone. These courses include selections in prose and poetry from Molière, La Fontaine, and Chateaubriand in French, and "La Divina Commedia," Petrarca, and d'Annunzio in Italian. There is also a literary course in Esperanto.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Mr. Joseph Simpson's First Exhibition of Original Etchings at the Lefèvre Galleries.

Joseph Simpson's etchings here are a pure joy. He is like his friend Brangwyn, who "introduces" him in the catalogue as one of Nature's etchers: that is to say, he uses etching as a means to an end; he does not make a business of it. I do not mean business in the commercial sense, but in that of an elaborate, one might almost say ritualistic,

procedure. Also he does it manifestly for the fun of the thing, otherwise this small exhibition of twenty-seven subjects would hardly contain so many portraits of his friends and of himself; six, I fancy, of the latter. His "Brangwyn" is a living likeness, but himself as "The Priest" and the "John Peel" and the "Solway Fisherman" are capital. That of himself, seated, is a masterpiece.

Art News and Notes

Mr. Henry Bishop's Exhibition at Messrs. Spink's Gallery.

The world of art reminds one in certain respects of the political world: in both there are a majority who find it impossible to love one party without pouring scorn and contumely upon another. Yet, whatever may be right in politics, it is certain that such an attitude towards art is, if neither crime nor even blunder, at any rate extremely foolish because it deprives one of a great deal of pleasure. Art is primarily a means of expression, and to expect it either to express only one and the same matter, or to express different matter in one and the same manner, is to misunderstand its function. Those younger artists who, as Mr. Manson's foreword to the catalogue of Mr. Bishop's exhibition says, "vie with one another in eccentricity and ugliness," will probably decry Mr. Bishop's art as much as his admirers decry theirs.

As a "Sladeite" of the older generation, the artist is much concerned with colour as a modification of light and with objects as possessive of colour and tone values. The thing seen is to him not an intellectual concept but a visual perception, and Nature to him is the mistress whom he would court and even flatter, rather than the shrew whom he would tame even to the extent of putting her into a geometrical strait-jacket.

Mr. Bishop's mind is essentially gentle and quickly observant. This shows itself in the absence of all violence from the colours of his palette; in the prevalence of soft contrasts, as of blue and white (No. 14, "Rabat"); or



"GLOW"

By Henry Bishop

harmonies, as of orange, salmon pinks, and greys (No. 6, "Return of the Caravan"); or even of greys only (No. 8, "The Mouth of the Thames"). It shows itself also in his preference for the gentler moods and aspects of Nature, whether in Italy (No. 23, "Spring in Italy"), in Cornwall (No. 13, "Portcothan"), or on the Thames, though I am not sure that one of the English subjects (No. 25, "Gasworks") can be called an aspect of Nature at all: its presence in this gallery is as surprising as that of No. 24 ("The Coal-yard"), and in a different way of the still-life (No. 22, "Bills and Letters"). One discerns, however, in Mr. Bishop's composition often a quality which one would like to call a sense of humour, though this word only inadequately defines a subtle whimsicality of design which makes him juggle engagingly with flat spaces, horizontally as in "Roof Terraces" (No. 17), or vertically as in "Between the Walls" (No. 7). In "A Street in Carrara" (No. 3) he plays with colour, light, and with space, shapes that remind one of—Utrillo.

Nearly every picture in this little collection of thirty is almost equally attractive; they are all companionable and will gain—owing to their subtleties of colour and design—by familiarity. Probably the Italian and Oriental subjects, such as "The Bridge and the Salute" (No. 12), or the softly-glowing "Return of the Caravan" (No. 6), will make a more widely experienced appeal, but I am inclined to think that the grey and intensely English "Coal-yard" is, here, his masterpiece: it is so simple in colour, so subtle in tone, so satisfying in design.



STREET IN SHADOW

By Henry Bishop

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Edward Wadsworth's Tempera Paintings at the Leicester Galleries.

Perhaps the most interesting one-man exhibition we have had of late in London is Mr. Edward Wadsworth's show of tempera paintings at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Wadsworth was a disciple of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, which is a guarantee that he will never be found on the side of the populace. Vorticism, and all that the vortex has yielded, implies a conscious disregard of the public, who must accept the artist on his own terms—or not at all. Mr. Wadsworth's terms, however, are, whether one likes them or not, extremely intelligent. He starts from the curiously unusual premise that the artist shall be master in his own house; in other words that every line, every shape, every mass, every colour in his painting shall be as he wishes them to be. Nature is to him neither Goddess nor Taskmistress: she is merely the piano on which he plays his compositions, and these, with him, are mostly fugues, the same theme being taken up by many different objects. That is to say, the artist selects, arranges, modifies, counterpoises the shapes and colours of objects in such a manner that they, all together, constitute the fugue in the key and rhythm he desires. Strange to say, however, Mr. Wadsworth has become, so far as representational values are concerned, rather more than less naturalistic. The tempera technique, especially when painted as here on a prepared panel of wood, is a calligraphic technique offering the possibilities of a hard, graver-like precision. Of this Mr. Wadsworth, with a scornful eye on the cotton-woolly sentiment and technique of the last generation, makes full use. His statements are as clean and exact as a shell-case. All his scenes here—mostly around Marseilles—and even his fantastic still-lives seem to be done from Nature; and some, like the "Dunkerque" and "L'Avant Port, Marseilles," might appear to the casual observer almost photographic. Nevertheless, Mr. Wadsworth has a Baroque fancy, a kind of bizarre classicism, which makes him introduce, for instance, draped and tasselled curtains into views of St. Tropez' harbour, or toy with the exotic shapes of conchs, for the sheer delight of rhythm. He possesses an extraordinary sense of design, a sure draughtsmanship, which make his pencil drawings—in which the medium itself favours abstraction—extremely pleasant things to look at. He has also an exquisite sense of colour; or perhaps I should say a sense of exquisite—viz. mostly tertiary—colour. There can, I think, be little doubt that we have in Mr. Wadsworth the most consciously aesthetic, the most severely intellectual, and also the most characteristically English of the advanced moderns. His pictures function like a "Daimler Double Six"—which, to me, I cannot help confessing, is a pity, for *au fond* art is not a matter of intellect.

Modigliani's Drawings at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries.

Modigliani died too young to have come to full maturity of achievement, but old enough to have exerted considerable influence of Matisse and the modern movement generally. The drawings here are what Mr. Sickert describes as "exhilarated babble," but they are brilliant examples of economy of means, and in many cases, such as "Homme à la Cigarette," "Marianne," and "Cherubin," finely decorative designs—or rhythmical notes.

The New English Art Club—Spring Gardens.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Joseph Southall, Sir Charles Holmes, Professor Frederick Brown, Professor William Rothenstein, Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. W. Shackleton, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. Lucien Pissarro, for example, can feel quite comfortable about nine-tenths of their fellow-exhibitors here. These older members differ amongst themselves widely enough, but they must have at least the conviction that they are all artists; that is to say, that they have full command over their medium; there is with these, after all, a certain basic agreement, a standard of quality. Mr. Steer may only float a few tints of colour on to his paper—but they mean something, and they mean precisely what he wants them to mean. On a generous estimate, however, there are in this exhibition of over three hundred works scarcely fifty of which one can truly say the same thing. It is a very deep and difficult problem this. Amongst the older generation of artists, generally, there were so many who were mere technicians that the younger generation were practically driven to protest and to seek the other extreme. Now, however, most of the younger generation, at any rate in this show, seem to have lost all respect for draughtsmanship and craftsmanship, and flaunt themselves by the side of their wiser elders here as who should say: "anch io sono pittore"—but not in the modest mood in which Correggio is said to have expressed his admiration for Raphael. Apart from the works of the painters already mentioned, there are in this exhibition not very many others worth enumerating; amongst them, however, are a most delightful, quiet, and poetic scene on the lagoons (No. 3) by Algernon Newton; a very intelligent and attractive still-life (No. 7) by Peter Brooker; two still-lives, a little "fuzzy" in design but charming in colour (Nos. 10 and 21) by Penelope Clarkson; a very excellent "Diana" (No. 32) by F. H. Shepherd, and a similarly beautiful classic composition, "Leda" (No. 50), by Colin Gill; a well-modelled painting, "Mrs. Ethel Robins" (No. 229), by James Wilkie; and a strongly-felt landscape, "Chartres" (No. 203), by Charles Cundall. Amongst the watercolours, drawings, and etchings, John Nicholl's "Giant Slide" (No. 67), Francis Dodd's "Portrait of Charles Cundall" (No. 73), Charles Ginner's "Batheaston" (No. 95), John Nash's "Clifton" (No. 99), F. H. Shepherd's "Rhône Valley" (No. 105), Ronald Gray's "French Window" (No. 125), call for special notice; also perhaps John Platt's "Trawlers" (No. 129), Allan McNab's "Suleimanié" (No. 131), and Mary Hogarth's "Palacio Arabe" (No. 135), in which the fountains seem to give forth the very noise of plashing water by an ingenious semi-abstract device.

In one sense this show is instructive, for it proves that all forms of the graphic arts can be enjoyable no matter in what spirit they are approached, provided only the artist possess both sufficiently deep emotion to need expressive skill and sufficient profound skill to express his lighter emotions. That is why one can delight as much in Mr. Steer's very slight "Tidal River" (No. 312) as in Maresco Pearce's semi-abstract "Chestnut Tree: St. Cloud" (No. 290), or "Palm Trees" (No. 293), or in the amazingly elaborate "Grand, Brighton" (No. 281) by Henry Rushbury. Lack of that skill is responsible for much dullness here and not a few rather pretentious failures—especially amongst the subject-pictures.

Art News and Notes



"REST AFTER TOIL"
By Dr. W. H. Sheldon



"SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT"
By Dr. W. H. Sheldon

Dr. W. H. Sheldon's Sculpture at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

If the world has heard much of "Infant Prodigies," it is not familiar with phenomena of hardly less psychological interest, that is to say, of men or women who suddenly in mature age take up art and produce mature work. Such a case is that of Dr. W. H. Sheldon.

He was born in Auburn, New York, forty-four years ago, became a professor of clinical medicine at Cornell University, was in private practice as a diagnostician, and has written many articles and monographs on medical subjects. So far, excepting only the fact that he played the flute well enough, as a youngster of fifteen, to perform in the New York Metropolitan Orchestra, there were no signs of an artistic activity. Then, unexpectedly, in his thirty-eighth year he took up woodcarving as a recreation, and in the years 1924-25 worked, without any kind of training, in stone and marble—and now in the year 1926 he has begun to model in clay. The result we see before us in this present exhibition. It is amazing. Dr. Sheldon expresses his ideas in human form, that is to say, his figures are not primarily æsthetic inventions. In spite of a superficial resemblance of much of his work to the manner and matter of Rodin, he therefore is fundamentally in opposition to this master. Rodin started with the human form in its purely formal and æsthetic aspect; the titles were afterthoughts. Dr. Sheldon, however, has, as we are told, "many ideas in his head, and as he works one of them comes uppermost and so he gets his theme. He never uses a model until the figure or group is posed and

formed. He works, in fact, entirely by intuition. . . ." But this is not to be taken too literally, for as a doctor he has been familiar with the human anatomy, and his intuitions are doubtless, at least half, memory works. It is at all events likely that his original profession prepared the ground for the sudden flowering of his artistic gifts. He himself explains that his aim in sculpture is "to show some of the ways for the transformation of man's *libido* (or spiritual life-force) into higher channels"; and he confesses that the greatest influence on his work of which he is conscious has been Jung's book, "The Psychology of the Unconscious." All this sounds rather formidable, and one cannot forbear pointing out that he has produced works of art rather in spite of, than because of, these psychological preliminaries. For instance, "Rest after Toil" and "Si Jeunesse Savait," here illustrated, possess their sculptural merit entirely through their formal arrangement. The artist might rejoin: "That is because of the idea which informs them"; but in other cases such as, for example, "Thanksgiving," the idea has hindered rather than helped the æsthetic unity. Dr. Sheldon's great merit, however, is the astonishing weight and fleshiness of his forms, the subtleties of their modelling which make it difficult to believe that it is all the work of a beginner. Yet so it is. Not the least engaging part of his genius are his grotesque "masks." "The function of Art is to express the feelings of the artist and his ideas of things as he sees them, not as someone else sees them," says the doctor. These masks prove that for all his seriousness he possesses also a whimsical sense of humour and the capacity to express it.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

The Society of Scribes and Illuminators at Messrs. Maggs in Conduit Street.

Handwriting is generally considered "bad form" when it is particularly good in form; good handwriting is therefore rarely seen. Nevertheless, a finely-written page is one of the most beautiful things in the world. The Chinese knew it, and the Western world knew it until the printing press—which, incidentally, began as a kind of *forged* script—brought it into disfavour and the typewriter almost annihilated it. The activities of the "Society of Scribes and Illuminators" therefore deserve every encouragement, not merely because they are responsible for some exceedingly beautiful work, but for a reason which Professor Lethaby gives in the foreword to their exhibition: "The examples of skill and beauty in handwriting here shown should not only be examined for their own sake, but also as suggesting that all of us should recognize writing as an art which we practise personally and should seek to improve." The small exhibition includes writing by Mr. Alfred J. Fairbank, Mr. Oliver, Miss Madelyn Walker, Miss M. Robinson, Miss Hindson, Miss Puller, Miss Irene Bax—and all of it is excellent, but Miss Hindson's and Mr. Fairbank's cursive script of the story of "Ruth" and of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" respectively should be especially noticed, because of its beauty and adaptability for ordinary correspondence.

HERBERT FURST.

Forthcoming Sales.

The sale of Old English and Irish glass at Sotheby's on December 2 promises to be of more than usual interest and variety. The sale opens with a valuable collection of early wine and cordial glasses, goblets, sweetmeats, and candlesticks. There are also fine Irish cut and moulded decanters, bowls, jugs, and a rare Dublin finger-bowl with the badge of the Irish Volunteer Regiment and impressed mark of Francis Collins on the base.

Then follow the Joshua collection of fine blue Bristol glass, containing early lattice moulded cream ewers, salts, jugs, finger-bowls, and a rare diamond-etched wine taster.

An unusual seventeenth-century goblet etched with a hunting scene, a wine glass with a long and interesting diamond-point inscription on the bowl, and a pair of Cycle Club glasses of fine quality, bring us to the concluding items of the sale, which are three glasses each with the badge—hitherto unrecorded—of the Society of Sea Serjeants. The badge of the Society was a dolphin within a star. The Society was revived in 1726 and ceased to exist as such about 1764. It was secretly and openly accused of disaffection to the Government, and "of trafficking with the exiled Royal Family." There is little doubt that in the latter part of the Society's history the meetings were for purposes "of innocent mirth and recreation," and usually held at one of the seaport towns in the maritime counties of South Wales. A few extracts from a bill dated "July 31st, 1745," at Carmarthen, indicate that thirty-one gentlemen dined at this meeting at a cost of £3 17s. 6d., and consumed punch, 2s. 6d., 12 bottles of red port, 24s., 2 bottles of white wine, 4s., six pints of Rhenish, 6s., and in addition *forty-two quarts of ale, 14s., and twenty-five quarts of cyder! 8s. 4d.* Perhaps the "bumper" was to celebrate the landing of Prince Charles a few days before at Moidart.

The same auctioneers will be selling on December 3 some fine Chinese porcelain, the property of Mrs. George

Joshua, and works of art of various categories, including a remarkable marble bust of Roubiliac by himself; while a sale of valuable pictures and drawings is announced for December 8. Specially notable items in this sale are some Italian primitives, from the collection of Sir Edward Burne-Jones; a portrait of "La Belle Stuart," by Sir Peter Lely, the property of the late Lt.-Col. G. B. Croft Lyons; and a number of interesting English portraits, notably some in the possession of the Lane family, of "Jane Lane" fame.

Mr. F. Leverton Harris.

We greatly regret having to chronicle the death of Mr. F. Leverton Harris, which occurred suddenly on November 14. As a collector in many departments, Mr. Harris had long ago achieved great distinction; and his more recent activities as a practising artist could not fail to attract considerable interest. To this journal Mr. Harris was always a good friend, and our readers will recollect that various instalments of his magnificent collection of Italian Maiolica have been published in our pages from time to time.

Our Colour-Plates.

Apart from the frontispiece, which is dealt with in our opening article, the colour-plates in this issue include the following subjects: "Les Chênes du Château Renard," by Henri Harpignies, dated 1875, in the fine collection of works by this artist belonging to Mr. Henry A. Robinson (with which we hope to deal more fully in a subsequent issue); Sargent's famous picture of "The Three Graces" (Lady Elcho, Mrs. Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane), first shown at the R.A. Exhibition of 1900, the property of Capt. Richard Wyndham; and Romney's "Mrs. Davenport."

The John Flaxman Centenary.

The centenary of the death of John Flaxman falls on Tuesday, December 7. The committee of University College, London, have arranged to commemorate this occasion. Mr. W. G. Constable, of the Slade School and of the National Gallery, will give a lecture on the work of John Flaxman in the evening of December 7. The college possesses a collection of the works of art produced by John Flaxman, both sculptures and drawings, most of which were presented to the college through the good offices of one of its founders, Henry Crabb Robinson. The Flaxman Gallery and Drawings Room will be open to the general public on Wednesday afternoons, from 2 to 5, during November and until December 22, beginning on Wednesday, November 10, and on Saturday mornings, from 10 to 1, beginning on Saturday, November 13, until Saturday, December 18. Admission will be obtained by purchase of the Flaxman Gallery catalogue, price 6d. Admission to Mr. Constable's lecture will be by ticket only. Those who desire to be present should apply immediately to the Publications Secretary, University College, London. Each application should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

Erratum.

In the October Number, page 177, col. 2, line 22 from bottom, for "Maurice" read "Marcel."

